

POLICE

10¢ COMICS FEBRUARY No.104

52 BIG FULL WIDTH PAGES OF DARING EXPLOITS AGAINST CRIME!

MOBS, MURDER AND MAYHEM...

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK AS

KEN SHANNON

PRIVATE EYE

tackles the case of

"THE HANDSOME

HUNK OF HOMICIDE!"



Don't miss
PICT-O-CRIME

BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY

A true police story!

Also-
DAN LEARY
State Trooper

INSPECTOR DENVER

in
**"The Hottest Corpse
In Town"**

T-MAN TRASK

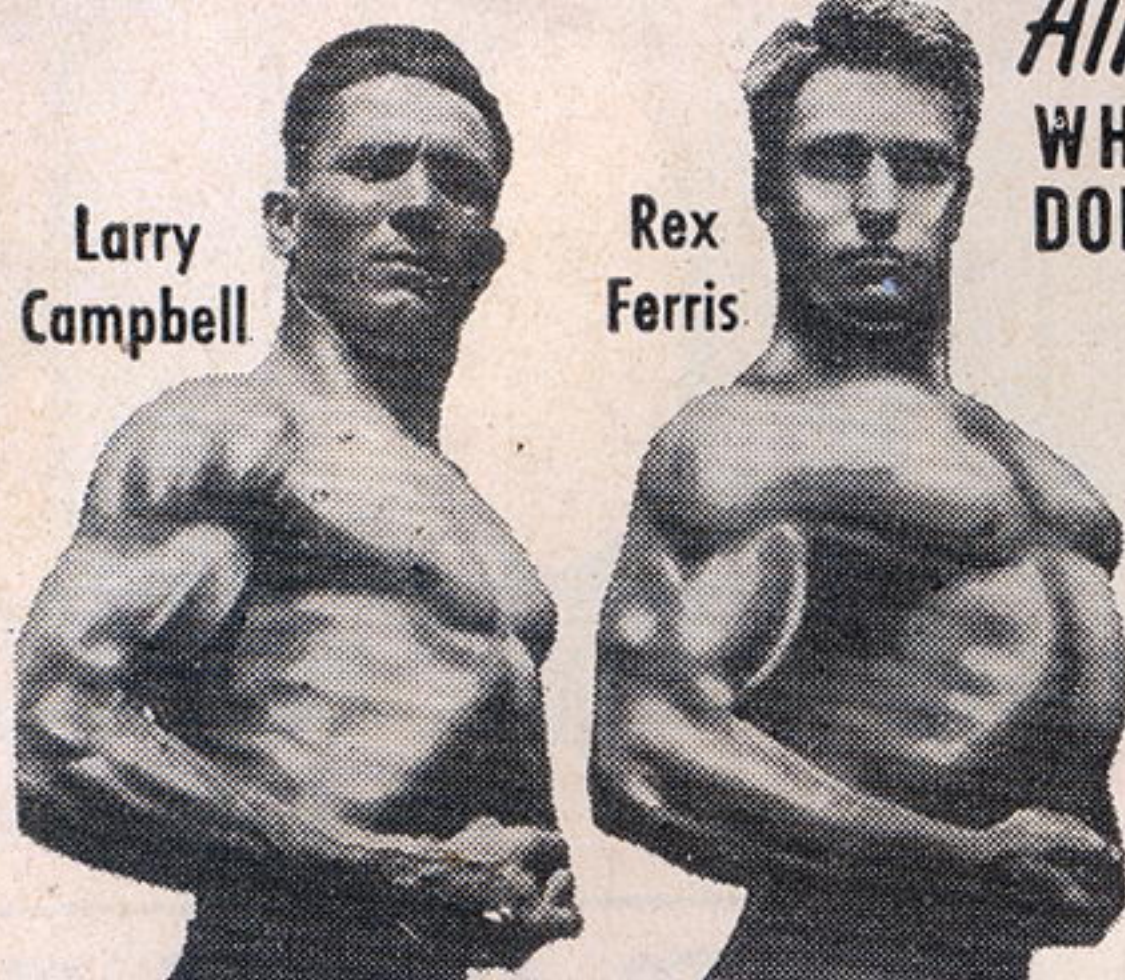
in
"Honolulu Homicide"



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents?

to become an "All-Around" HE-MAN at Home



Larry Campbell

Rex Ferris

WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!

AMAZING

get acquainted offer!

Now All 5 Famous Jowett Complete Muscle Building Courses

YOUR LAST CHANCE only 10c

Instead of \$1.00

plus FREE MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

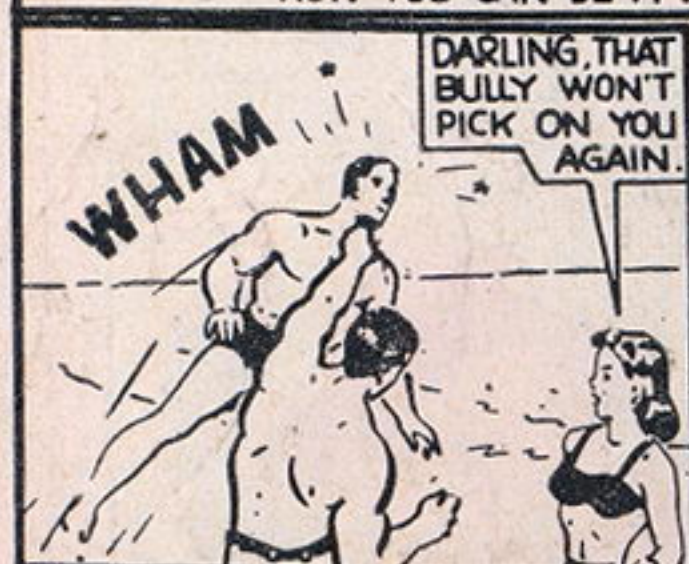
Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make YOU too

An "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—

says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

HOW YOU CAN BE A WINNER AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH PROGRESSIVE POWER



PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night. Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

ENJOY MY "PROGRESSIVE POWER" STRENGTH SECRETS! GIVE ME 10 EASY MINUTES A DAY—WITHOUT STRAIN!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are, I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF...

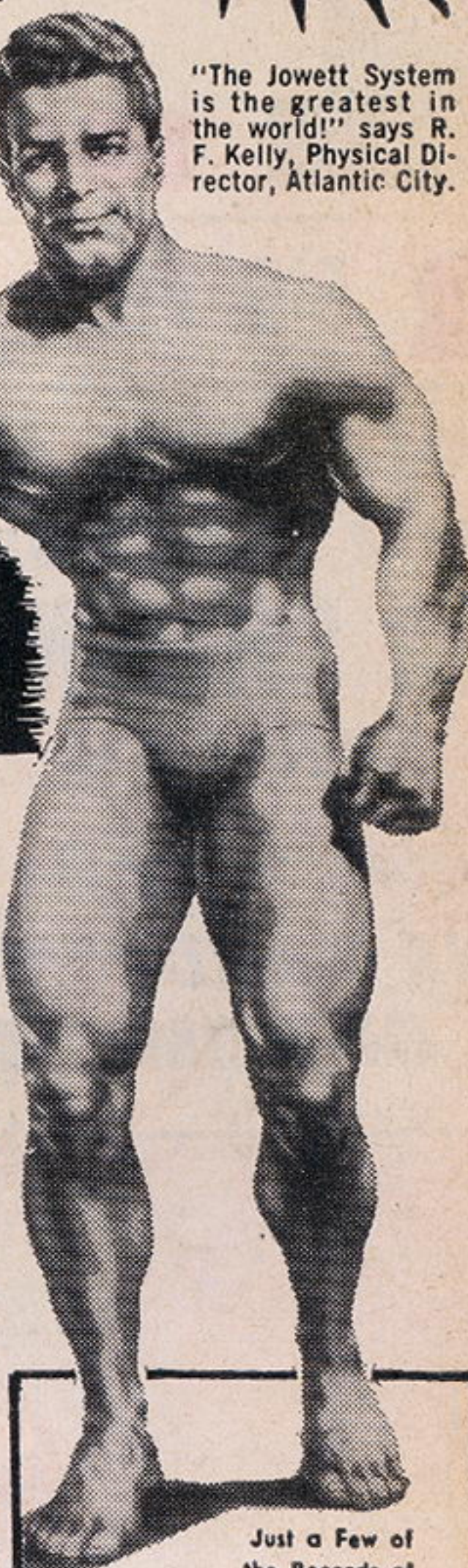
10 DAY TRIAL!

Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 10c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded!

FREE! Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

This amazing book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture Dept. Q-12 230 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.



Just a Few of the Records of

George F. Jowett

whom experts call the "Champion of Champions." • World's welterweight wrestling champion at 17 • World's weight lifting champion at 19 • Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world • Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body... plus many other world records!

I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST! So get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each). Muscle Building Courses. All in 1 great complete volume for only 10c PAKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building.



JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE 230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-12 New York 1, N. Y.



FREE GIFT COUPON!

DEPT. Q-12

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE 230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

George F. Jowett Champion of Champions

Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, plus all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

NAME _____ AGE _____

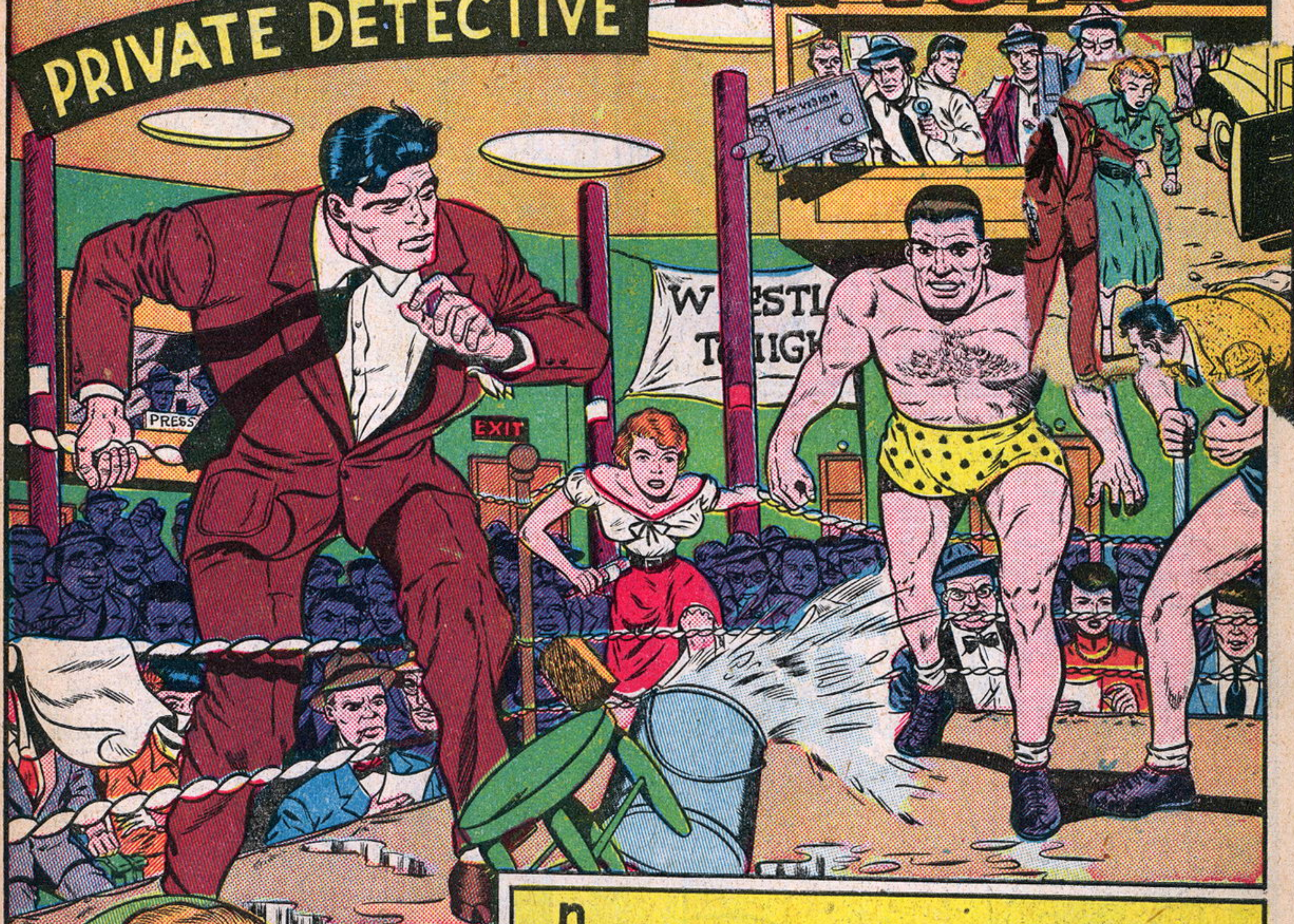
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ADDRESS _____ NO C.O.D.'s

CITY _____ ZONE & STATE _____

KEN SHANNON

PRIVATE DETECTIVE



LUSCIOUS LOUIE

A PERFUME SCENTED WRESTLER WHO IS MY CLIENT!

NEXT TIME THE WRESTLING MATCHES COME ON TELEVISION... YOU CAN HAVE 'EM! OLD MAN SHANNON'S FEEBLE-MINDED SON, KEN, IS ALL THROUGH WITH THE GRUNT-AND-GROAN GAME! THE NEXT TIME I SLAP A WRESTLER IN THE TEETH, MY CARELESS HAND IS GOING TO BE HOLDING A LEAD-LINED BASEBALL BAT! THIS MUSCLE-BOUND CORPSE-MAKER THEY CALL **LUSCIOUS LOUIE** HAD DEE DEE DAWSON, MY DELIRIOUS SECRETARY, QUIVERING LIKE JELLIED EEL... BUT IN MY BOOK HE WAS JUST A ---

"HANDSOME HUNK OF HOMICIDE!"



DUTCH HANSCON

WHO THINKS HE'S A BIG WHEEL!



SAMMY GEISS

GIVES ME MY LUMPS BUT ENDS UP BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL!



WILLIE KLEB

A FLEA BRAINED BUT TRIGGER-HAPPY MOBSTER!



DEE DEE DAWSON

A GORGEOUS TWIST WHO DOUBLES AS MY SECRETARY!

POLICE COMICS

OCCASIONALLY I PICK UP DEE DEE AND DRIVE HER TO THE OFFICE IN THE MORNING!

...AND EVERY TIME HE TWISTED HIS ARM, YOU COULD HEAR THE BONES CRUNCH! THEN HE STARTED JUMPING ON HIS STOMACH WITH BOTH FEET AND...

HUH! WHO JUMPED ON WHOSE STOMACH UNTIL YOU COULD HEAR THE BONES CRUNCH?

Let's Go.

KEN SHANNON, YOU WEREN'T EVEN LISTENING! I WAS TELLING YOU ALL ABOUT LUSCIOUS LOUIE'S WRESTLING MATCH ON TELEVISION LAST NIGHT!

GUG! GO RIGHT AHEAD AND TELL ME, PET! I'M STILL NOT LISTENING!

LUSCIOUS LOUIE... GORGEOUS GABE... MAGNIFICENT MAXIE! GAHH! HOW YOU CAN WATCH THOSE MUSCLE-BOUND APES PLAY FOOTIE...!

YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS! YOU'D RATHER WATCH SOME FLUFF-HEADED CHORUS GIRL PRANCE AROUND IN TIGHTS!

PARKING

I HAD A WONDERFUL COMEBACK ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE... BUT I NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO USE IT!

DON'T BOTHER GETTIN' OUT, SHAMUS! DUTCH HANSON WANTS TO SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY!

WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T LITTLE WILLIE KLEB, THE POOR MAN'S BRAIN TRUST!

OKAY, OKAY! KEEP RIDIN' ME AND YOU'RE GONNA LOSE TEETH, TOUGH BOY! TELL THE TWIST TO BEAT IT!

YOU HEARD THE GENTLEMAN... TWIST! BEAT IT!

LOOK, BUSTER...MAYBE YOU AND DUTCH HAVEN'T HEARD, BUT I'VE GOT AN OFFICE! IF DUTCH WANTS TO SEE ME, HAVE HIM MAKE AN APPOINTMENT!

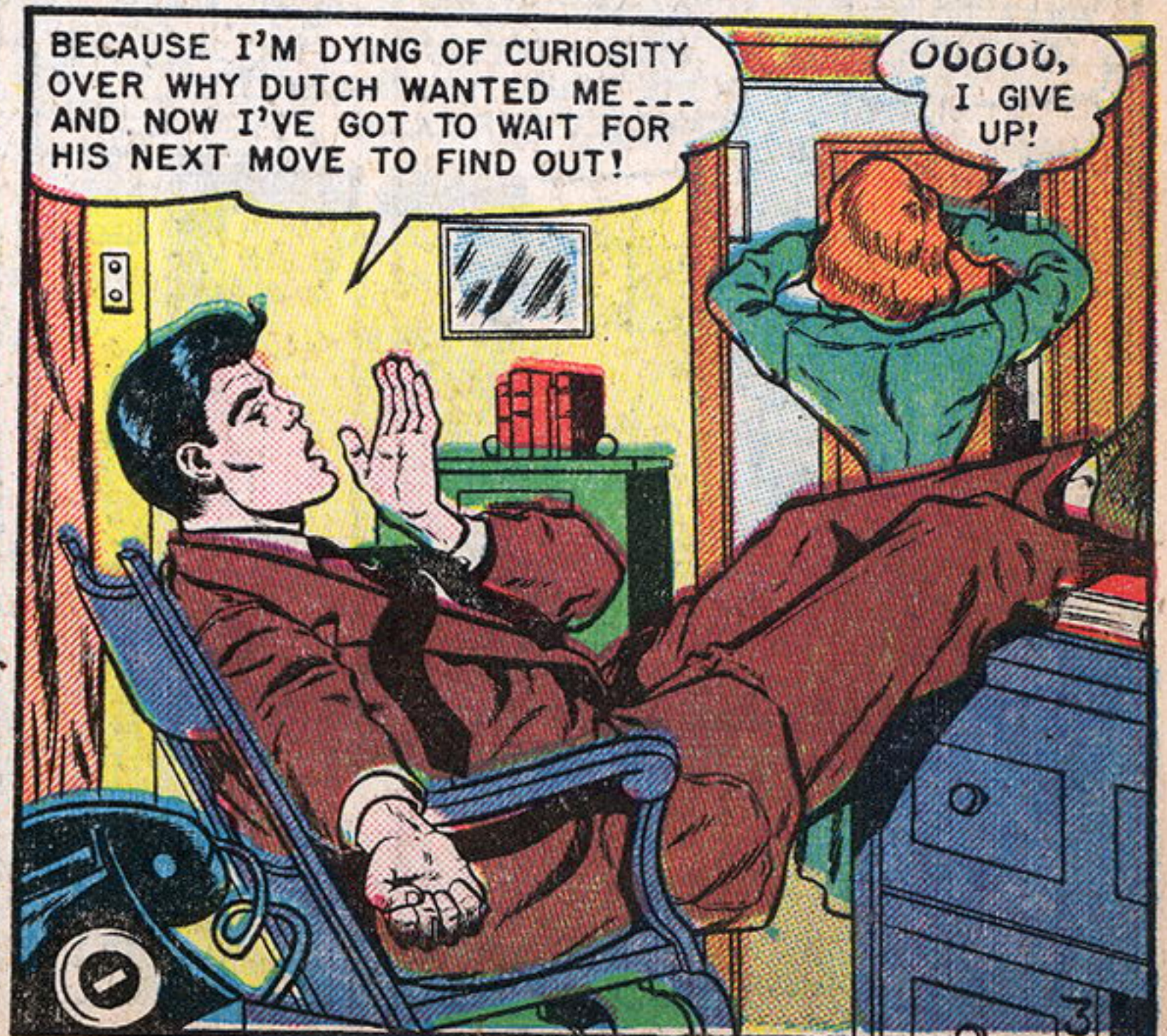
OH, A WISE GUY, HAH? MAYBE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD...THIS THING IN MY POCKET AIN'T A YO-YO! NOW GET GOING!

PARKIN

NOW YOU'VE GONE AND IRRITATED ME, WILLIE!

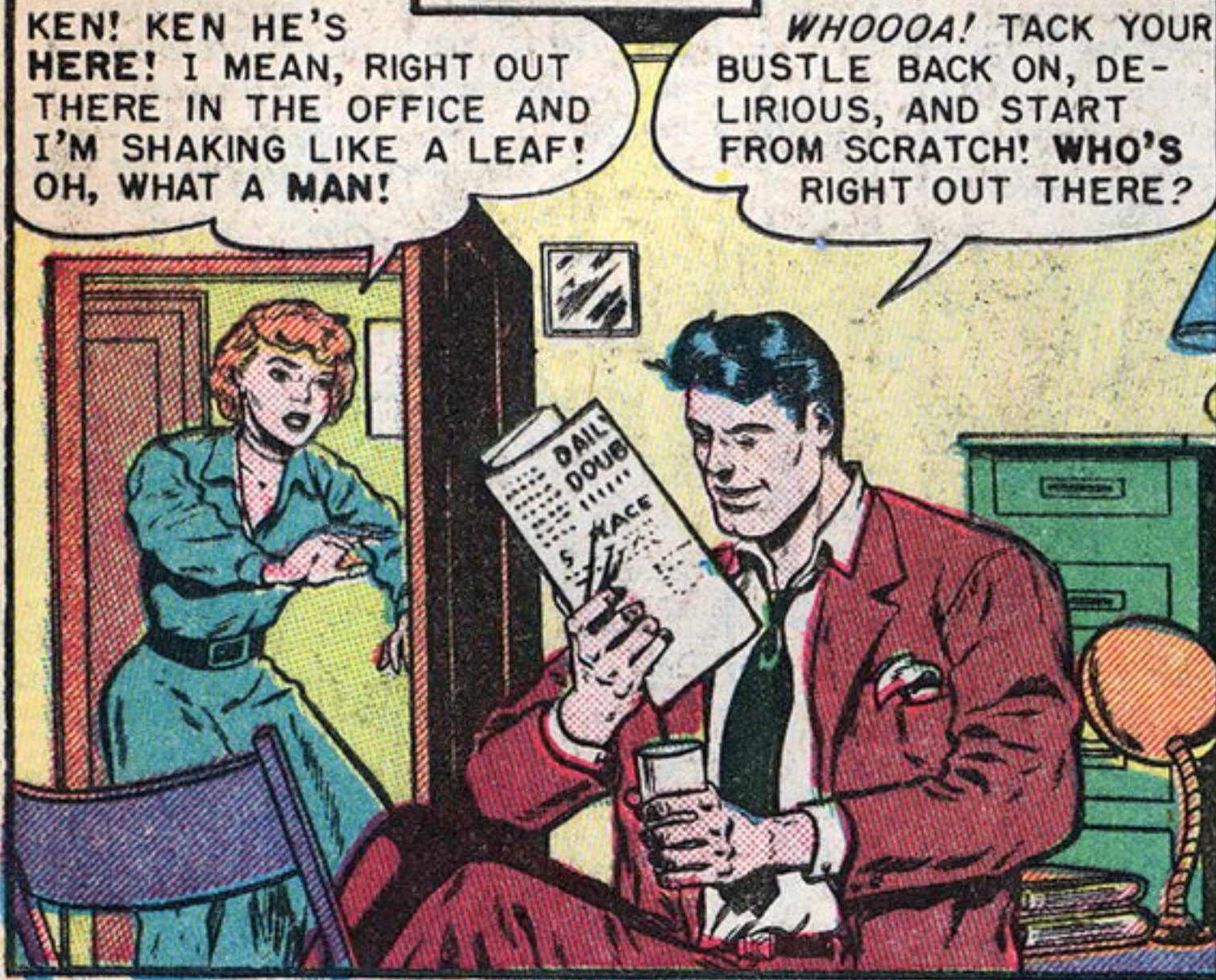
WHMMMPFFF!

POLICE COMICS



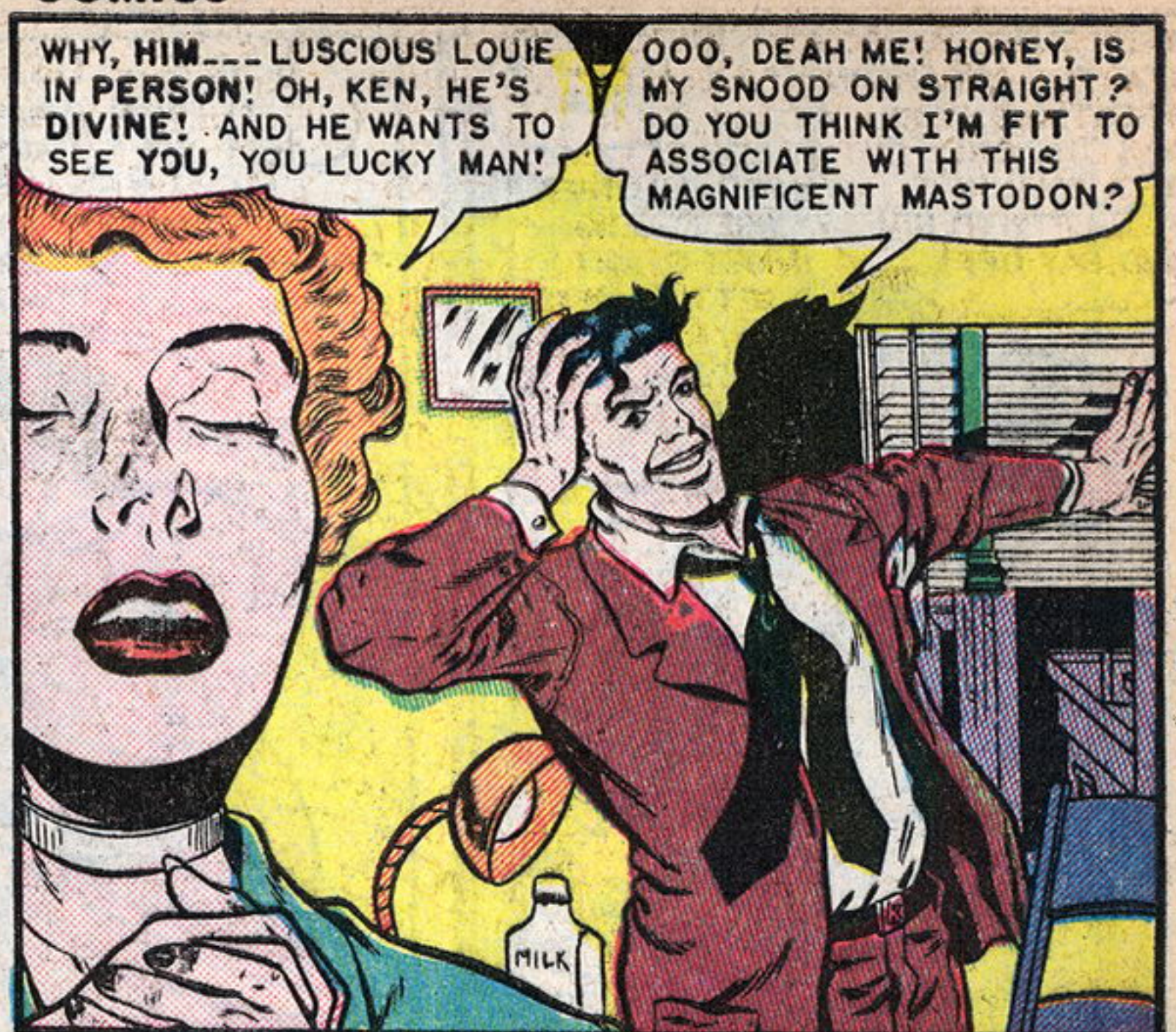
POLICE COMICS

BUT THE HOURS DRIFTED BY AND NOTHING HAPPENED...SO I OCCUPIED MY TIME WITH...ER...CULTURAL STUDIES, LET US SAY! UNTIL...



KEN! KEN HE'S HERE! I MEAN, RIGHT OUT THERE IN THE OFFICE AND I'M SHAKING LIKE A LEAF! OH, WHAT A MAN!

WHOOOA! TACK YOUR BUSTLE BACK ON, DELIRIOUS, AND START FROM SCRATCH! WHO'S RIGHT OUT THERE?



WHY, HIM... LUSCIOUS LOUIE IN PERSON! OH, KEN, HE'S DIVINE! AND HE WANTS TO SEE YOU, YOU LUCKY MAN!

OOO, DEAH ME! HONEY, IS MY SNOOD ON STRAIGHT? DO YOU THINK I'M FIT TO ASSOCIATE WITH THIS MAGNIFICENT MASTODON?

I GOT DEE DEE'S TONGUE UNTANGLED AND SENT HER BACK OUT! THEN I'LL GIVE YOU THREE GRUESOME GUESSES WHAT WALKED IN...



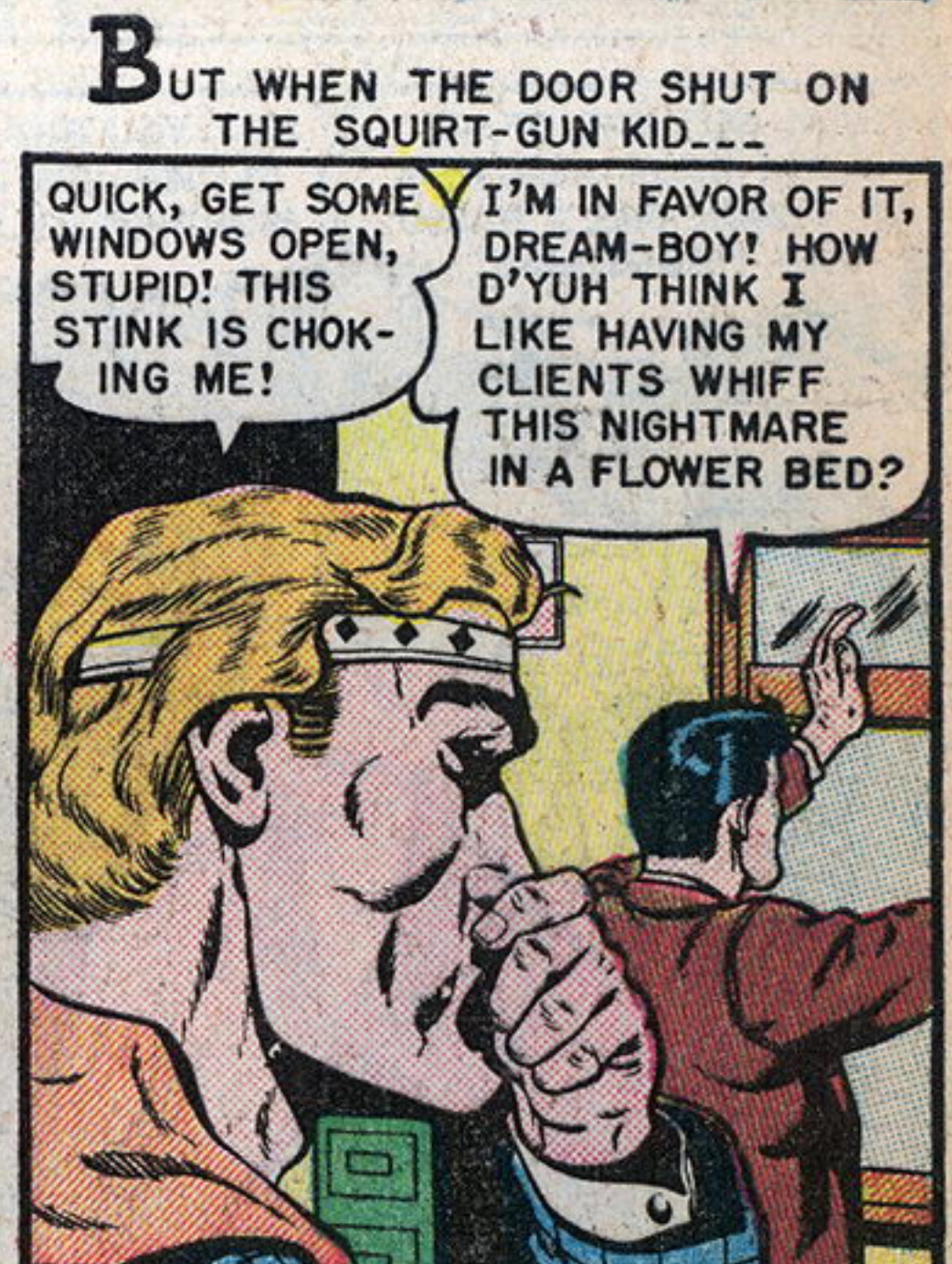
GAHHH! WHAT TH...? GET THAT SQUIRT GUN OUT OF HERE BEFORE I START SMELLING LIKE BEDLAM IN A BOUDOIR!

SO SORRY, SIR! BUT MR. LUSCIOUS LOUIE INSISTS UPON MOVING IN A CLOUD OF FRAGRANCE WHEREVER HE GOES, SIR!



THE AIR IS PERFUMED, LUSCIOUS ONE! DEIGN TO ENTER!

WELL DONE, JASON! WAIT OUTSIDE FOR ME!



BUT WHEN THE DOOR SHUT ON THE SQUIRT-GUN KID...

QUICK, GET SOME WINDOWS OPEN, STUPID! THIS STINK IS CHOKING ME!

I'M IN FAVOR OF IT, DREAM-BOY! HOW D'YUH THINK I LIKE HAVING MY CLIENTS WHIFF THIS NIGHTMARE IN A FLOWER BED?



IF IT BOTHERS YOU, WHAT DO YOU DO IT FOR?

AW, YOU KNOW THE WRESTLING RACKET THESE DAYS, BUB! THE BIGGER SCREWBALL YOU ARE, THE MORE DOUGH YOU MAKE! IT'S STRICTLY FOR CASH!



OKAY, I WEEP FOR YOU, ANGEL-BOY! SO WHAT'S THE PITCH? ARE YOU HERE ON BUSINESS OR IS THIS A SOCIAL CALL?

SOCIAL, MY FOOT! I'M HERE BECAUSE I WANNA KEEP ON BREATHING... AND RIGHT NOW, MY CHANCES LOOK SLIM!

POLICE COMICS

WHEN DUTCH HANSCON STARTED ORGANIZING WRESTLING HERE, I WAS THE ONLY GUY WHO WOULDN'T SIGN UP WITH HIM AND PAY OFF!

DUTCH HANSCON!
OH-OH! IF YOU GET BY WITH IT, OTHER WRESTLERS MIGHT START GETTING IDEAS, EH?

I'M TO WRESTLE SAMMY GEISS, THE CYCLONE, TONIGHT! THE WORD'S OUT I WON'T EVEN LIVE TO CLIMB THROUGH THE ROPES!

DON'T BE SILLY! DUTCH WOULD RATHER LOSE HIS RIGHT ARM THAN HIS CUT OF THE GATE! YOU'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH UNTIL THE MATCH!

MORE LIKELY HE'LL LET YOU WRESTLE AND COLLECT! THEN HE'LL STRIKE!

I GOT A BETTER IDEA, SHANNON! LET'S MAKE IT I COLLECT AND HE DON'T STRIKE! I WANT TO HIRE YOU TO KEEP IT THAT WAY!

IT'S A DEAL! I'LL BE AT THE ARENA EARLY! AND KEEP THAT LOUSY PERFUME OFF ME! I'VE GOT MY FUTURE TO THINK OF!

FIX IT SO'S I'VE GOT A FUTURE TO THINK OF AND I'LL SPRAY YOU WITH ESSENCE OF BANK NOTES!

I WAS WHISTLING WHEN DEE DEE BURST IN, THREE MINUTES LATER! A CRACK AT DUTCH HANSCON AND A FEE BESIDES! WHAT MORE COULD I ASK?

OH, ISN'T HE JUST THE MOST MARVELOUS... KEN SHANNON! THOSE GUNS! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

ME? ALL US PRIVATE EYES PACK ARTILLERY! OUR FANS EXPECT IT!

RELAX HONEY! I'M PAYING DUTCH HANSCON A LITTLE VISIT... AND AROUND HIM A GUY WITHOUT A ROD IS PRACTICALLY UNDRESSED!

OOO, YOU... IDIOT! YOU TH-THINK YOU'RE SO TOUGH AND S-SMART!

DUTCH OWNED THE ARENA WHERE HE KEPT AN OFFICE AND TRAINED HIS STRING OF WRESTLERS AND FIGHTERS!

YOU CAN KEEP THE EXTRA NICKEL, SON!

ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN SPARE IT?

HANSCON'S ARENA
WRESTLING TONIGHT
BOXING FRIDAY

DUTCH PICKED UP A FEW EXTRA BUCKS BY CHARGING ADMISSION TO WATCH HIS TRAINED SEALS WORK OUT DURING THE DAY!

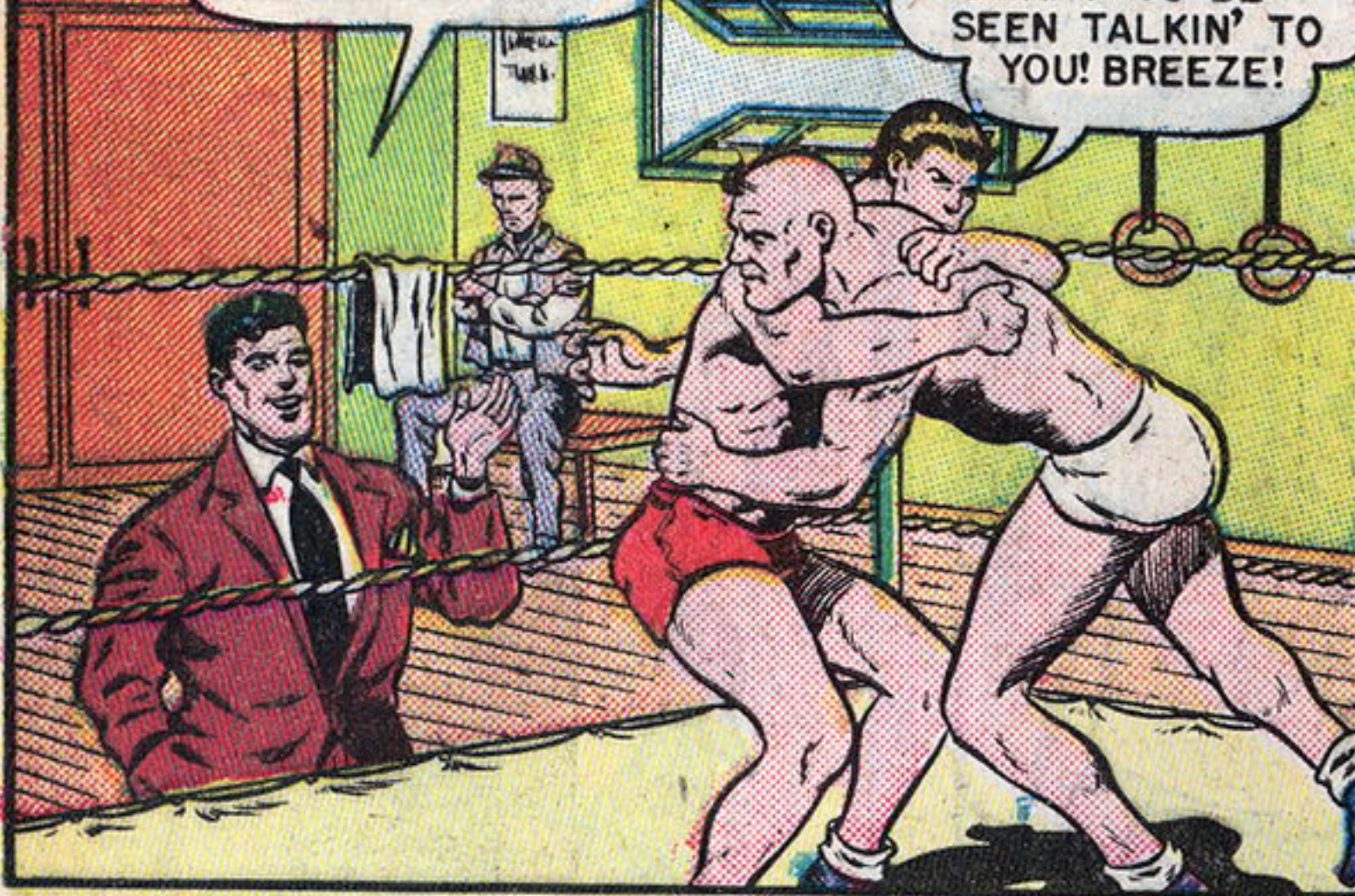
HERE'S THE FOUR BITS, POP! WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE?

NOTHIN' THAT'S WORTH HALF A DOLLAR... BUT WHY SHOULD I DISCOURAGE THE SUCKERS? GO RIGHT IN!

DUTCH WASN'T IN SIGHT BUT SAMMY GEISS WAS IN THE RING MAKING MUSCLES AND FACES!

HI, SAMMY! I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN SUCH A GOOD BOY DUTCH IS LETTING YOU PLAY PATTYCAKE WITH LUSCIOUS LOUIE TONIGHT!

GET LOST, GUM-SHOE! THE WORD IS OUT IT AIN'T SMART TO BE SEEN TALKIN' TO YOU! BREEZE!



YOU! YUH LOUSY, TWO-BIT, PEA-BRAIN---

MISTER PEA-BRAIN, TO YOU! NOW ROLL UP YOUR TONGUE AND TAKE ME TO DUTCH! THIS TIME I'VE GOT BUSINESS WITH HIM!



YEAH? WELL FIRST I GOT SUMPIN' FER YOU---

HERE WE GO AGAIN!



WHOEVER SAID AN APE WAS AN INTELLIGENT ANIMAL DIDN'T KNOW YOU, WILLIE!

GAHHH!



ROUND TWO NEVER GOT STARTED! THERE WAS AN INTERRUPTION!

GET UP, YOU STUPID PIN-HEAD! IF BRAINS WERE WATER, YOU COULDN'T WASH A GNAT'S FEET!

HI, DUTCH! THE HELP SITUATION IS DISGUSTING THESE DAYS, ISN'T IT?



SKIP THE HUMOR, SHANNON! IF IT'S ABOUT THIS MORNING, FORGET IT! I HAD A DEAL, THEN, BUT IT'S ALL OFF NOW!

OKAY! I CAN SHOUT MY BUSINESS OUT HERE IN PUBLIC IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, DUTCH! BUT PERSONALLY---



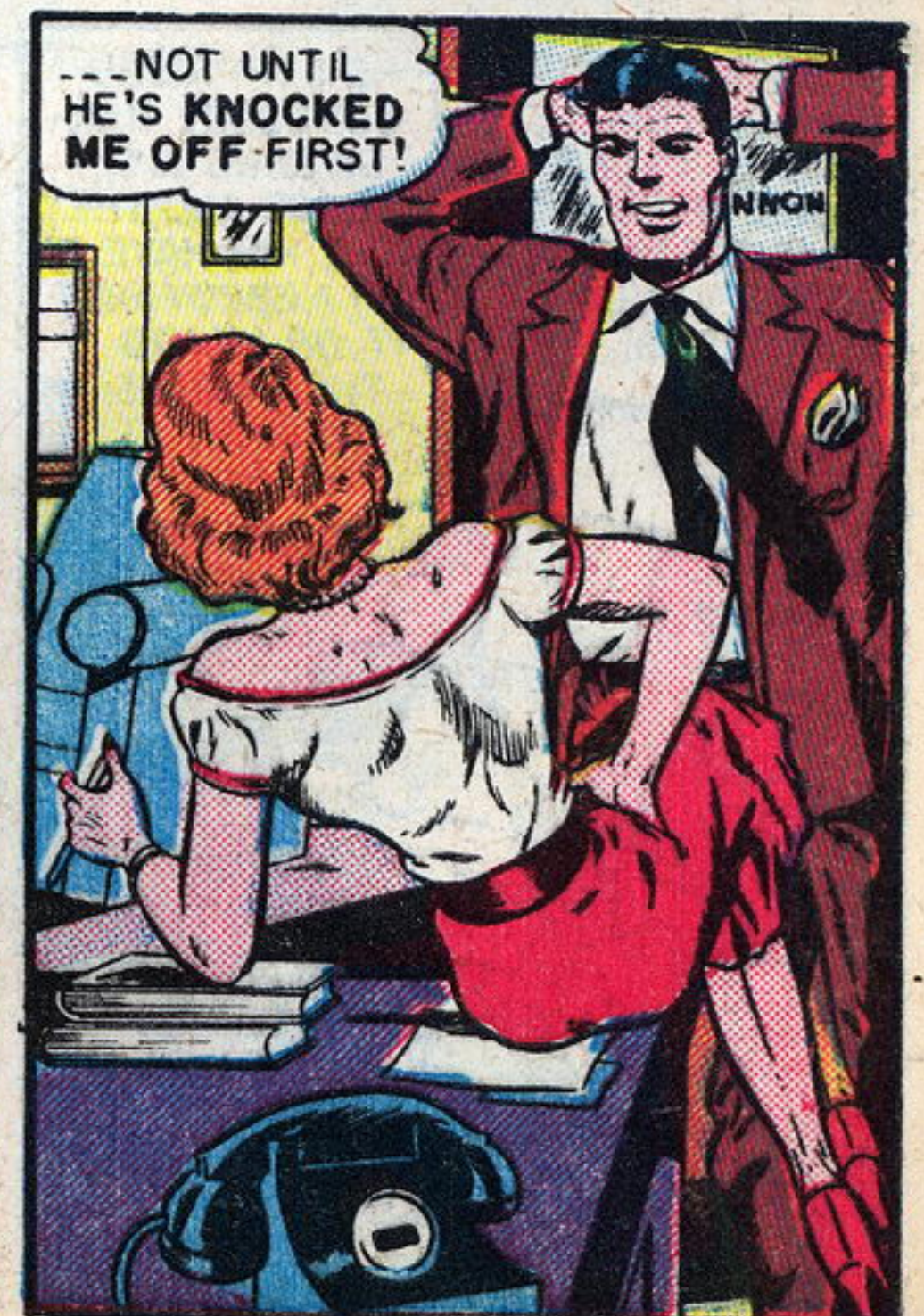
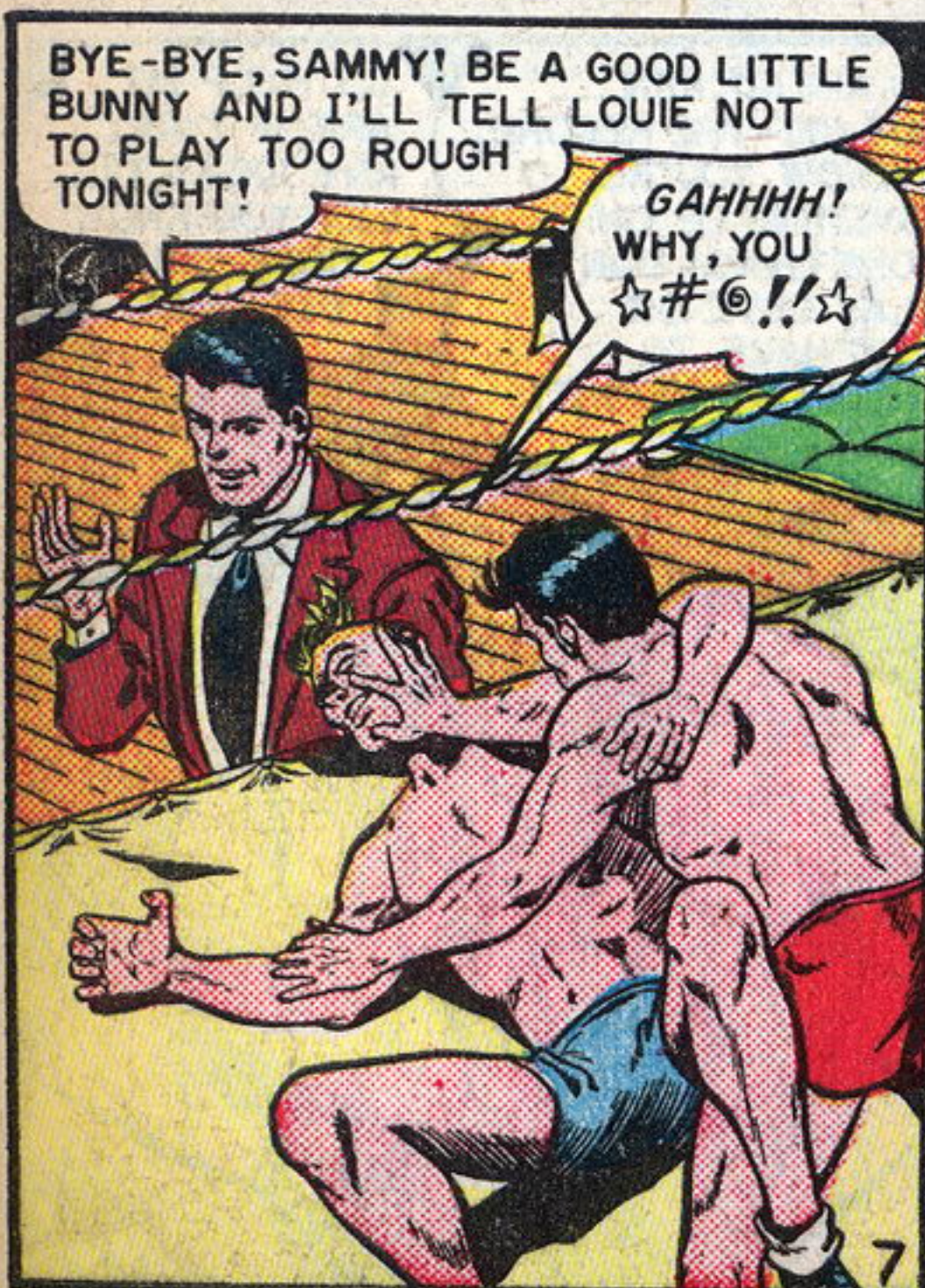
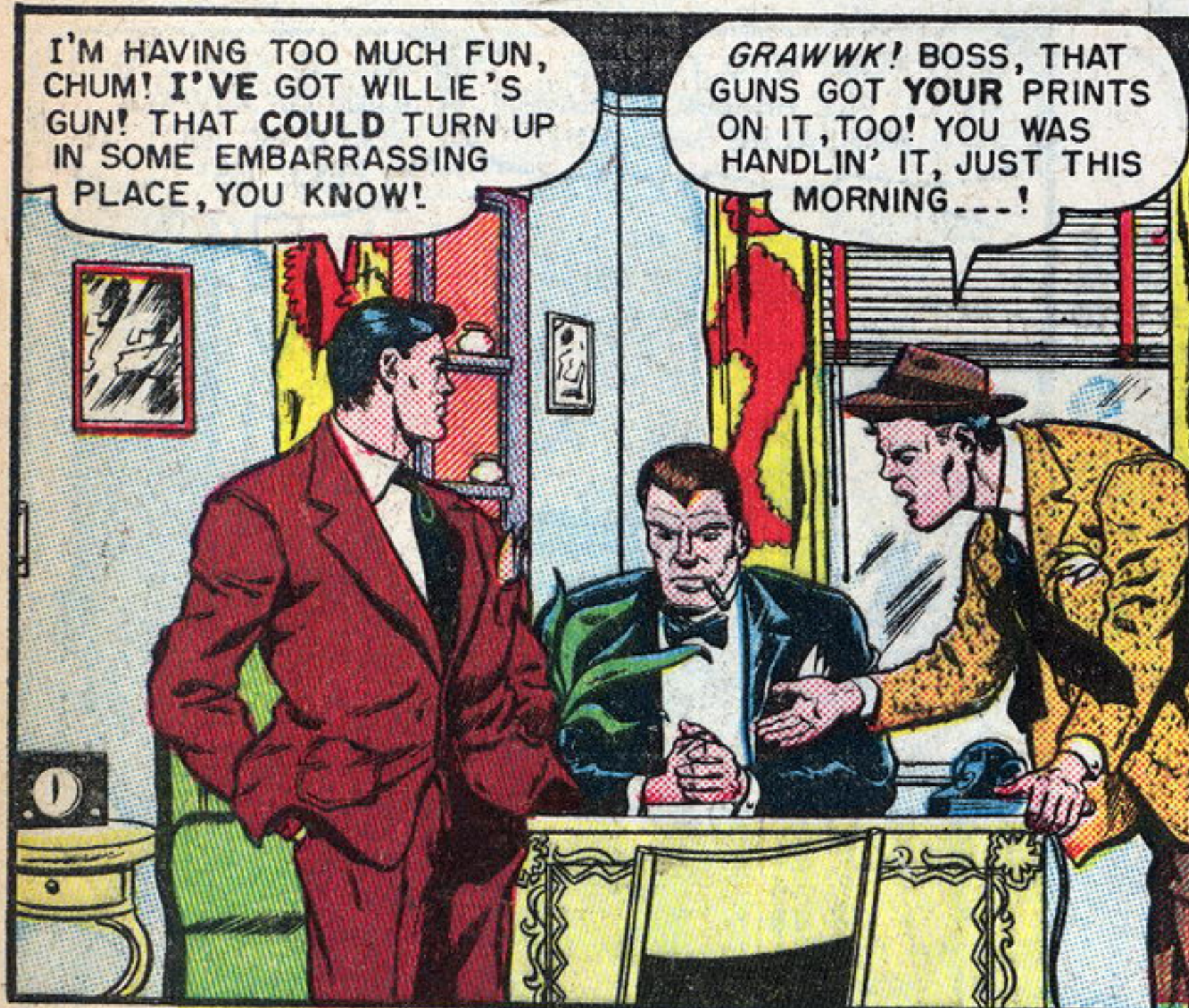
THAT GOT HIM! HE JERKED HIS HEAD AND WE STARTED FOR HIS OFFICE, WITH WILLIE WALKING ON MY HEELS!

YOU WANT I SHOULD FRISK HIM, BOSS? MAYBE IT'S A TRICK---

OH, SHUT UP! ONE MORE EGG-HEAD LIKE YOU ON MY PAYROLL AND I'D BE OUT OF BUSINESS!



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

DEE DEE GOT DELIRIOUS ALL OVER AGAIN WHEN I INVITED HER OUT TO DINNER AND THEN TO TAKE IN THE WRESTLING MATCHES!



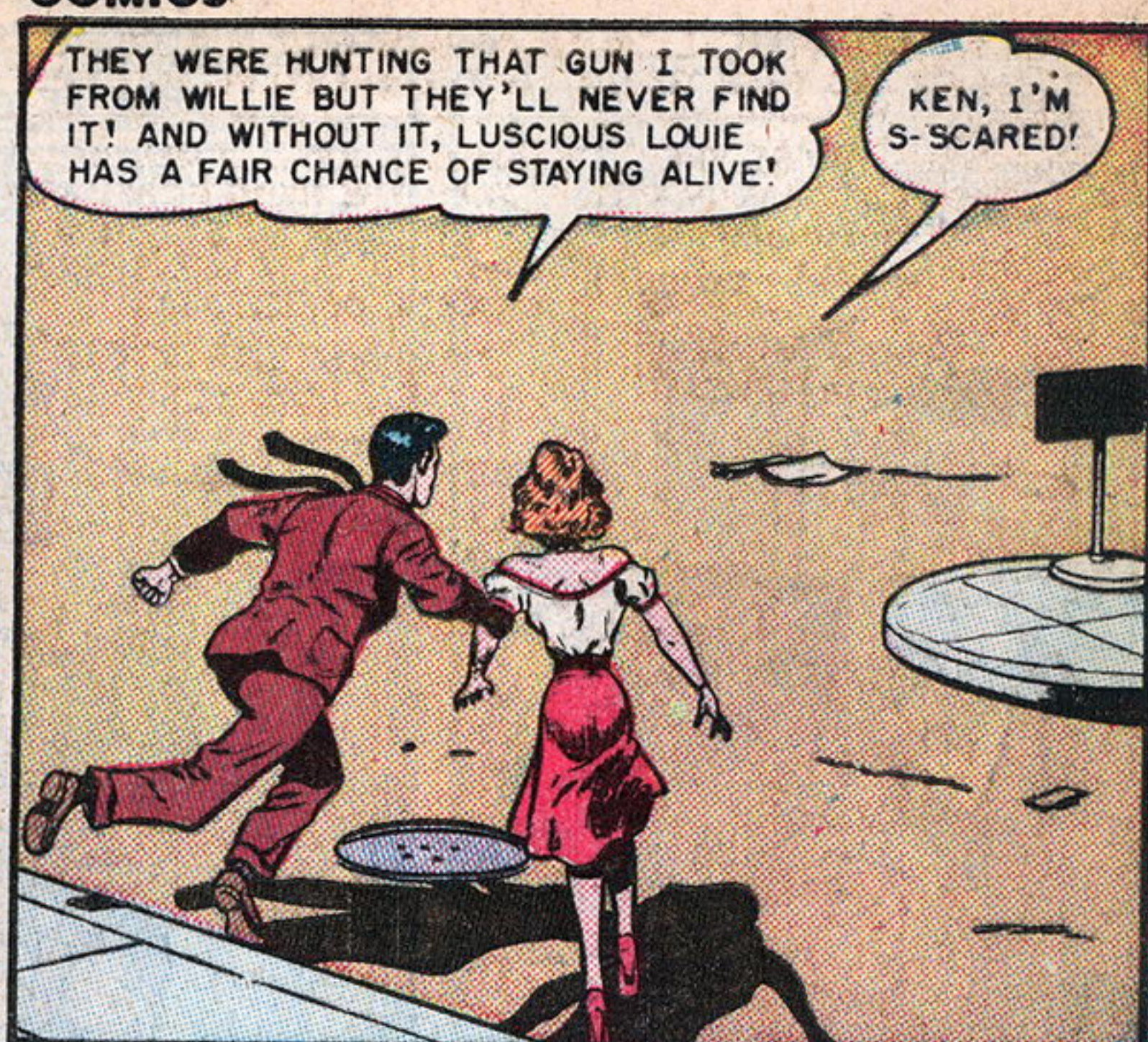
WE STEPPED OFF THE ELEVATOR ON OUR FLOOR AND...



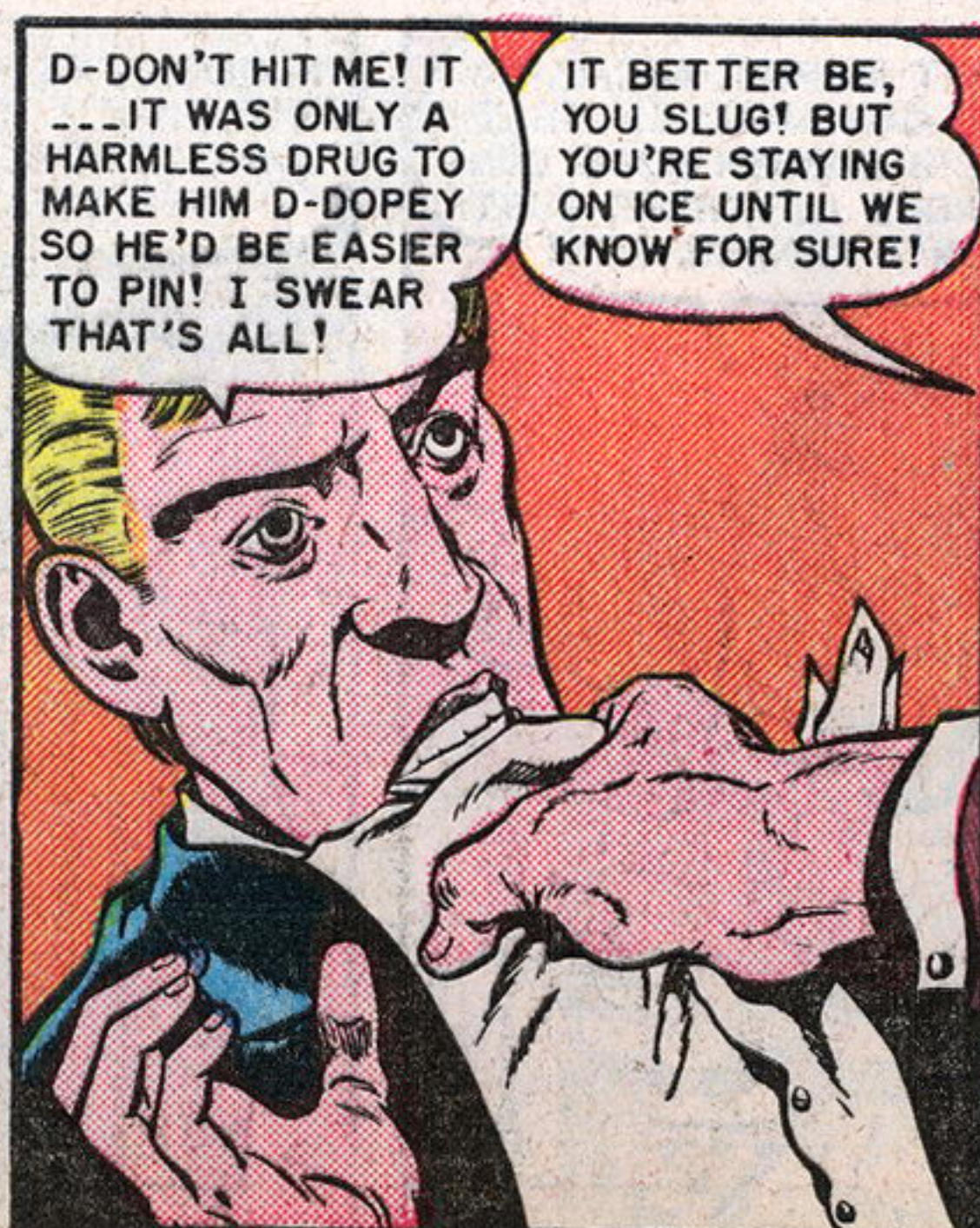
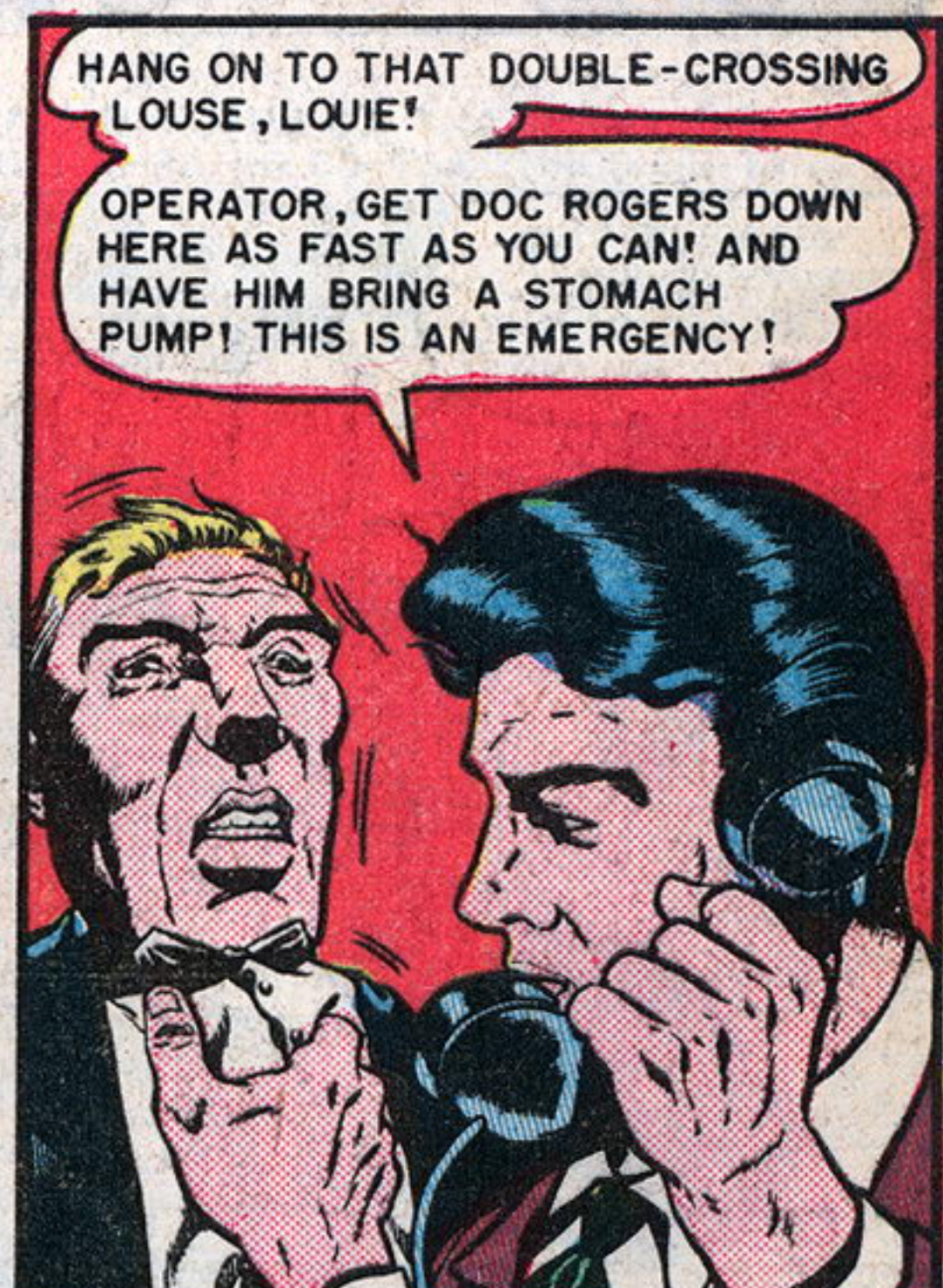
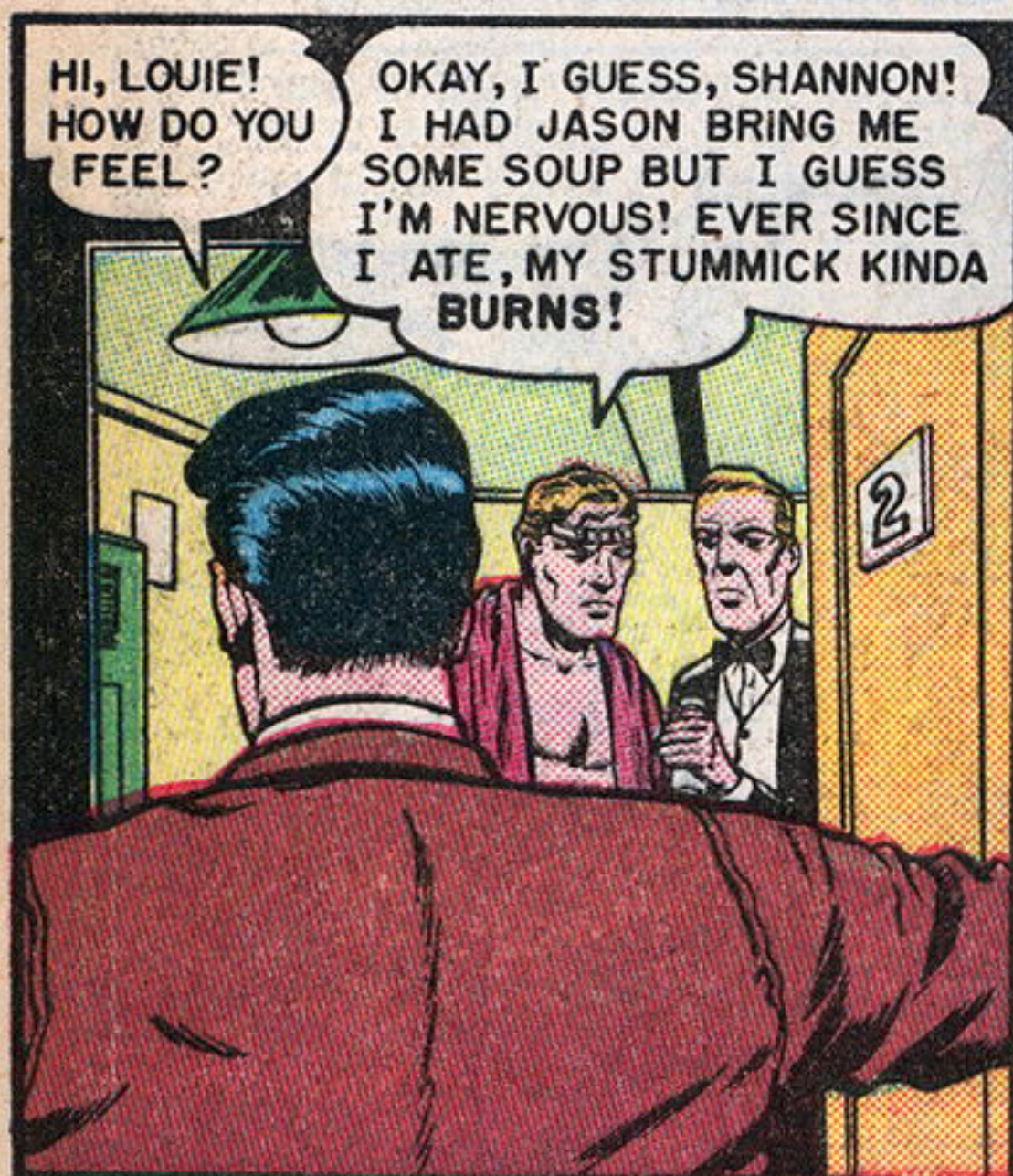
THE TINGLE UP MY SPINE TURNED INTO A FULL-FLEDGED CHILL WHEN I WALKED IN AND THERE WAS MY PAL DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT CLYDE OF HOMICIDE!



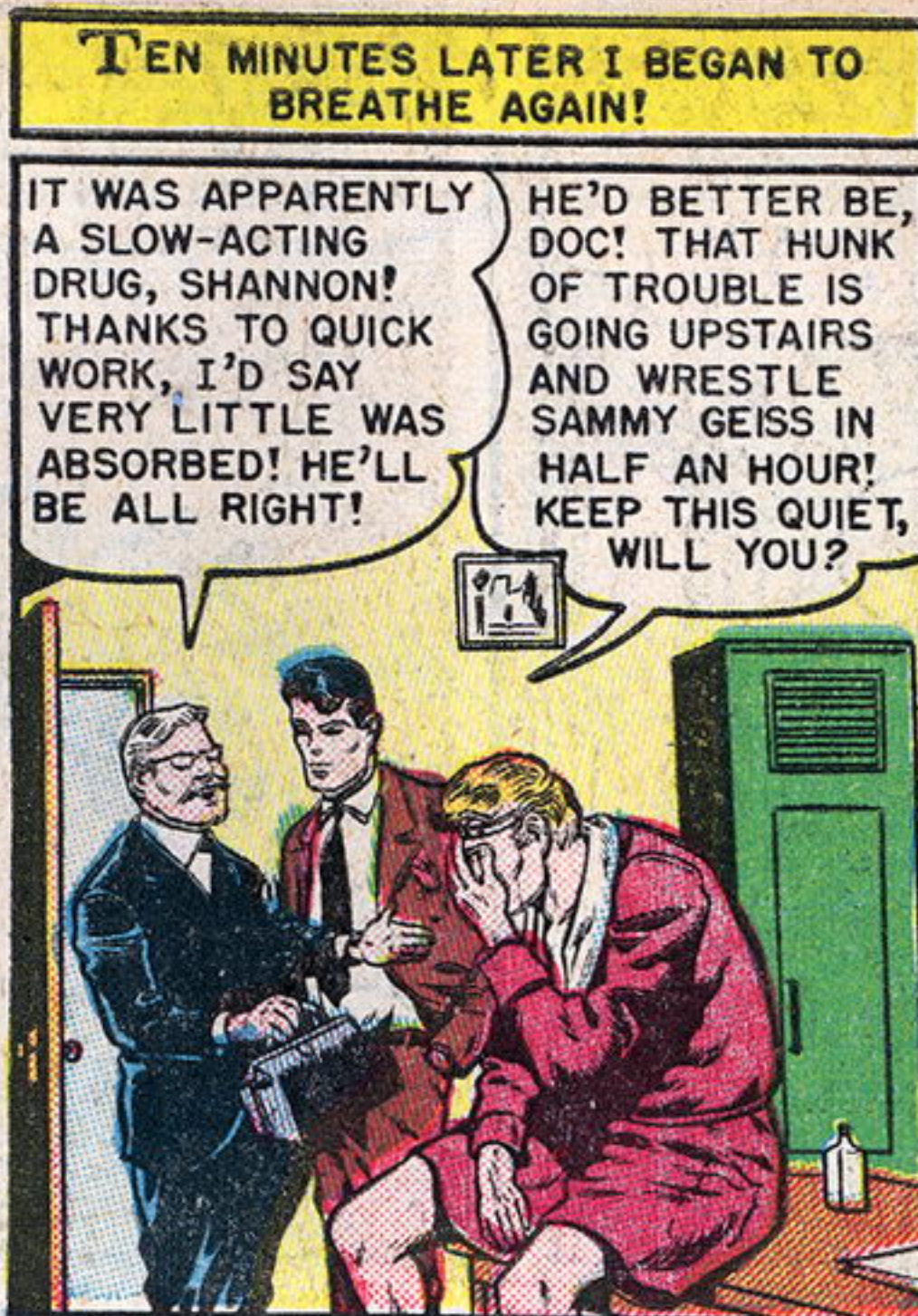
POLICE COMICS



SHE WAS SCARED? HAH! I PUT DEE DEE IN A RINGSIDE SEAT AND WENT DOWN TO LUSCIOUS LOUIE'S DRESSING ROOM!



POLICE COMICS

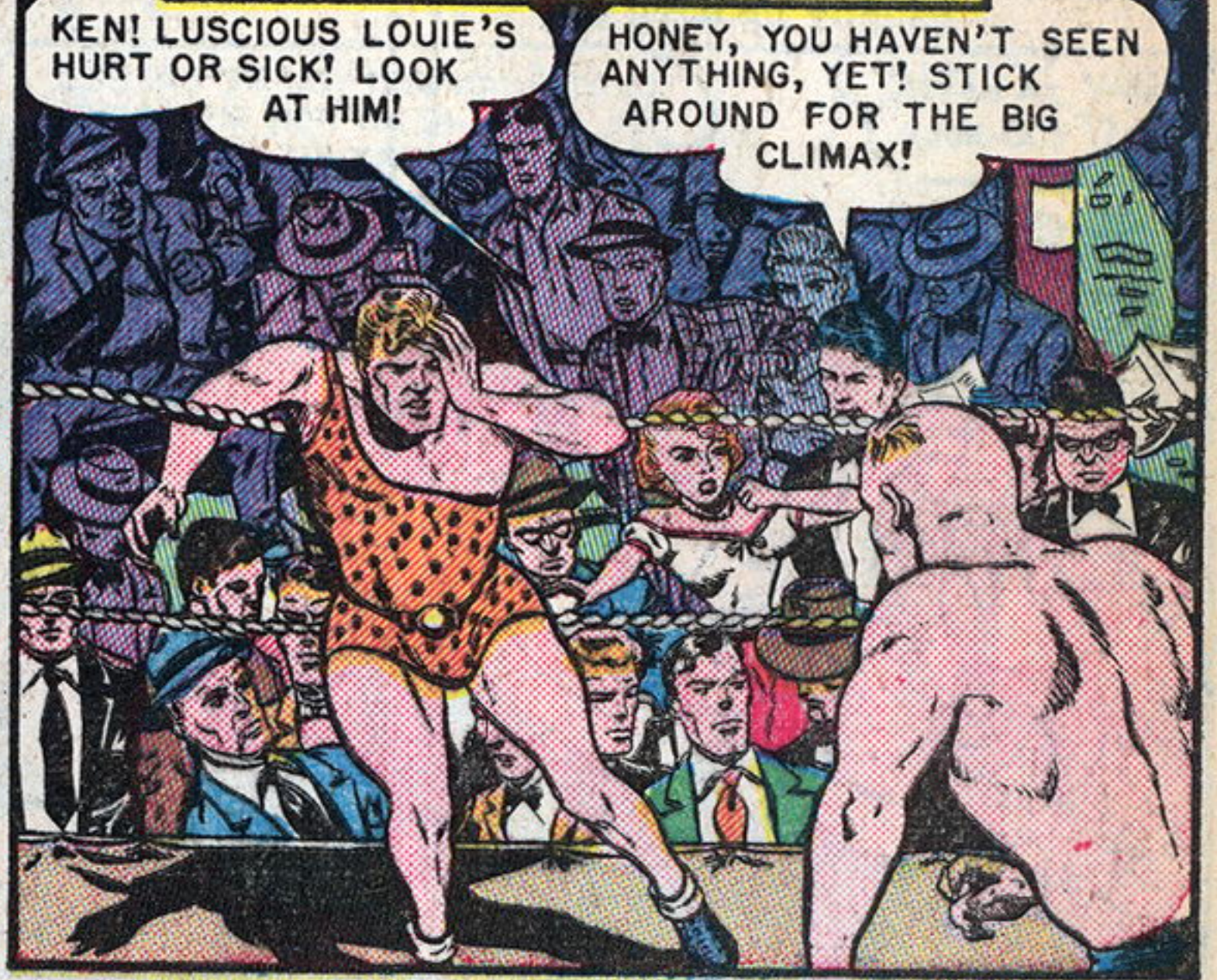


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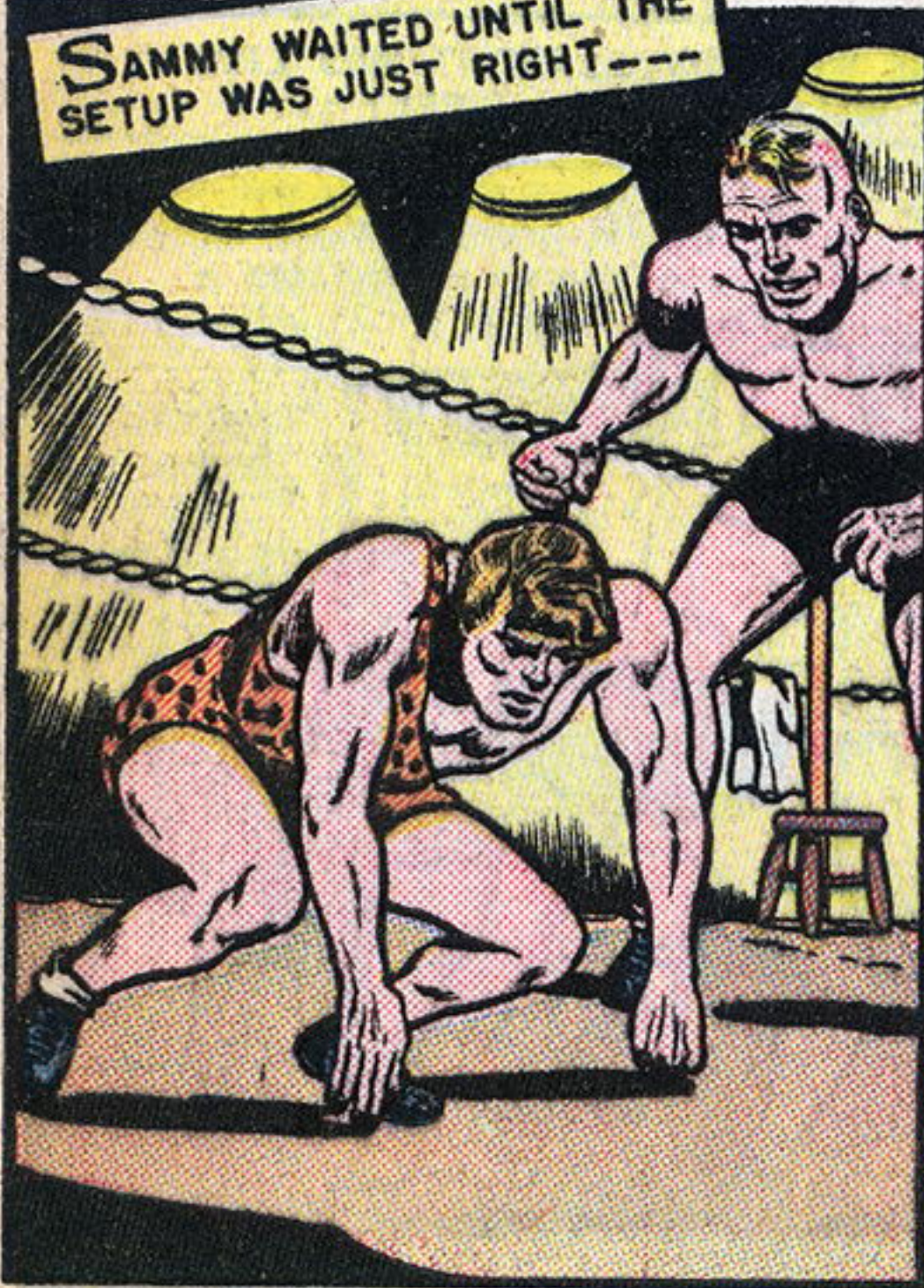
AT FIRST IT WAS THE USUAL TWIST-AND-HOWL ROUTINE! I SPOTTED DUTCH AND WILLIE IN THE SHADOWS, WATCHING!



THEN LUSCIOUS LOUIE BEGAN TO SLOW UP, TO STAGGER, TO ACT DOPEY!



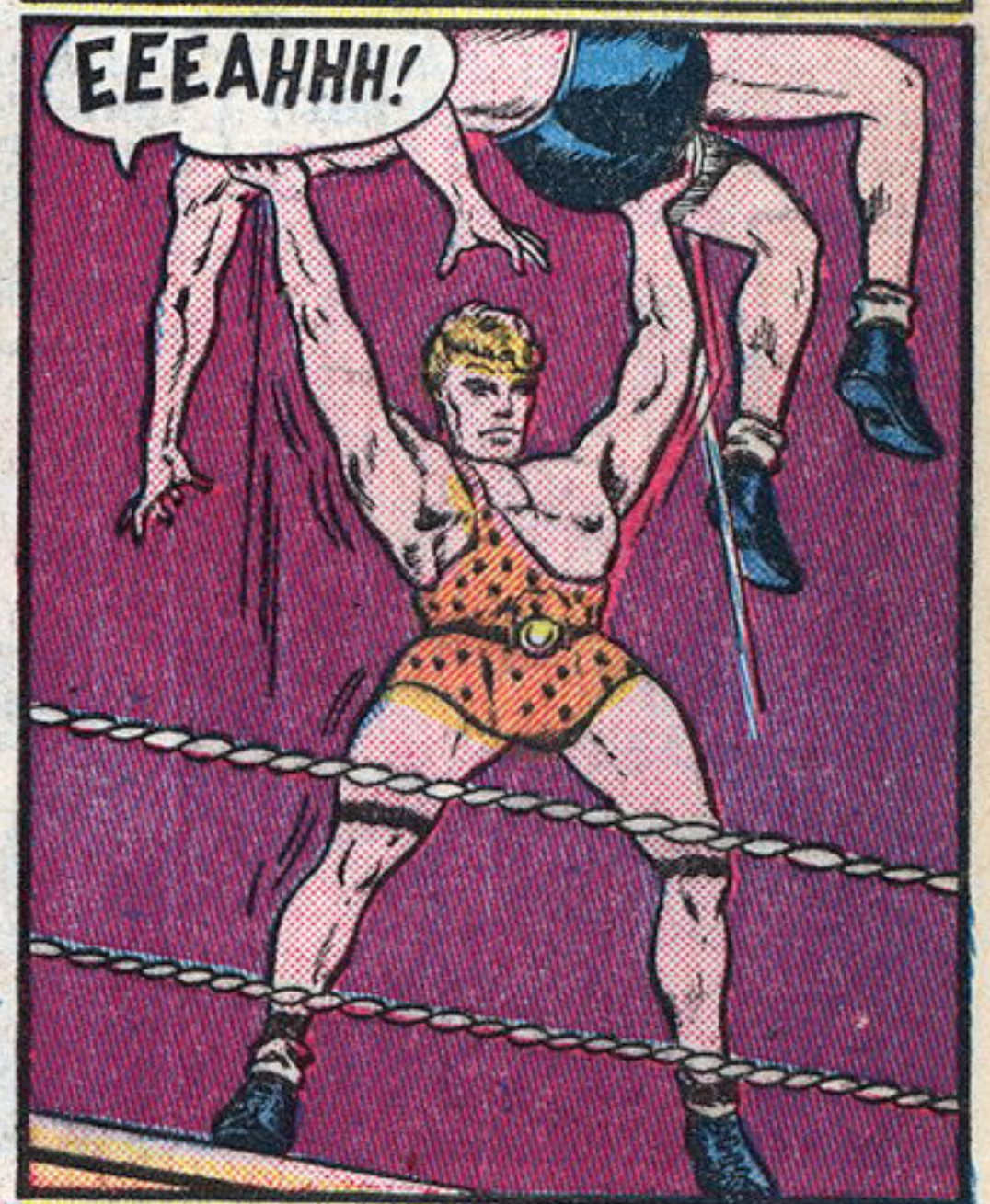
SAMMY WAITED UNTIL THE SETUP WAS JUST RIGHT----



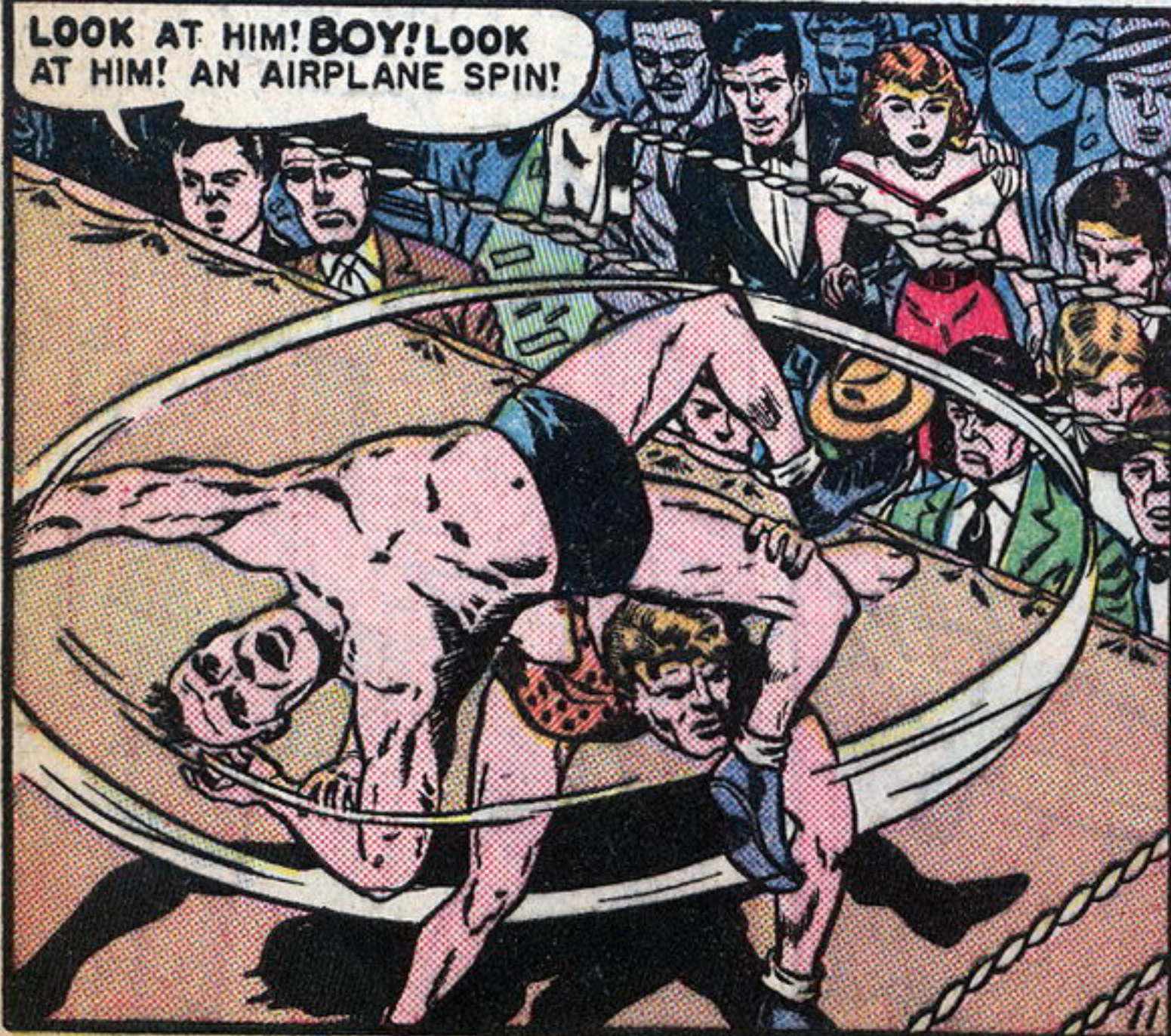
---THEN HE THREW THE PAYOFF HEADLOCK!



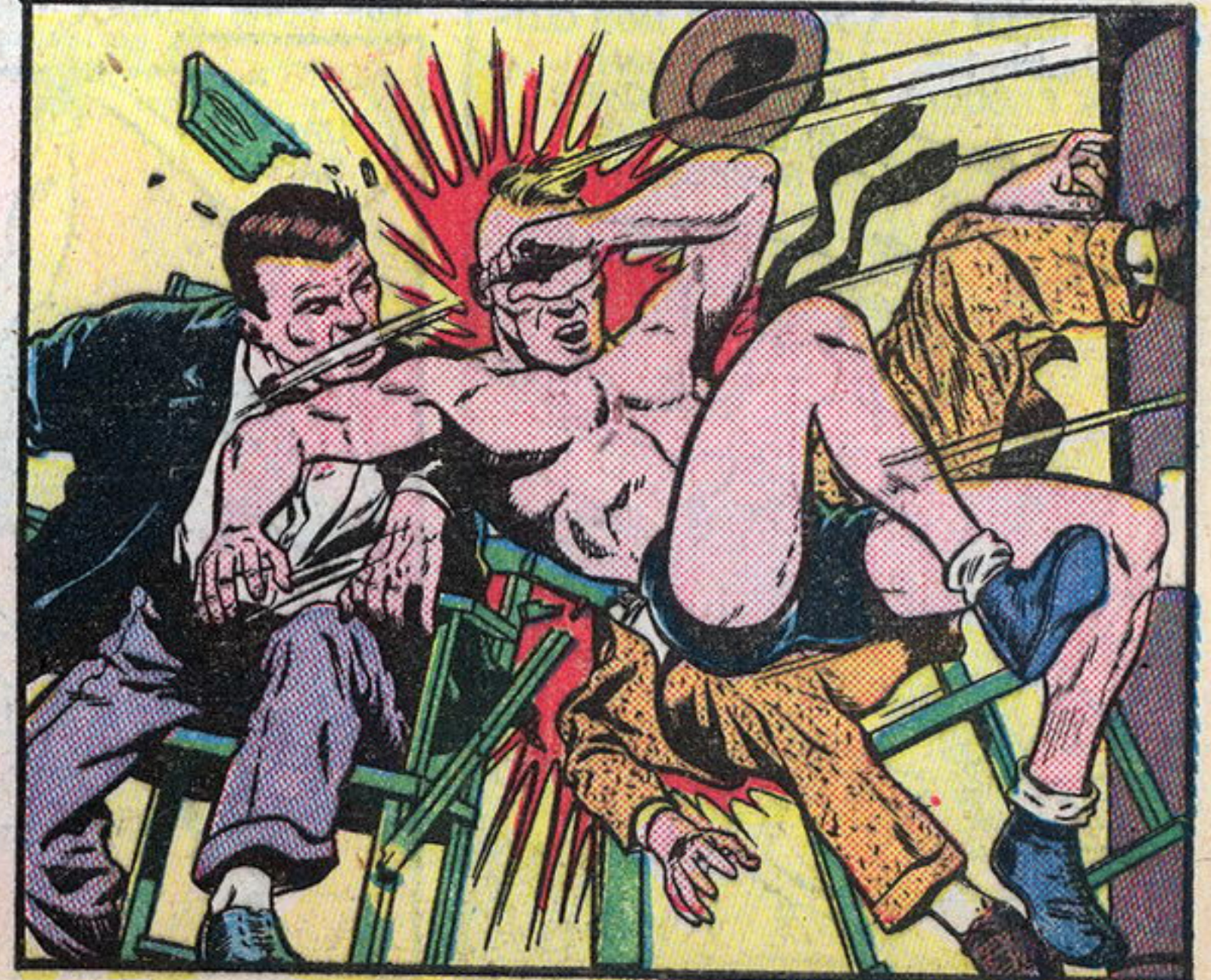
AND THEN LUSCIOUS LOUIE UNCORKED HIS OWN SURPRISE!



LOOK AT HIM! BOY! LOOK AT HIM! AN AIRPLANE SPIN!



NOBODY COULD HAVE PLANNED A PRETTIER PAYOFF!



POLICE COMICS

SAMMY NEVER GOT BACK INTO THE RING! DEE TOOK OFF WITH A HUNDRED HOWLING BABES...AND QUIETLY, MY DESTINY CAUGHT UP WITH ME!



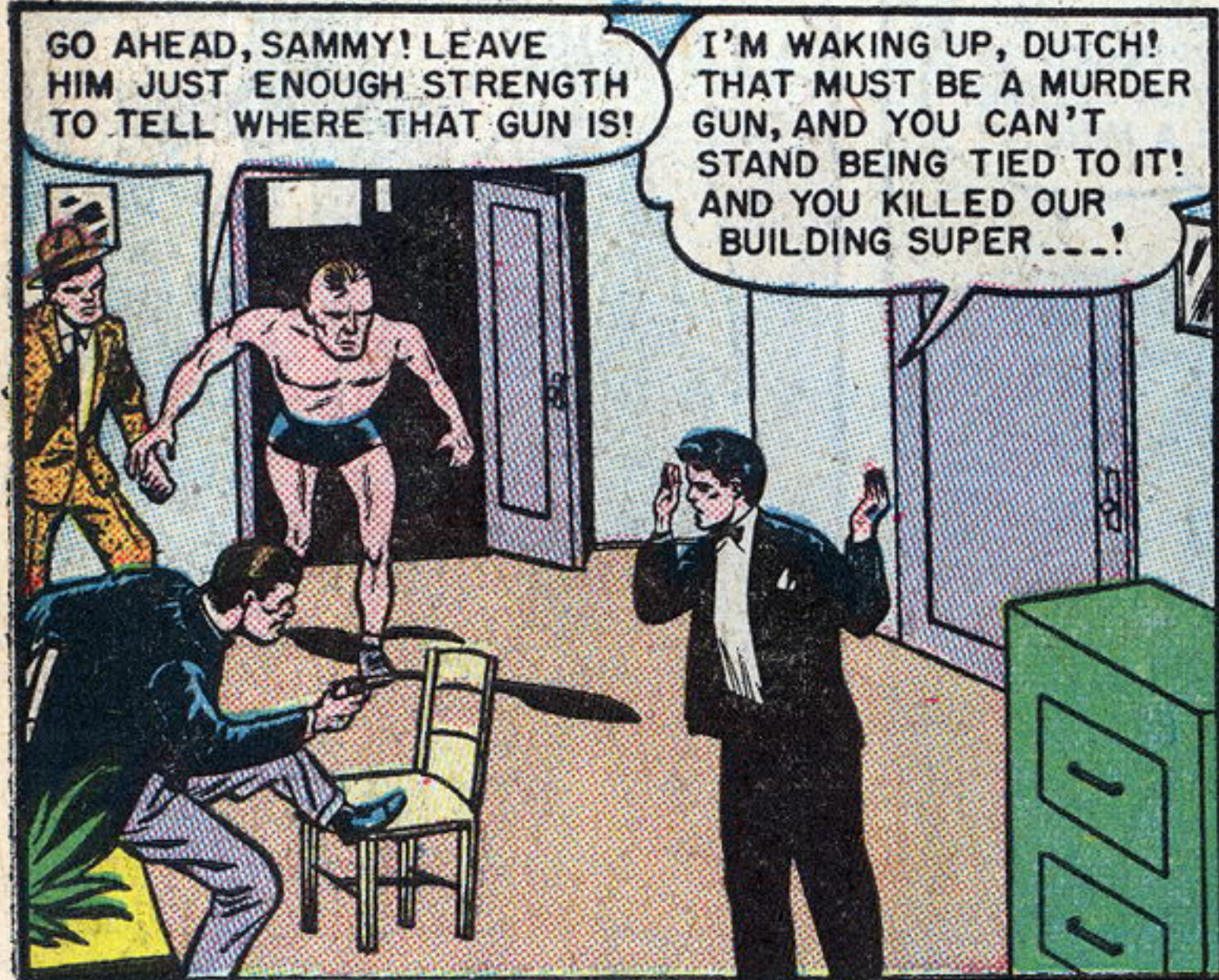
OKAY, SHANNON! YOU'VE CALLED MY HAND! HEAD FOR MY OFFICE AND DON'T TRY TO BE CUTE!



I'M SURPRISED AT YOU, DUTCH! I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D LOSE YOUR HEAD AND BLOW UP LIKE THIS!

I'LL KILL YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS, SHANNON! BUT FIRST YOU'LL COUGH UP WILLIE'S GUN! YOU'LL COUGH IT UP OR ELSE!

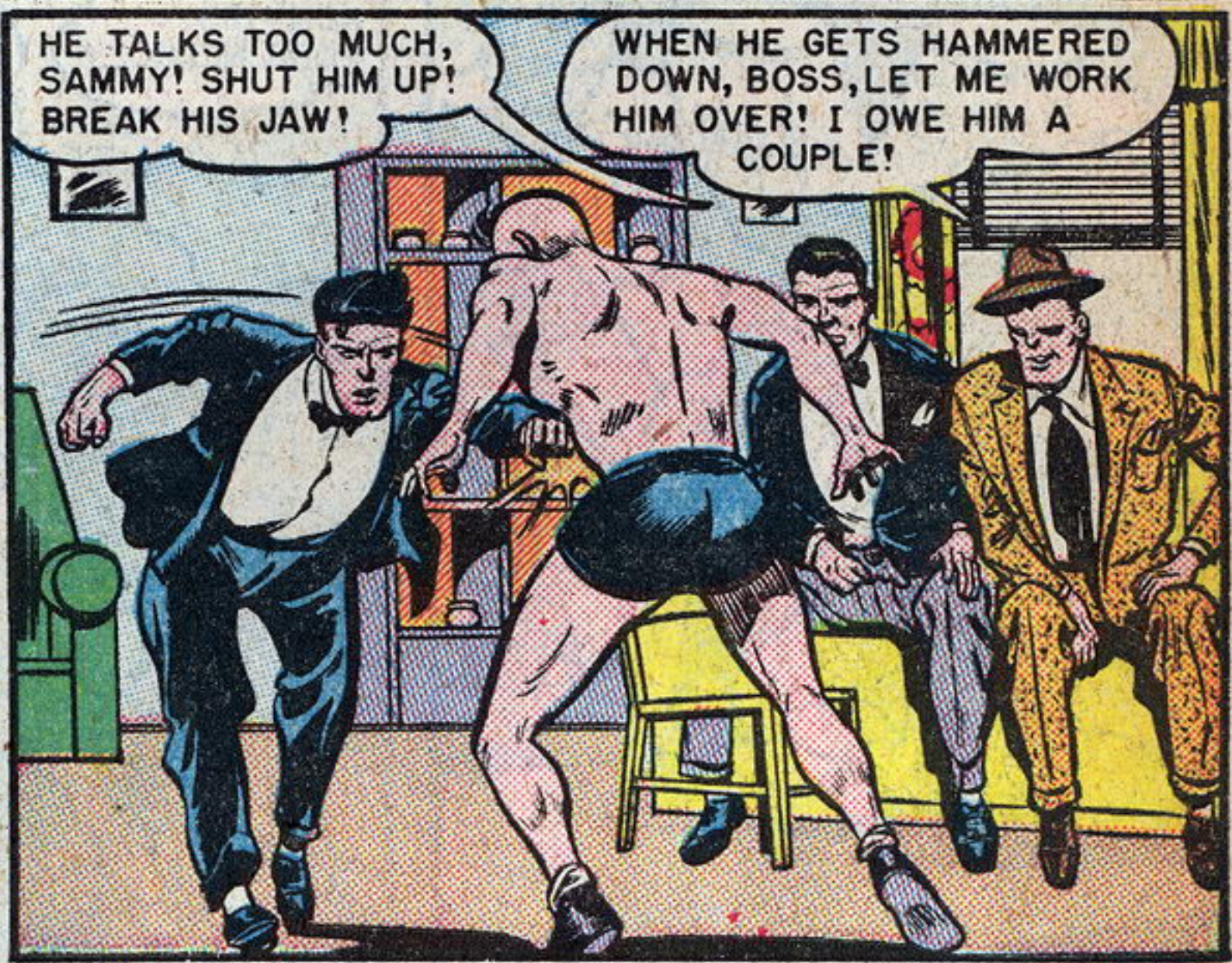
I'D BEEN NEEDLING DUTCH, HOPING HE'D BLOW HIS TOP LIKE THIS! BUT NOW I WASN'T SO PROUD OF MY ACHIEVEMENT!



GO AHEAD, SAMMY! LEAVE HIM JUST ENOUGH STRENGTH TO TELL WHERE THAT GUN IS!

I'M WAKING UP, DUTCH! THAT MUST BE A MURDER GUN, AND YOU CAN'T STAND BEING TIED TO IT! AND YOU KILLED OUR BUILDING SUPER...!

I HIT SAMMY AS HE WENT BY...AND IT WAS LIKE SLUGGING A BRICK WALL! HE HARDLY FELT IT!



HE TALKS TOO MUCH, SAMMY! SHUT HIM UP! BREAK HIS JAW!

WHEN HE GETS HAMMERED DOWN, BOSS, LET ME WORK HIM OVER! I OWE HIM A COUPLE!



STAND STILL, LOUD-MOUTH! YOU BEEN NEEDLING ME LONG ENOUGH!

THERE'S NO HURRY, SAMMY! WITH THAT HOWLING MOB OUTSIDE, WE CAN WORK HIM OVER ALL NIGHT, IF NECESSARY!

THIS WAS GETTING SERIOUS! IT WAS TIME TO TEST THE OLD THEORY THAT JIU JITSU WAS MORE DEADLY THAN SHEER CRUSHING WEIGHT!



UPSY-DAISY!

EEEEAAHHH!



EEEEOCK! I TOLD YUH HE WAS TOUGH, BOSS!

POLICE COMICS

I'D BEEN ITCHING TO PULL MY LAST TRICK --- AND NOW WAS THE TIME!

LET'S BEHAVE, BOY'S! IT WOULD BE IRONIC IF YOU TWO GOT SHOT WITH THE VERY GUN YOU'VE BEEN HUNTING!

AWRRK! WILLIE'S GUN! YOU... YOU PLANTED IT IN MY OWN FLOWER POT THIS AFTERNOON!

YEP! I FIGURED IT WAS A GOOD HIDE-OUT, DUTCH... AND THAT I MIGHT NEED A GUN AROUND HERE LATER!

SO WHAT! I'LL DENY EVERYTHING AND GET WILLIE AND SAMMY TO BACK ME! YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING ON ME, SHANNON! YOU'RE BLUFFING!

BUT YOU DID KILL THAT SUPER IN MY BUILDING; DUTCH! ONLY YOU WOULD HAVE FELT IT NECESSARY TO MURDER TO HIDE YOUR IDENTITY!

SURE I DID, SHANNON... BUT LIKE I SAY, YOU'LL NEVER PROVE IT! YOU WON'T EVEN BE ALIVE TO TELL IT!

I KNEW FROM THEIR FACES THAT SOMEBODY WAS BEHIND ME! BUT BEFORE I COULD DODGE, IT WAS ALL OVER!

HEY...!

ARGHHH!

THANKS, KEN! BY TRAILING YOU ALL EVENING AND LISTENING AT KEYHOLES, WE'VE GOT ENOUGH TO BUST DUTCH HANSCON CLEAR TO THE CHAIR!

YOU...! YOU MEAN YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN GLUED OUT THERE EVER SINCE THEY DRAGGED ME IN HERE?

YOU LET THAT MUSCLE-BOUND MAMMOTH CHASE ME AROUND AND NEVER LIFTED A FINGER TO HELP ME?

HAH! HOW MUCH DID YOU HELP US ON THAT OFFICE MURDER? BESIDES, I NEVER SAW THE GUY YOU COULDN'T HANDLE WITHOUT HELP!

THANKS FOR PRACTICALLY NOTHING... PAL! BUT HOW ABOUT DEE DEE? HAS ANY BODY SEEN HER AROUND?

OH, SURE! I... I KINDA HATED TO TELL YOU THIS, KEN...

... SHE SAID TO TELL YOU LUSCIOUS LOUIE WAS TAKING HER OUT TO SUPPER! SHE'LL SEE YOU AT THE OFFICE TOMORROW!

GAHHHHH!

SEE WHAT I MEAN ABOUT WRESTLERS?



JOIN THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT AND SEE THE WORLD...THROUGH A PAIR OF BLACK EYES AND A CLOUD OF GUN SMOKE! ENJOY ROMANTIC HAWAII FROM A MORGUE SLAB! RELAX TO THE SOFT RUSTLE OF .45 CALIBER SLUGS THROUGH THE PALM TREES! SWIM AT GLAMOROUS WAIKIKI BEACH... IN A CEMENT BATHING SUIT! ...OR MAYBE I'M JUST PREJUDICED BECAUSE I SPENT WHAT WAS LAUGHINGLY CALLED MY VACATION TRYING TO KEEP FROM BEING IT IN A JOLLY LITTLE GAME OF --- **"HONOLULU HOMICIDE!"**

WHEN I FIRST MET SAM SPRING, THE COUNTERFEITER, IN HONG KONG, HE THOUGHT HE WAS TOUGH



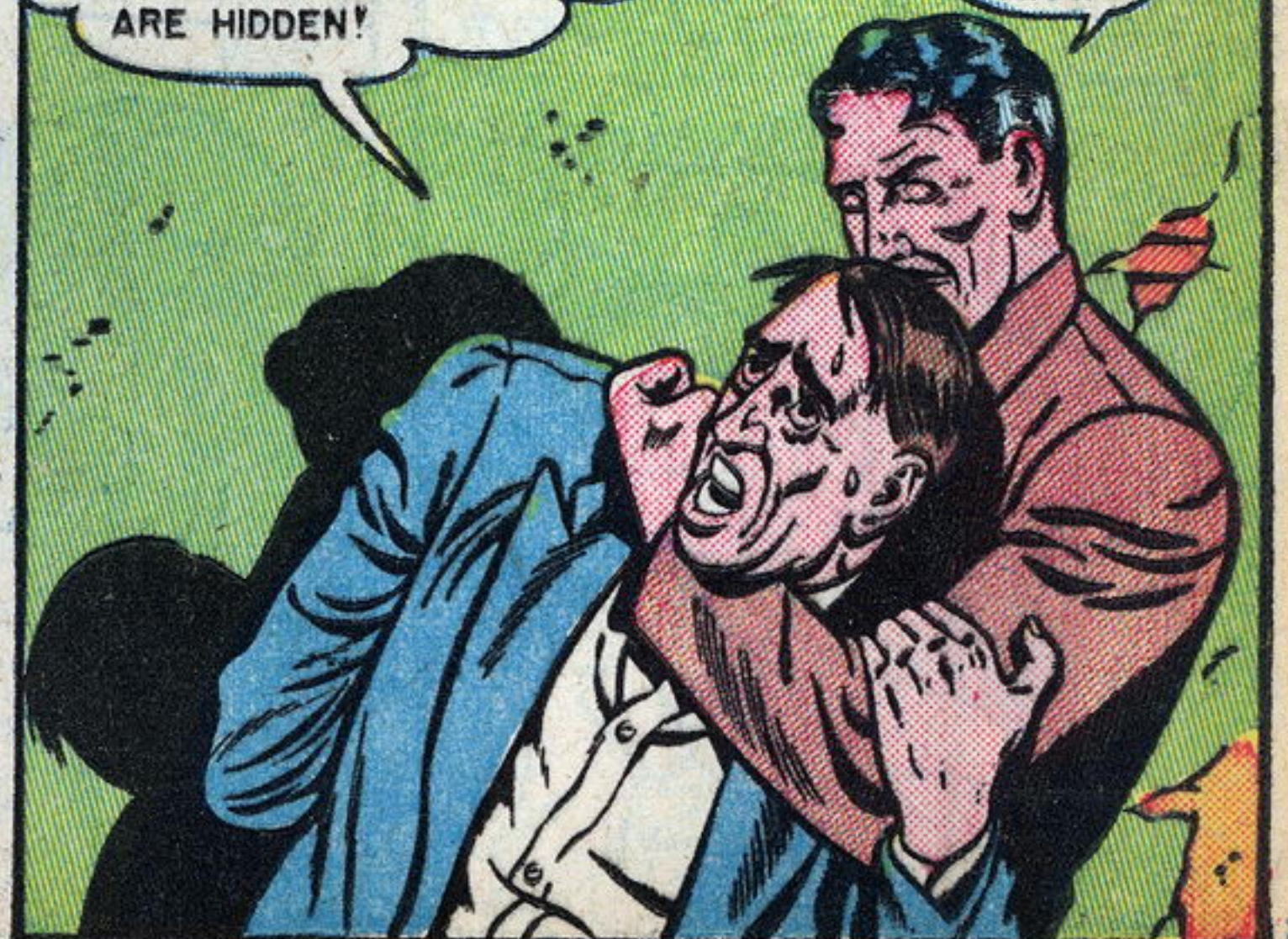
YOU'LL NEVER PIN ANY RAPS ON ME, T-BOY!

DON'T BET ANY REAL MONEY ON THAT, SAMMY!

BUT A FEW MINUTES OF GENTLEMANLY-ER-DEBATE CHANGED HIS ATTITUDE COMPLETELY!

DON'T! DON'T BREAK MY ARM! I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THE COUNTERFEIT PLATES ARE HIDDEN!

THAT'S BETTER! I LIKE A REASONABLE MAN!



POLICE COMICS



THEY'RE IN HONOLULU, IN A HOUSE I RENT ON KALAKAUA AVENUE!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW? MY VACATION STARTS TOMORROW AND I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TIME TO REALLY ENJOY HAWAII!



I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO OUR HONOLULU FIELD OFFICE AND THEN START MY VACATION RIGHT THERE! YOU'LL GO STATESIDE FOR TRIAL, SAM!

WHO CARES? YOU GUYS HAVE MADE THIS RACKET TOO TOUGH, ANYHOW!

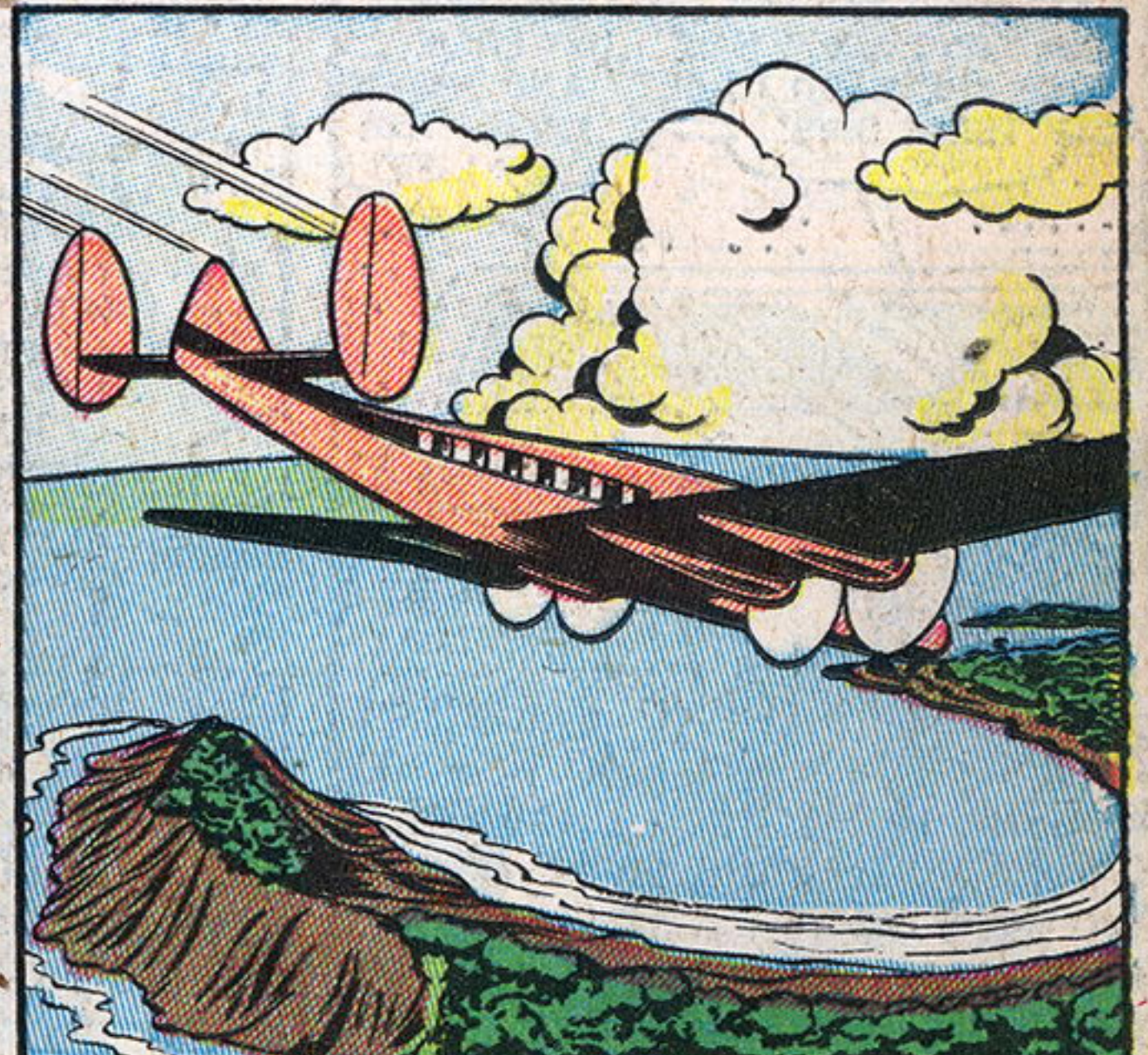
WHY, ISN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE? MY VACATION STARTS TODAY, TOO, AND I'M STAYING AT THE SAME HOTEL --- THE MOALAKUA!

WHEN I DELIVER MY WILTED POSEY, HERE, I'M FREE AS A BIRD, HONEY! HOW ABOUT DINNER AND A SQUINT AT NIGHTLIFE?

ON THE PLANE TO HONOLULU THE NEXT MORNING I FOUND ANOTHER REASON TO FEEL GOOD! THE REASON'S NAME WAS MARGE DAILY!



I WAS HAVING ROSY DREAMS AS WE SLID PAST DIAMOND HEAD AND DOWN OVER HONOLULU HARBOR!



BUT SUDDENLY I WOKE UP TO HARSH REALITIES!

OKAY, WISE GUY! HERE'S A LITTLE GADGET THAT MAKES ME THE BOSS!

WULPE I'LL BE A DIRTY NAME! SOMEBODY SLIPPED YOU A ROD RIGHT UNDER MY STUPID NOSE!



TRY SHOOTING THAT THING SAMMY, AND HOW FAR WILL YOU GET?

I CAN TAKE THE CHANCE IF YOU CAN! SHUT UP AND GET THIS BRACELET UNLOCKED!

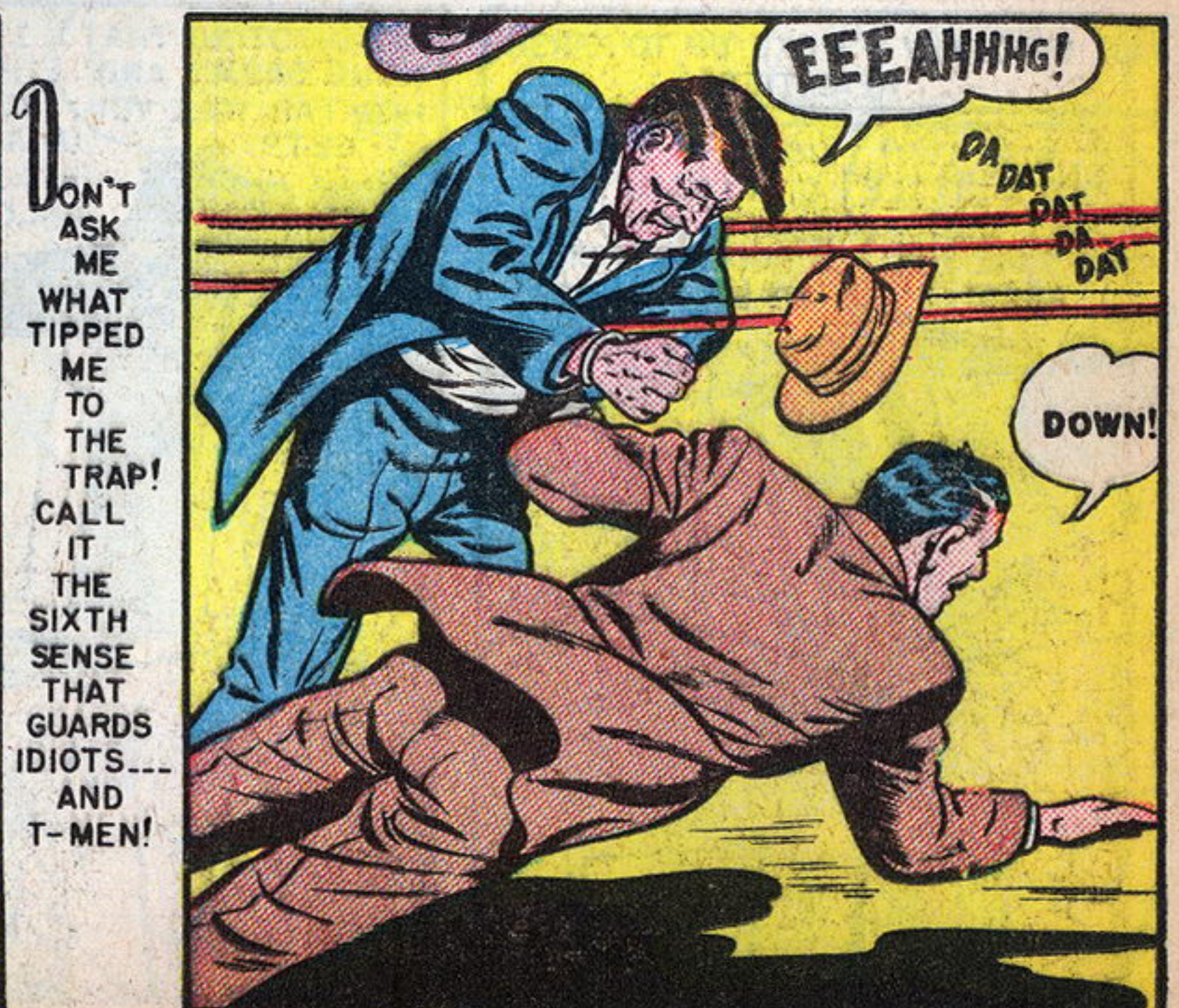
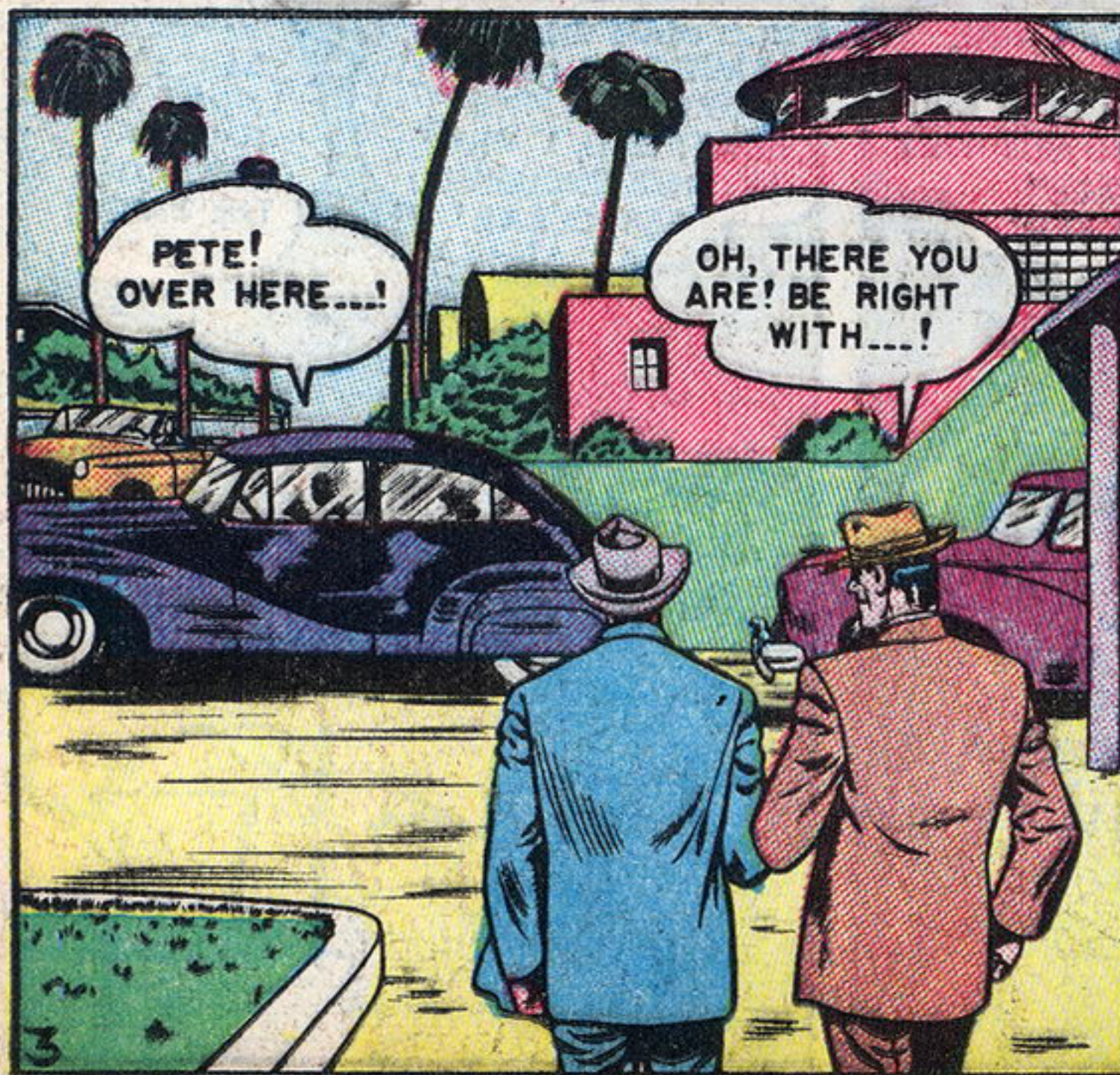


I'LL SLUG YOU AND LEAVE YOU HAND-CUFFED TO THE SEAT! ALL I WANT IS TIME ENOUGH TO GET CLEAR!

SO HELP ME, SAM, I'LL HUNT YOU TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH!



POLICE COMICS



DON'T ASK ME WHAT TIPPED ME TO THE TRAP! CALL IT THE SIXTH SENSE THAT GUARDS IDIOTS... AND T-MEN!

POLICE COMICS

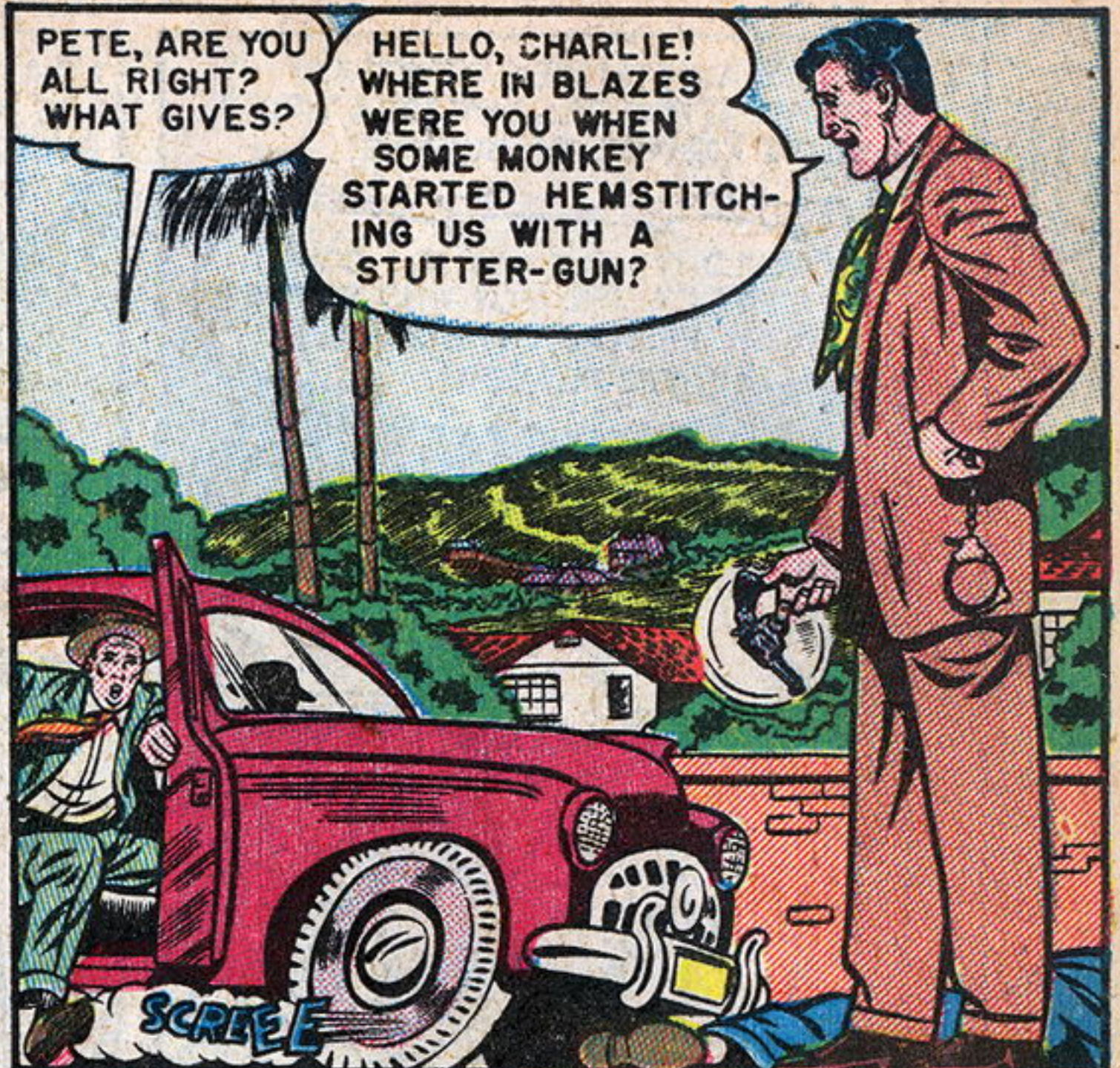
DID YOU EVER TRY TO SHOOT STRAIGHT WITH ONE ARM ANCHORED TO AN UNCOOPERATIVE CORPSE?



A MINUTE LATER, CHARLIE, LUANI, OUR HAWAIIAN FIELD AGENT, BLEW UP, LOOKING WILD-EYED!

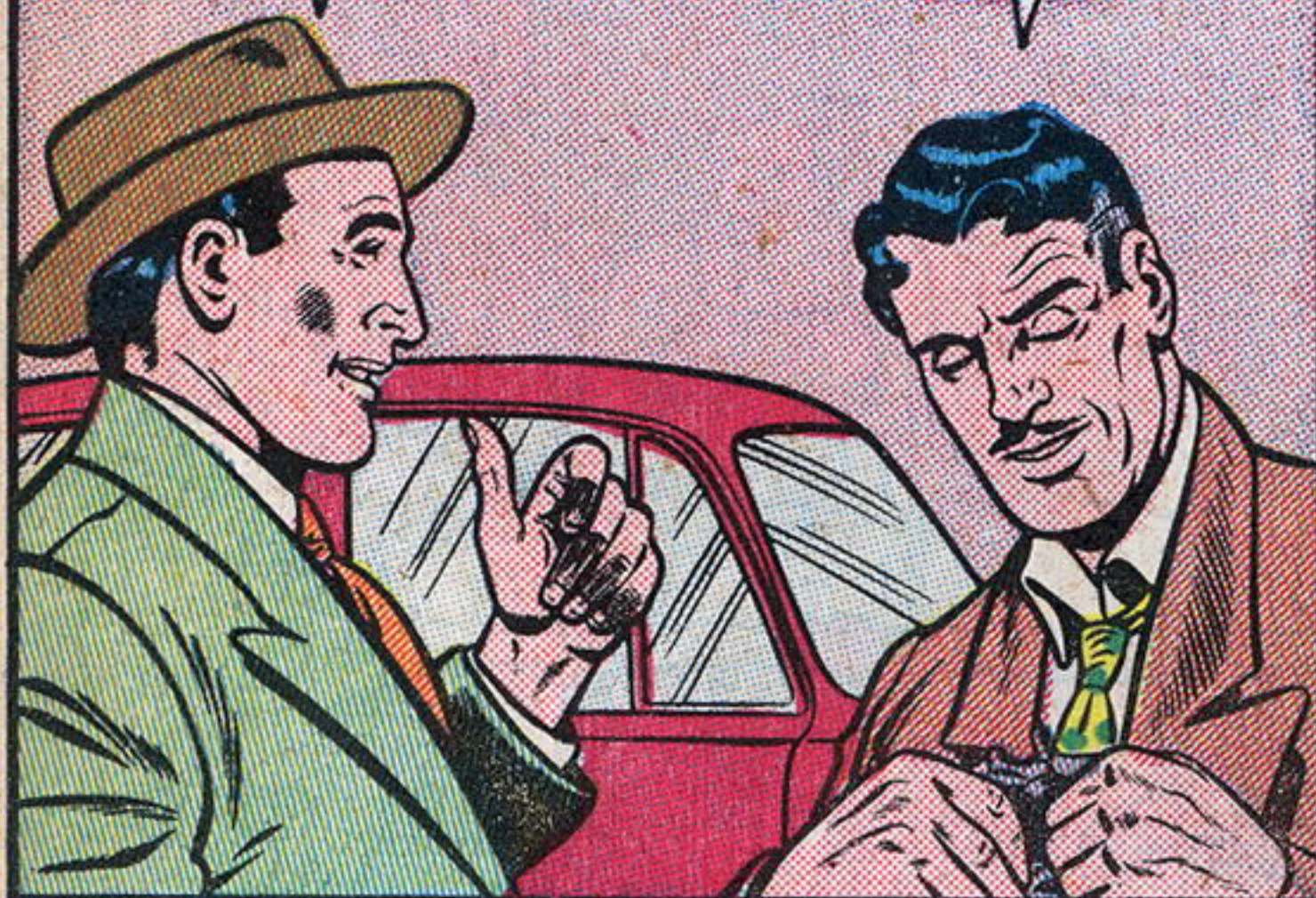
PETE, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT GIVES?

HELLO, CHARLIE! WHERE IN BLAZES WERE YOU WHEN SOME MONKEY STARTED HEMSTITCHING US WITH A STUTTER-GUN?



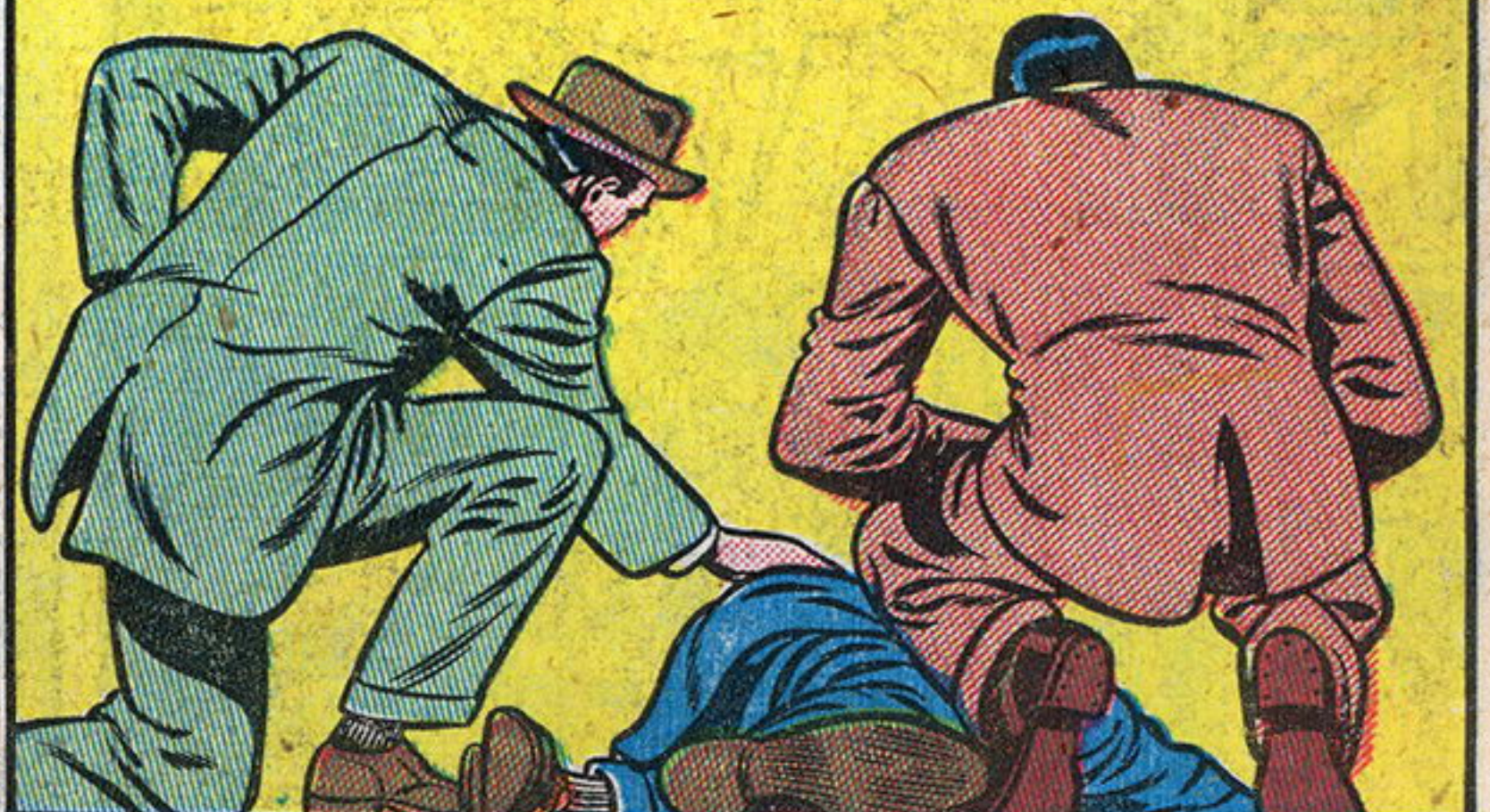
CHANGING TIRES, CHUM! THAT SAME MONKEY PASSED ME A MILE DOWN THE ROAD AND DUMPED A KEG OF FLAT-HEAD NAILS ACROSS THE PAVEMENT!

CUTE! HE WANTED YOU OUT OF THE WAY WHILE HE SET US UP FOR THE KILL! I DUCKED, BUT SAM DIDN'T!



IF CRIME IS A DISEASE, SAM'S CURED NOW! YOU FIGURE SOMEBODY DELIBERATELY SHUT HIS MOUTH TO STOP HIS SQUEALING?

YEP! WHEN THEY COULDN'T HELP HIM GET AWAY FROM ME, THEY KNOCKED HIM OFF! SOMEBODY WANTS THOSE COUNTERFEIT PLATES FOR HIMSELF!



ALL I KNOW IS, THAT'S A BIG HELP! KALAKAUA ARE IN A HOUSE RUNS FROM KING ON KALAKAUNA STREET TO DIAMOND HEAD ROAD... MAYBE THREE MILES! THAT'S A LOT OF HOUSES, PETE!



I INTRODUCED MARGE TO CHARLIE! HOW ABOUT TURNING THE DEFUNCT SAM OVER TO THE CONSTABULARY AND HEADING FOR TOWN, CHARLIE? WE'VE GOT VACATIONS TO CELEBRATE!

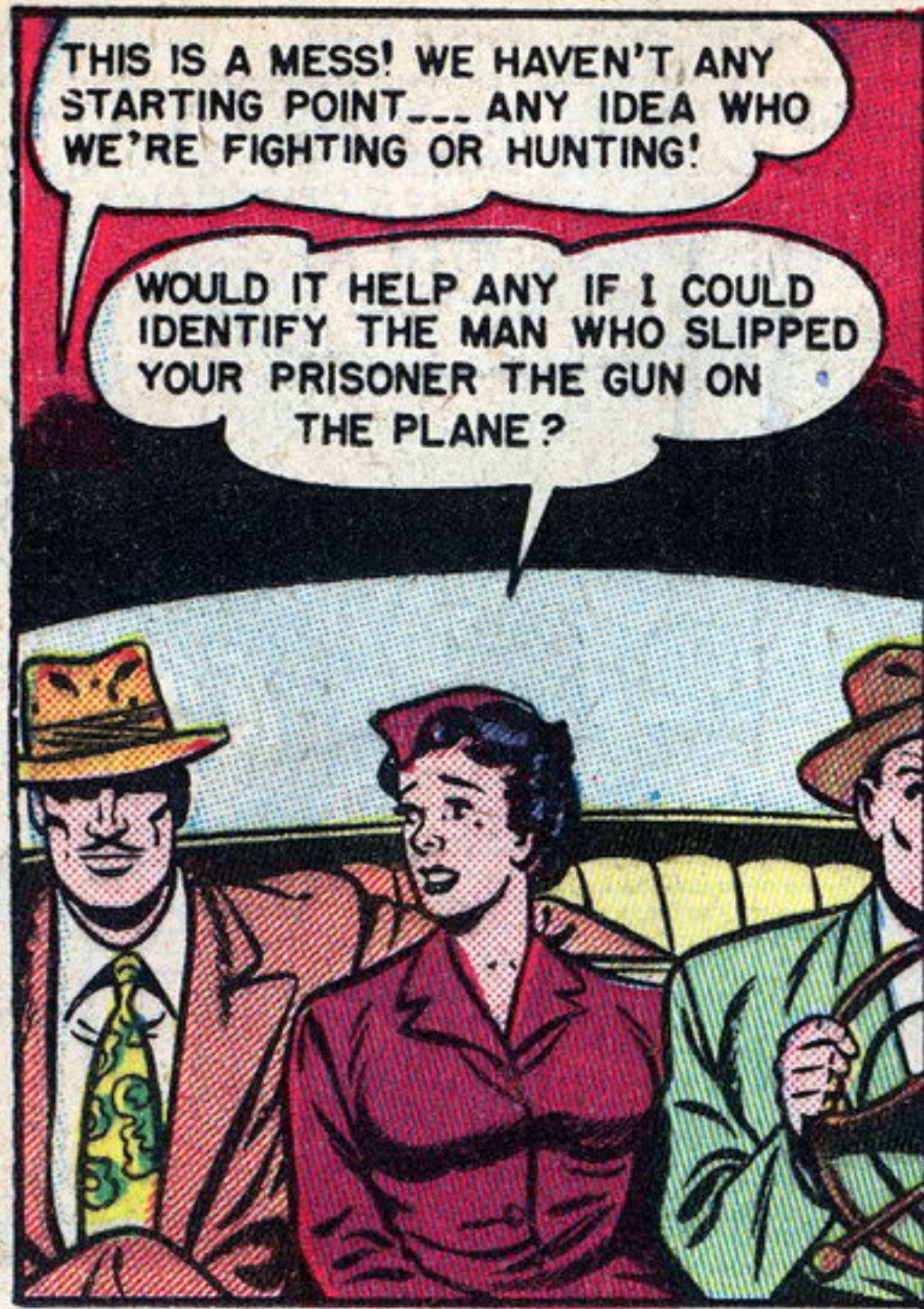


THE DEPARTMENT ORDER SAYS YOUR VACATION OFFICIALLY BEGINS WHEN THE SAM SPRING CASE IS CLOSED! DON'T LOOK NOW, CHUM, BUT IT'S STILL WIDE OPEN!



POLICE COMICS

WE HANDED THE LATE SAM SPRING OVER TO A SERGEANT CHEE OF HONOLULU HOMICIDE AND HEADED FOR TOWN!



THIS IS A MESS! WE HAVEN'T ANY STARTING POINT... ANY IDEA WHO WE'RE FIGHTING OR HUNTING?

WOULD IT HELP ANY IF I COULD IDENTIFY THE MAN WHO SLIPPED YOUR PRISONER THE GUN ON THE PLANE?



WOULD IT HELP? ARE YOU NUTS? QUICK... WHO WAS IT?

PUH-LEASE, MR. TRASK! CONTROL YOURSELF! I VAGUELY REMEMBER A BIG MAN WHO SAT BEHIND YOU A FEW MINUTES AND THEN MOVED AWAY!



I DIDN'T THINK ANYTHING OF IT BECAUSE A LOT OF TOURISTS WERE CHANGING SEATS THEN TO GET A BETTER VIEW! BUT I'D KNOW HIM IF I SAW HIM AGAIN!



WOW! WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS! CHARLIE, DROP US HERE TO GET OUR ROOMS WHILE YOU ROUND UP A PASSENGER LIST WITH ADDRESSES!

I CAN ELIMINATE A LOT OF THE REGULAR PASSENGERS I KNOW BY NAME, PETE! AND HE WASN'T A TOURIST WITH A FAMILY!



AN HOUR LATER...

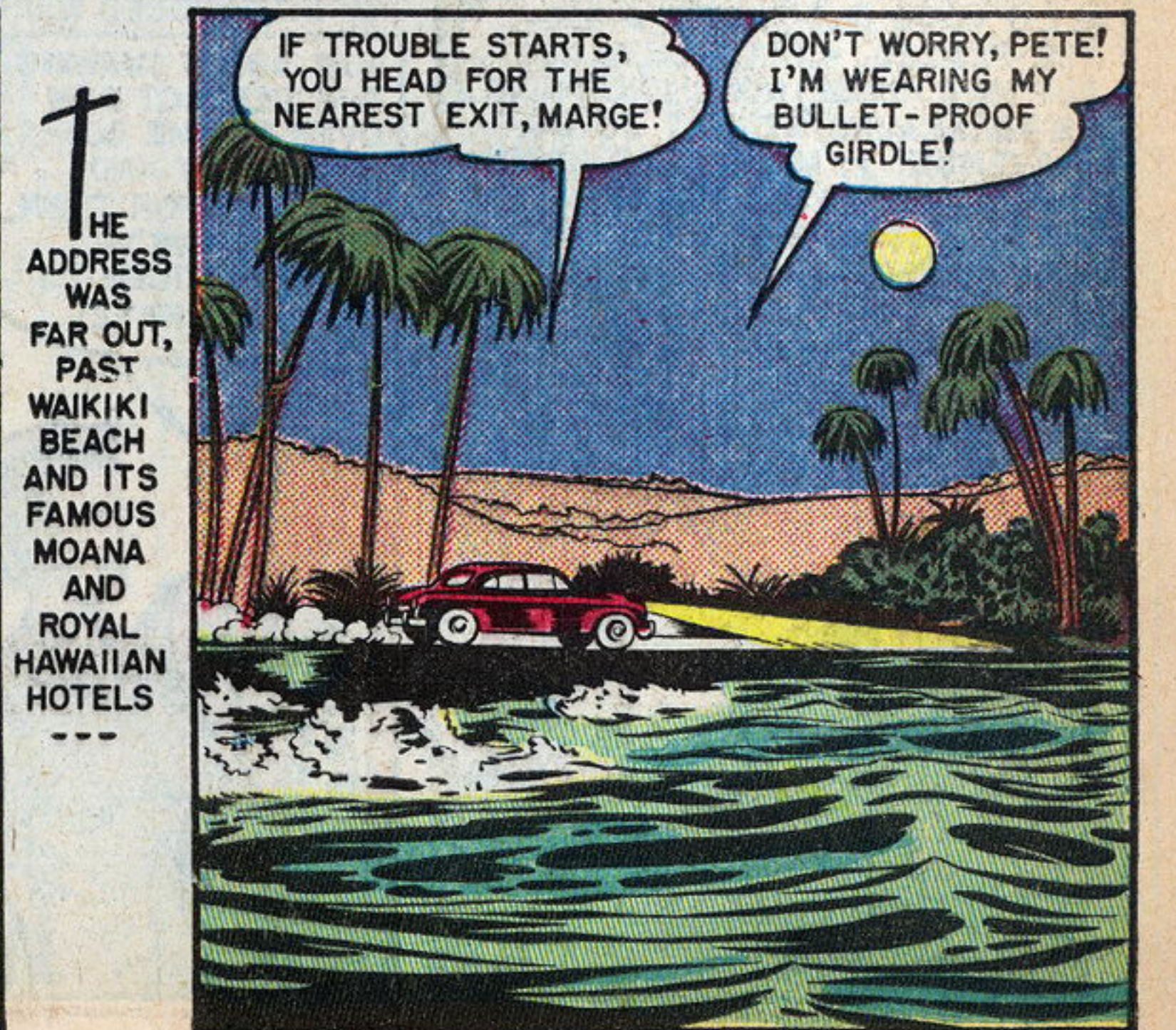
NOT BAD! WE'VE GOT IT NARROWED TO THREE SUSPECTS!

MAKE IT ONE SUSPECT! FOR MY MONEY, IT'S GOT TO BE THE GUY WHOSE ADDRESS IS ON KALAKAUA AVENUE! LET'S GO GET HIM!



SORRY, KIDDIES, BUT I'M ON ANOTHER CASE! YOU CAN USE THE CAR! BUT BE CAREFUL! THAT OUTFIT PLAYS ROUGH!

SO DO I! THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, CHARLIE! WE'LL LET YOU KNOW!

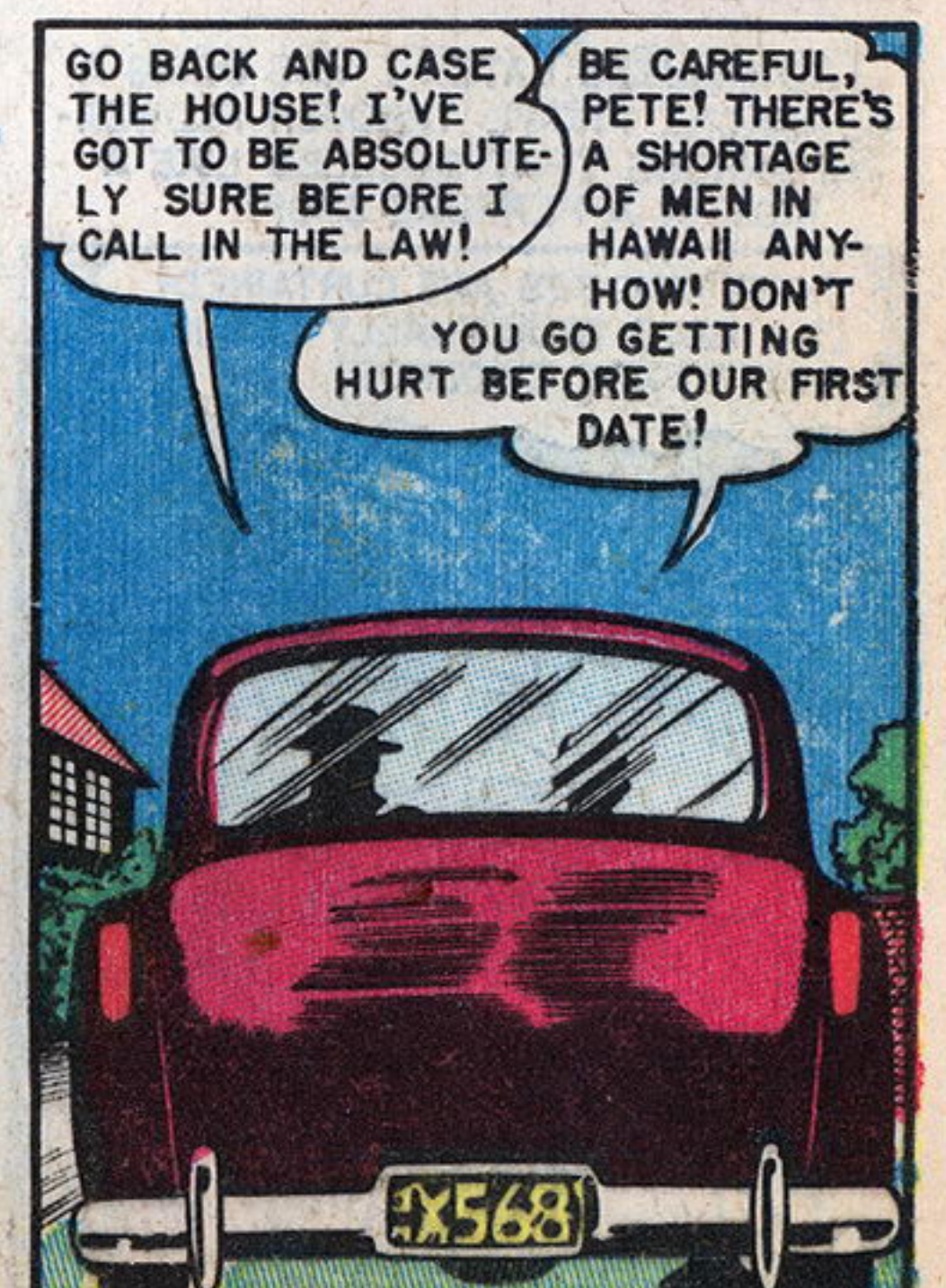
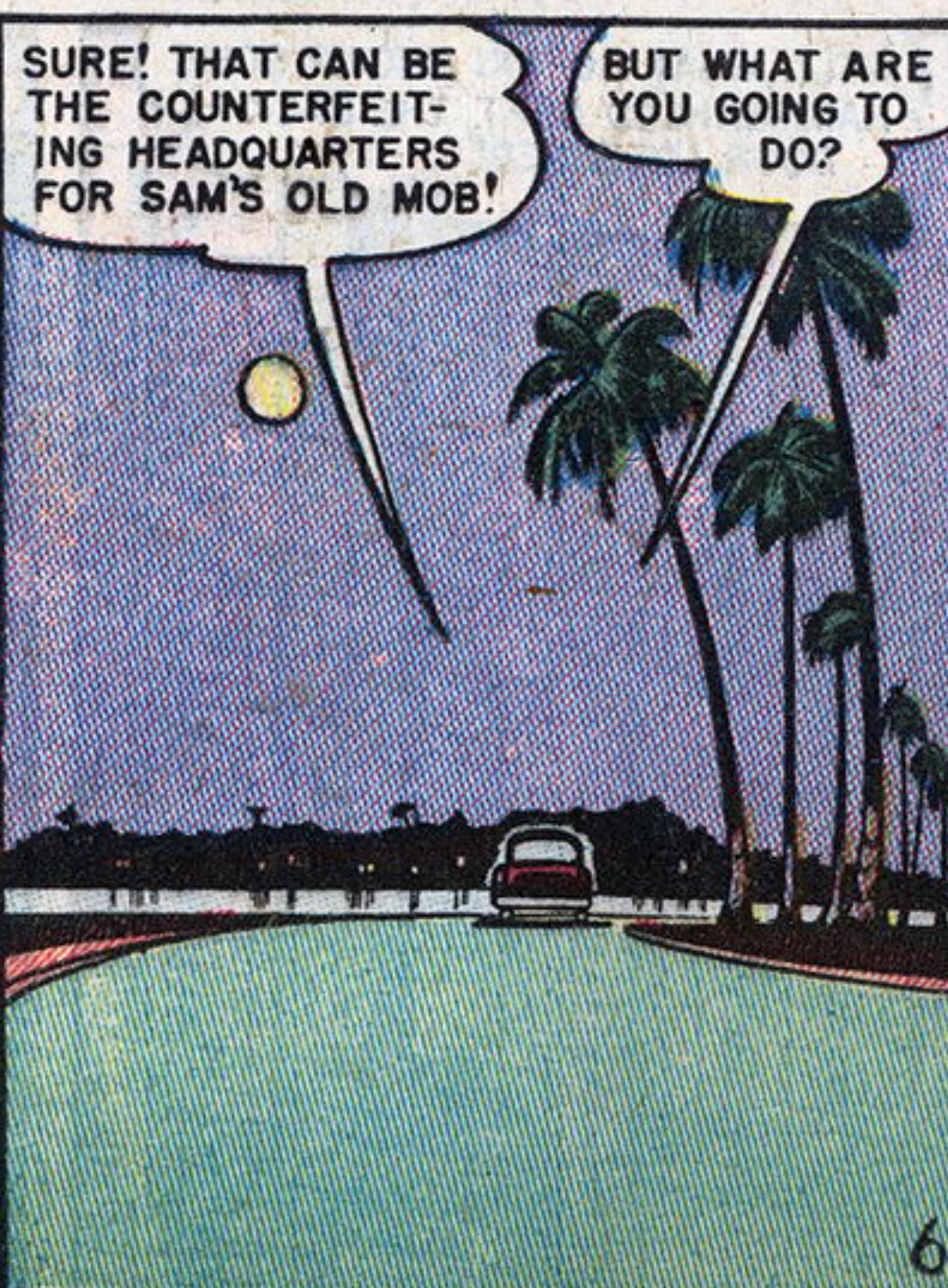
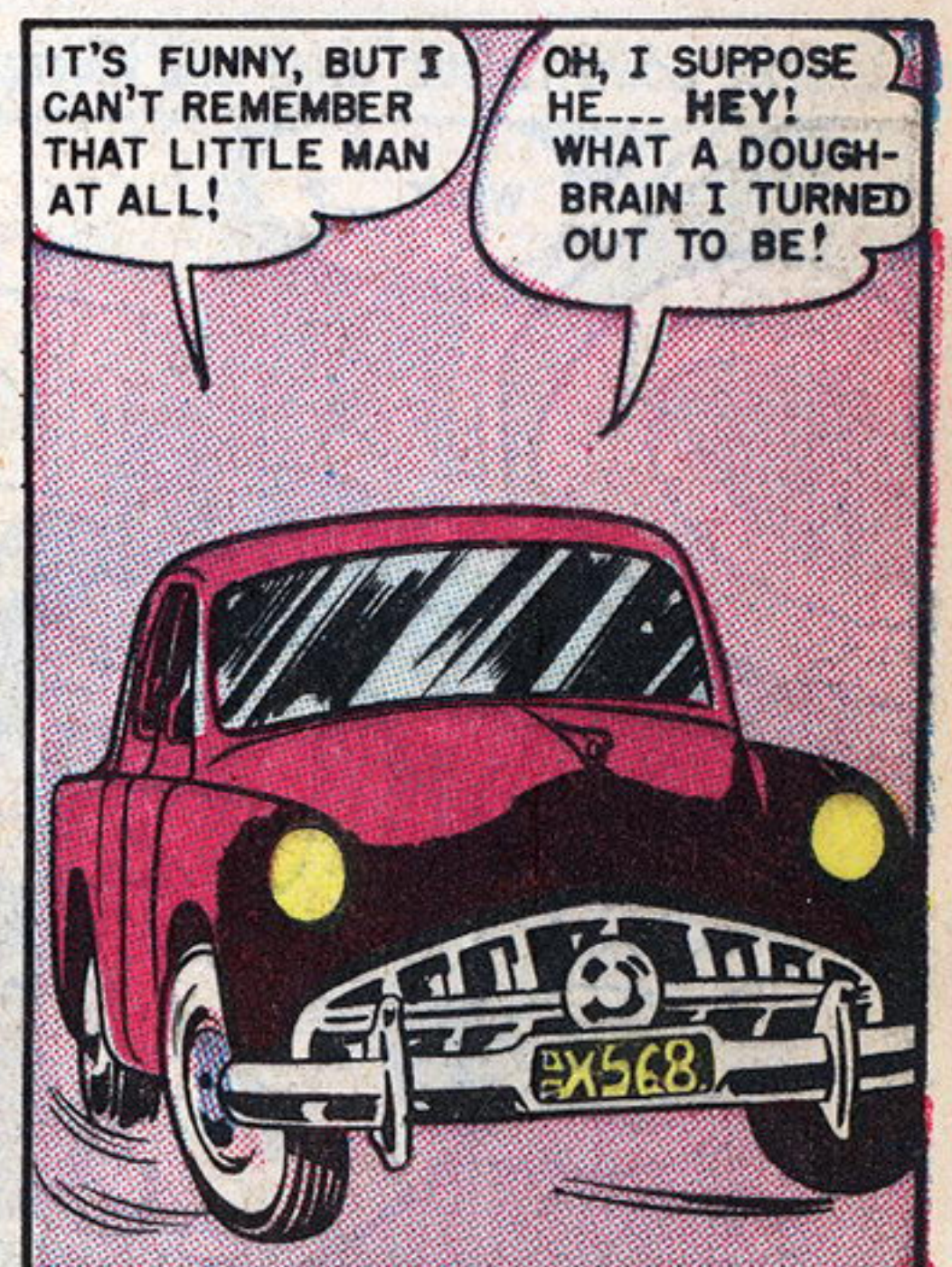
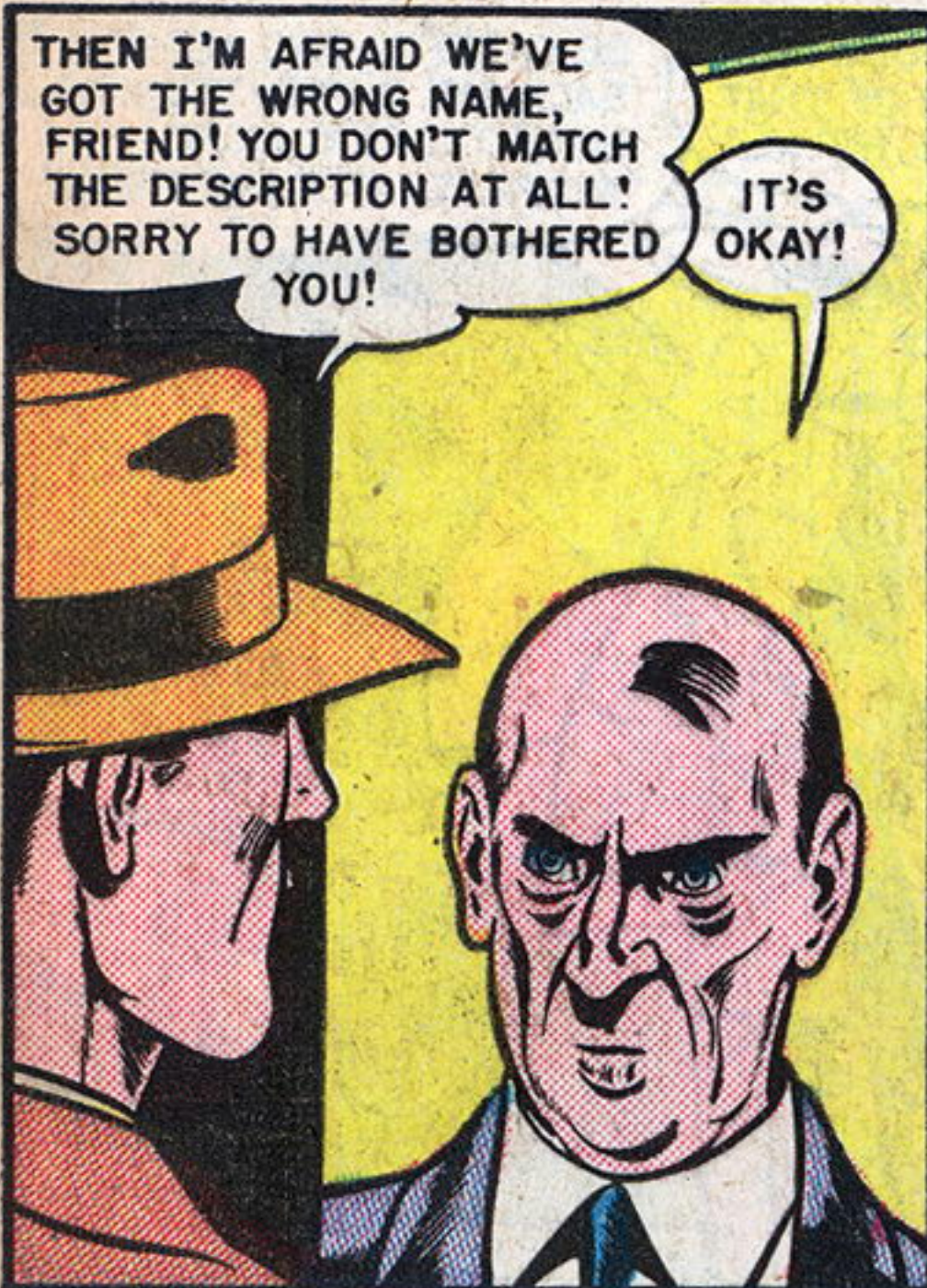
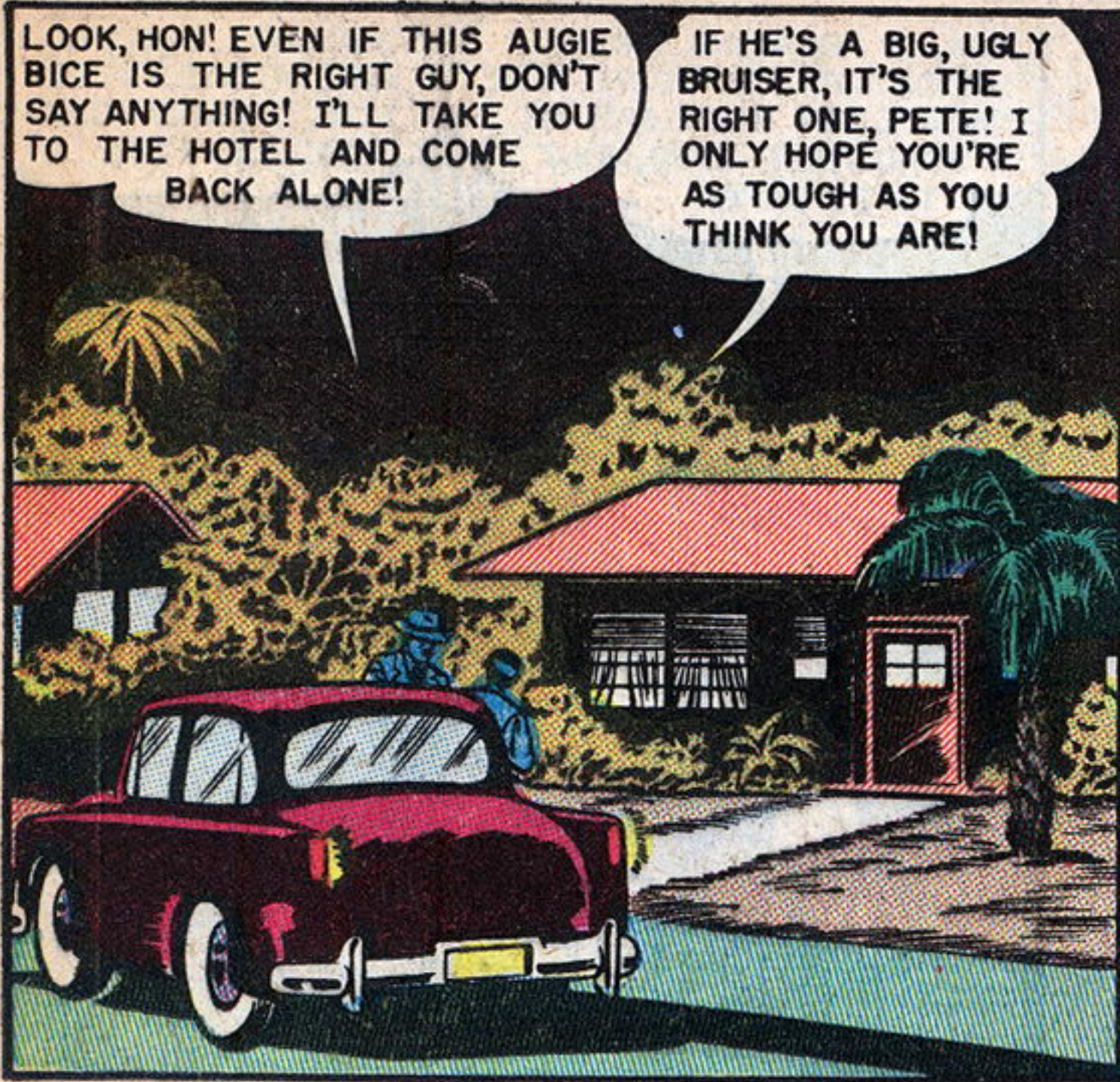


IF TROUBLE STARTS, YOU HEAD FOR THE NEAREST EXIT, MARGE!

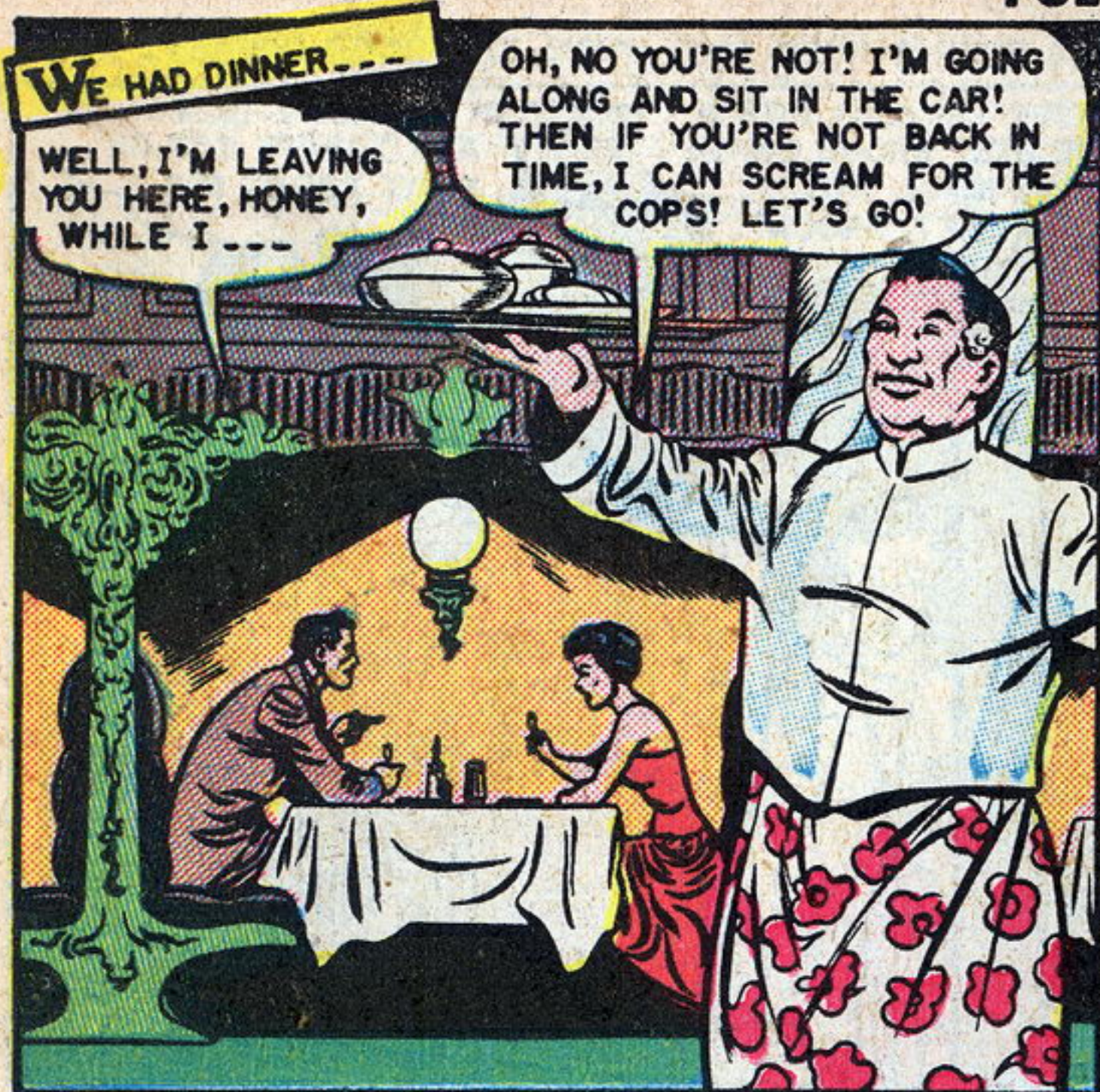
DON'T WORRY, PETE! I'M WEARING MY BULLET-PROOF GIRDLE!

THE ADDRESS WAS FAR OUT, PAST WAIKIKI BEACH AND ITS FAMOUS MOANA AND ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTELS

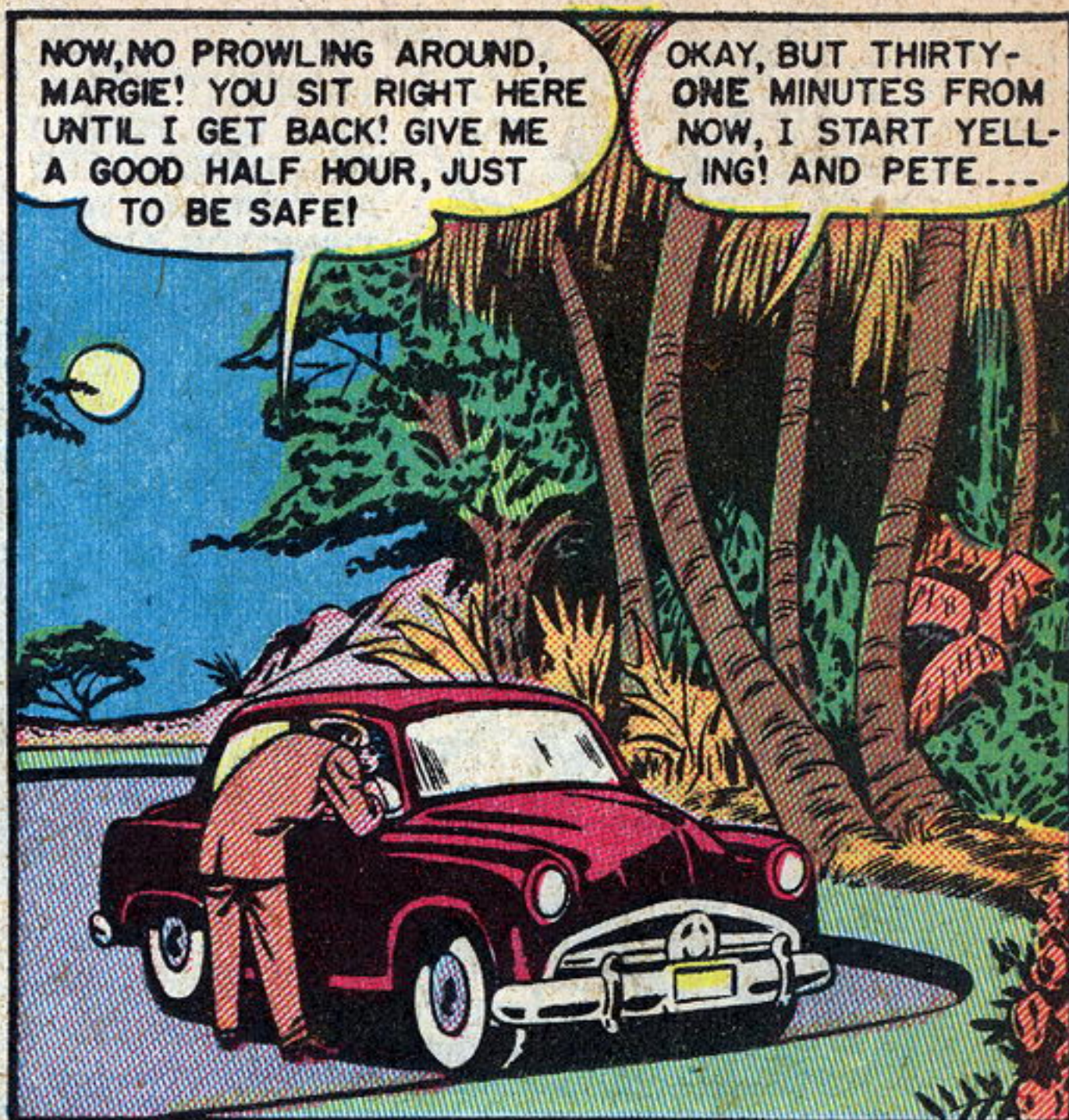
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



I DIDN'T LIKE IT, BUT WHO CAN ARGUE WITH A GAL LIKE MARGE? I PARKED THE CAR BACK IN KAPIOLANI PARK AND CHECKED MY GUN!



I BENT DOWN TO SEE WHAT SHE WANTED AND... **BANG! FIREWORKS!**



TWO MINUTES LATER I WAS DOING A COMANCHE PROWL THROUGH FLOWERING SHRUBS THAT SMELLED LIKE A RIOT IN A PERFUME SHOP!



POLICE COMICS

WHEN I FINALLY GOT MY EYES OPEN, I COULDN'T SEE A THING TO MAKE ME FEEL BETTER!

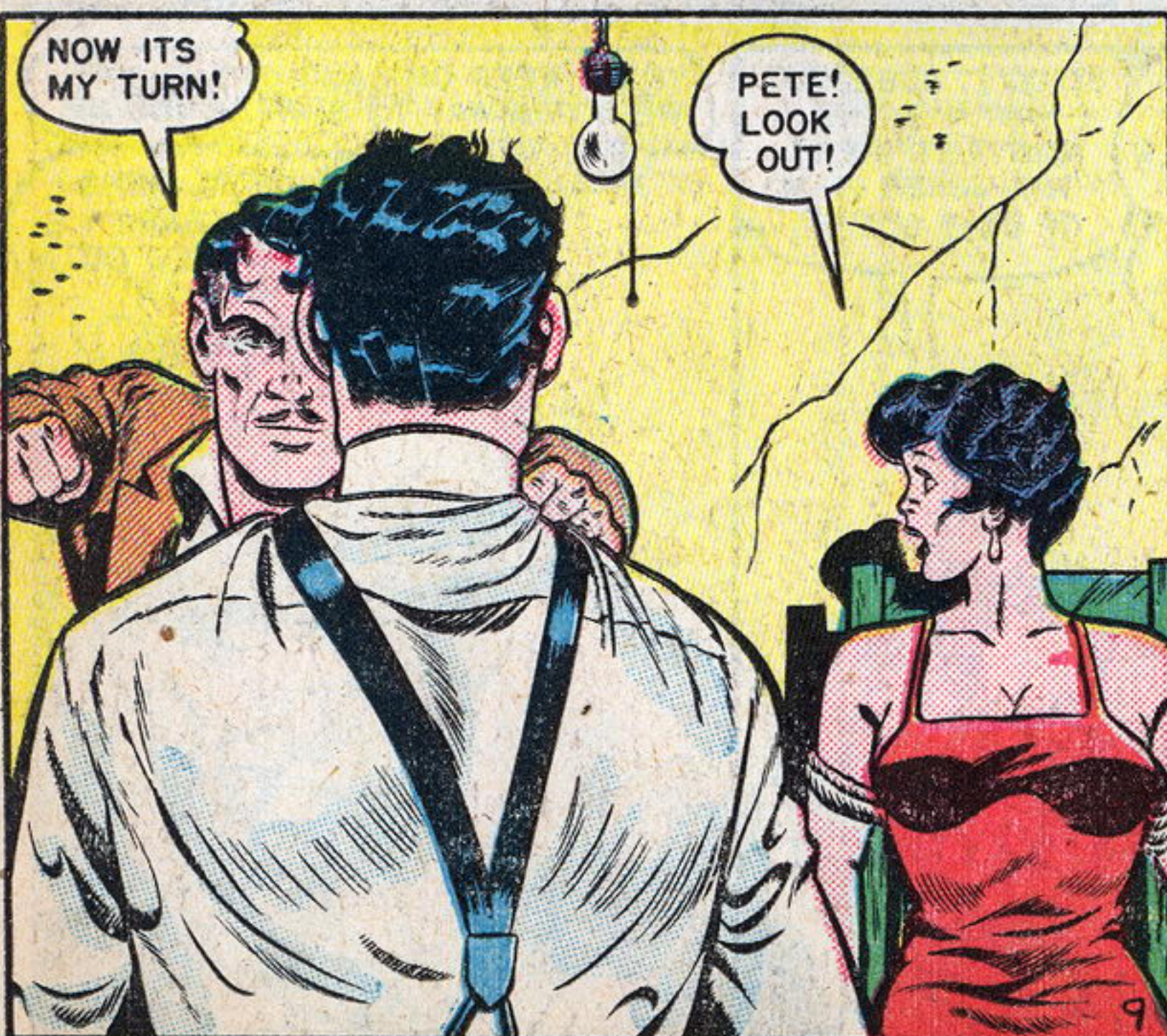
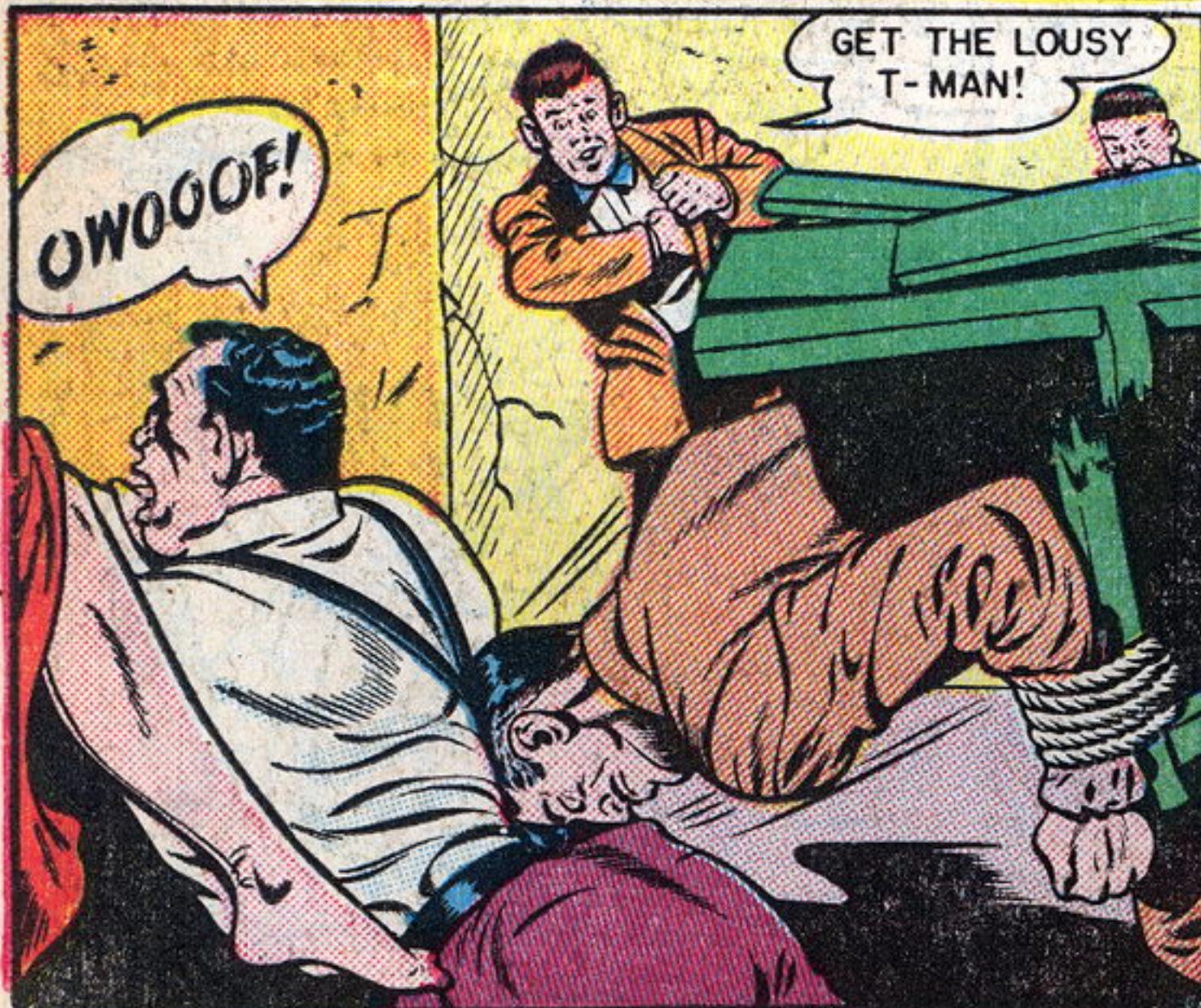


POLICE COMICS

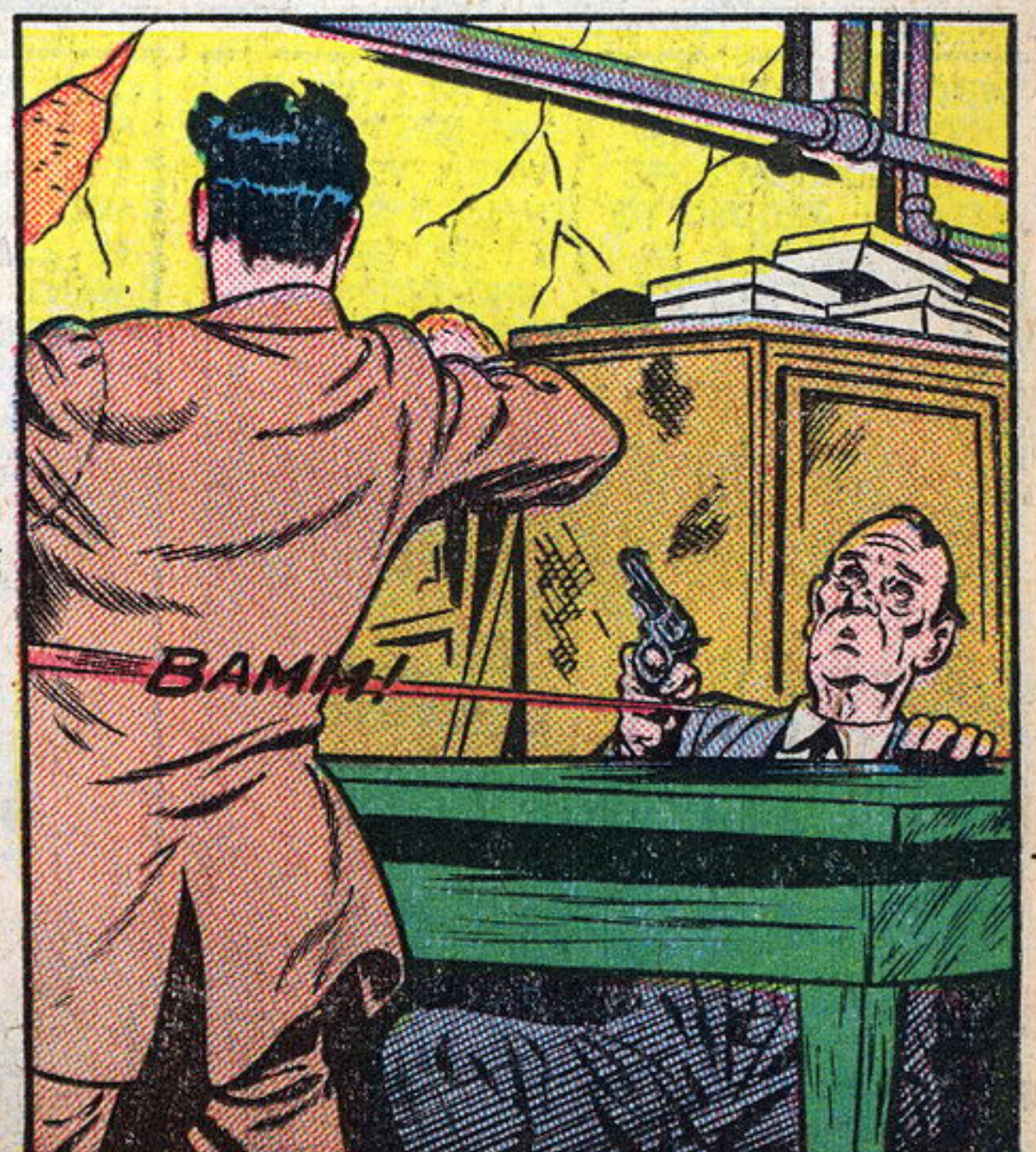
ALL THIS TIME I'D BEEN FIGURING PRETTY SOON MARGE WOULD BE CALLING COPPER WHEN I DIDN'T SHOW UP!



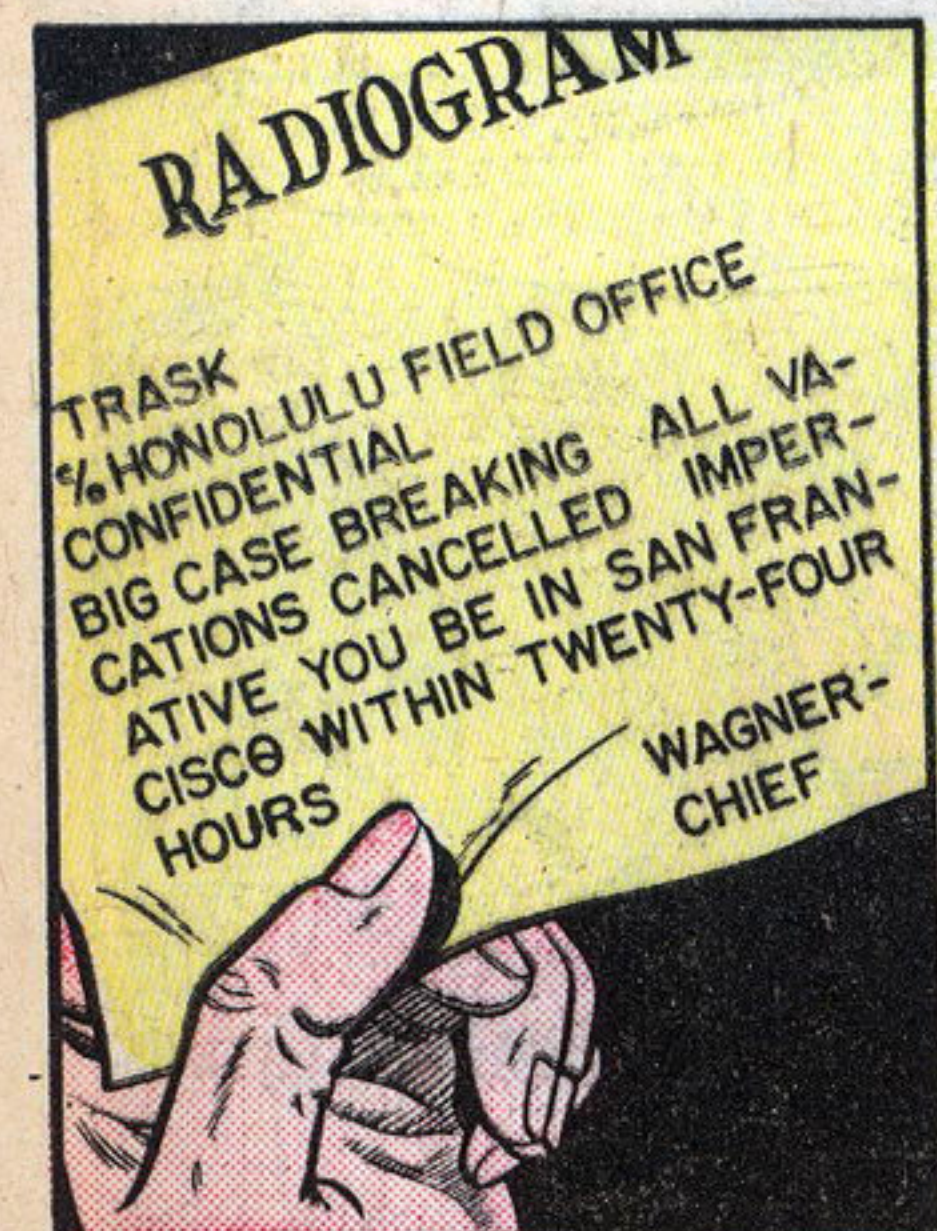
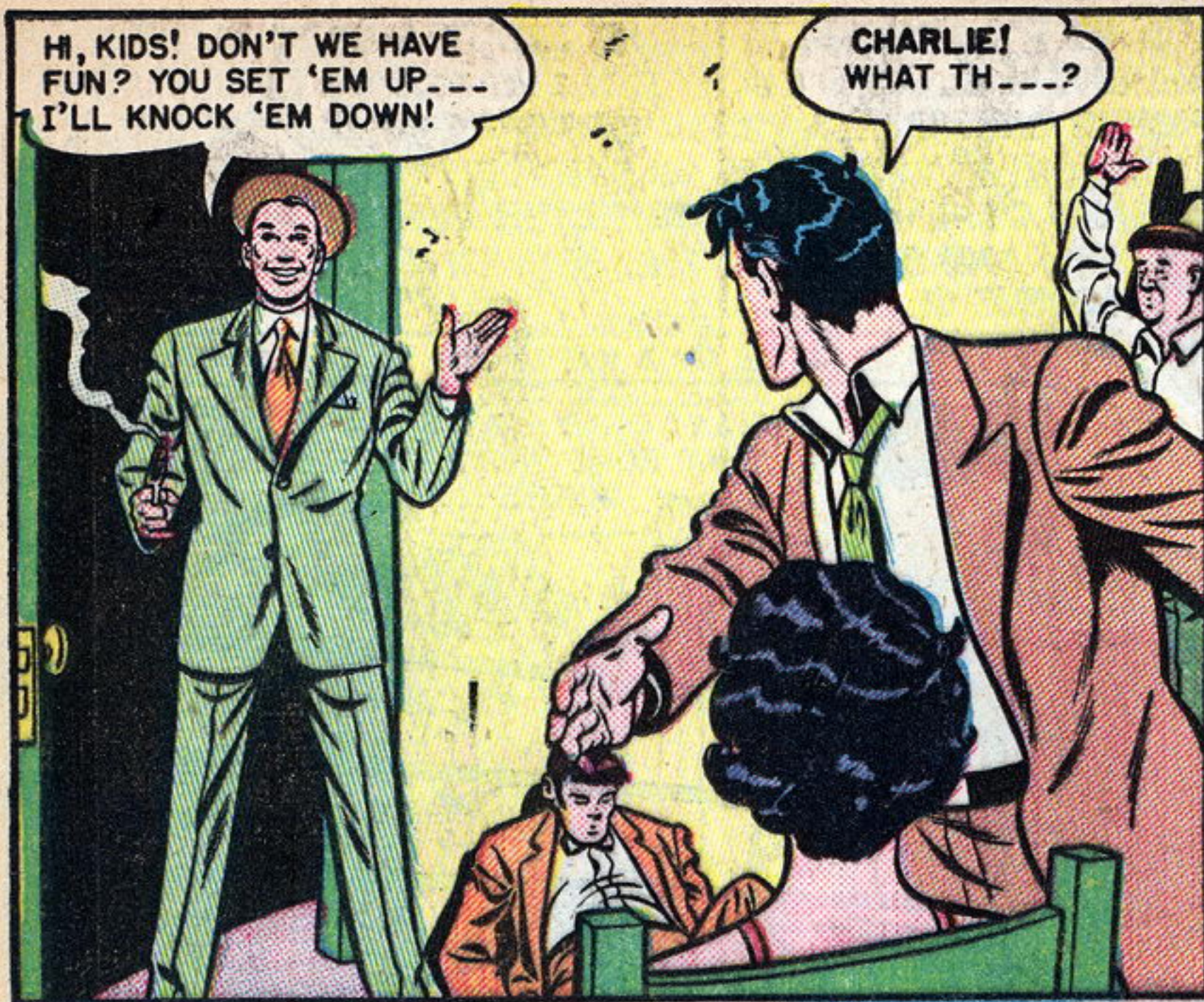
SO IT WAS A CRAZY CHANCE! BUT WHEN IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE YOU HAVE, YOU TAKE IT!



I GOT ONE GLIMPSE OF WHAT LOOKED LIKE SURE DEATH... AND THEN SUDDENLY IT WASN'T!



POLICE COMICS



So, EXACTLY ONE HOUR AND TWENTY-EIGHT MINUTES LATER...



THERE IT WAS! NOBODY BUT A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL COULD DREAM UP A JOKER LIKE THAT!

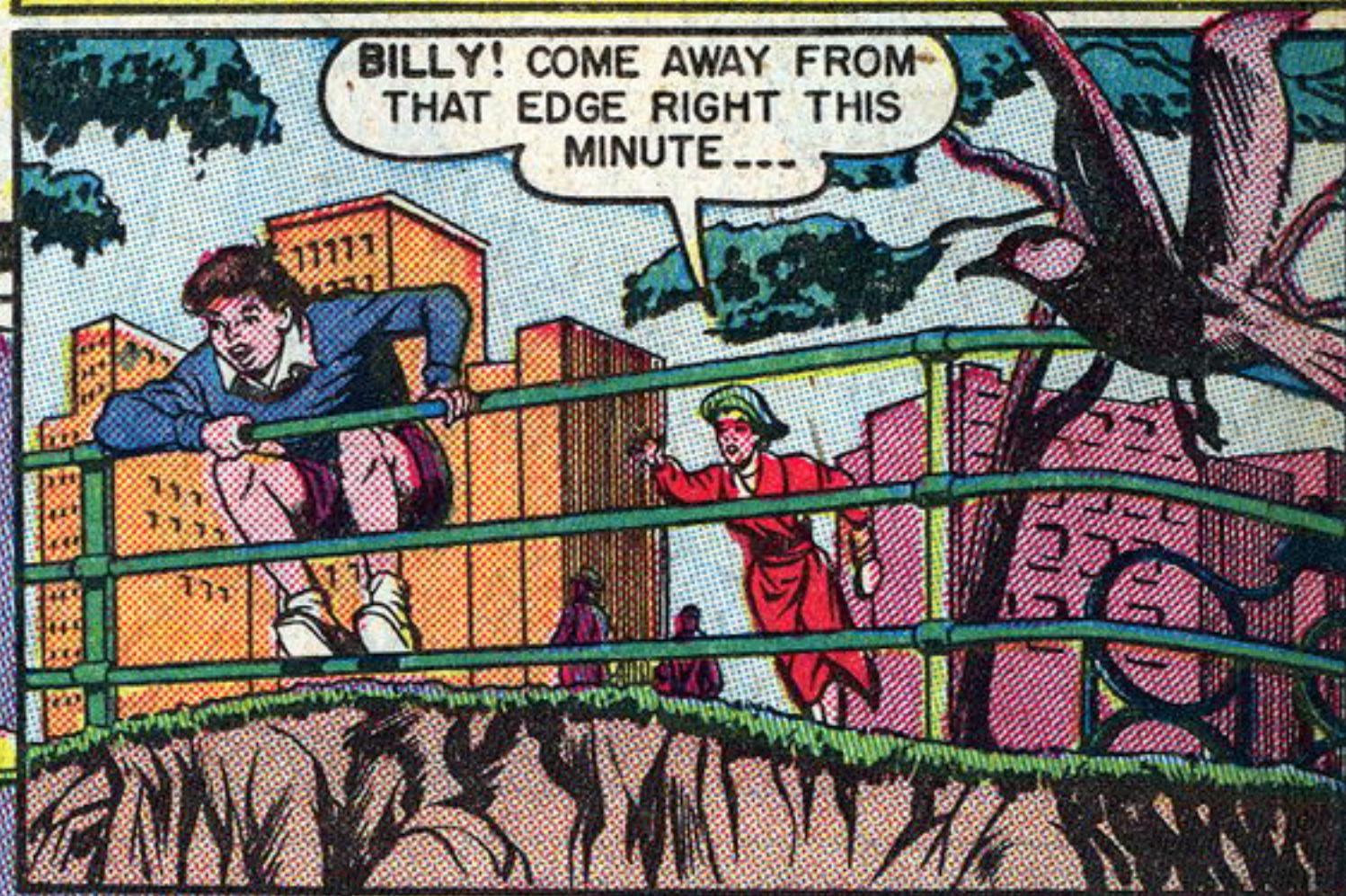
POLICE COMICS

INSPECTOR DENVER

of HOMICIDE

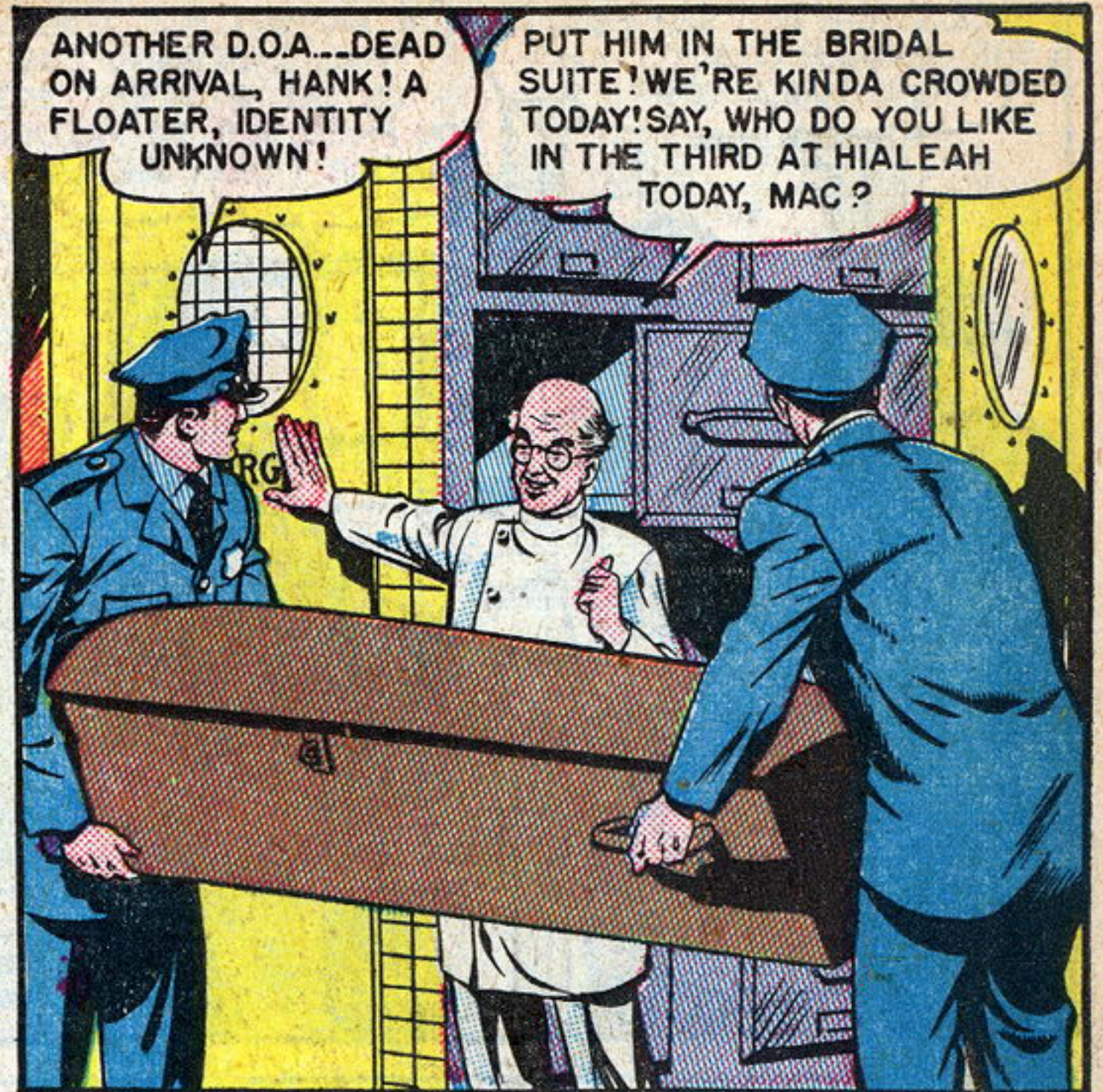
THERE'S NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT A BODY FLOATING IN THE RIVER! ALMOST EVERY DAY THE POLICE DEPARTMENT FISHES ONE OUT...A VICTIM OF ACCIDENT, SUICIDE OR ... MURDER! AT FIRST, THIS WAS NO DIFFERENT FROM A THOUSAND OTHERS! THEN INSPECTOR DENVER LOOKED AT THE BODY AND SUDDENLY THE SODDEN THING ON THE MORGUE SLAB BECAME...*THE HOTTEST CORPSE IN TOWN!*

THE CASE BROKE ON A WARM DAY IN EARLY SPRING...

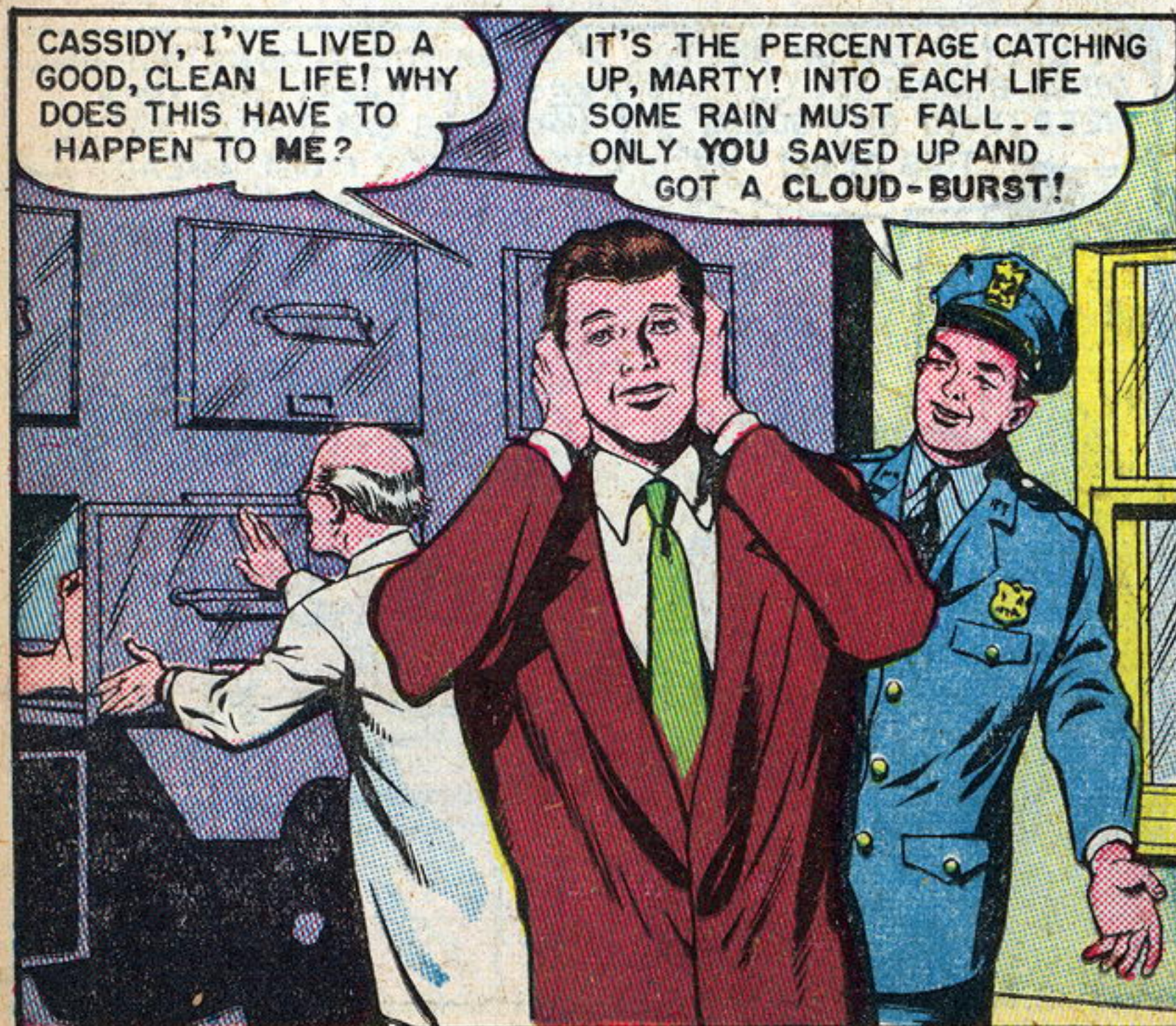
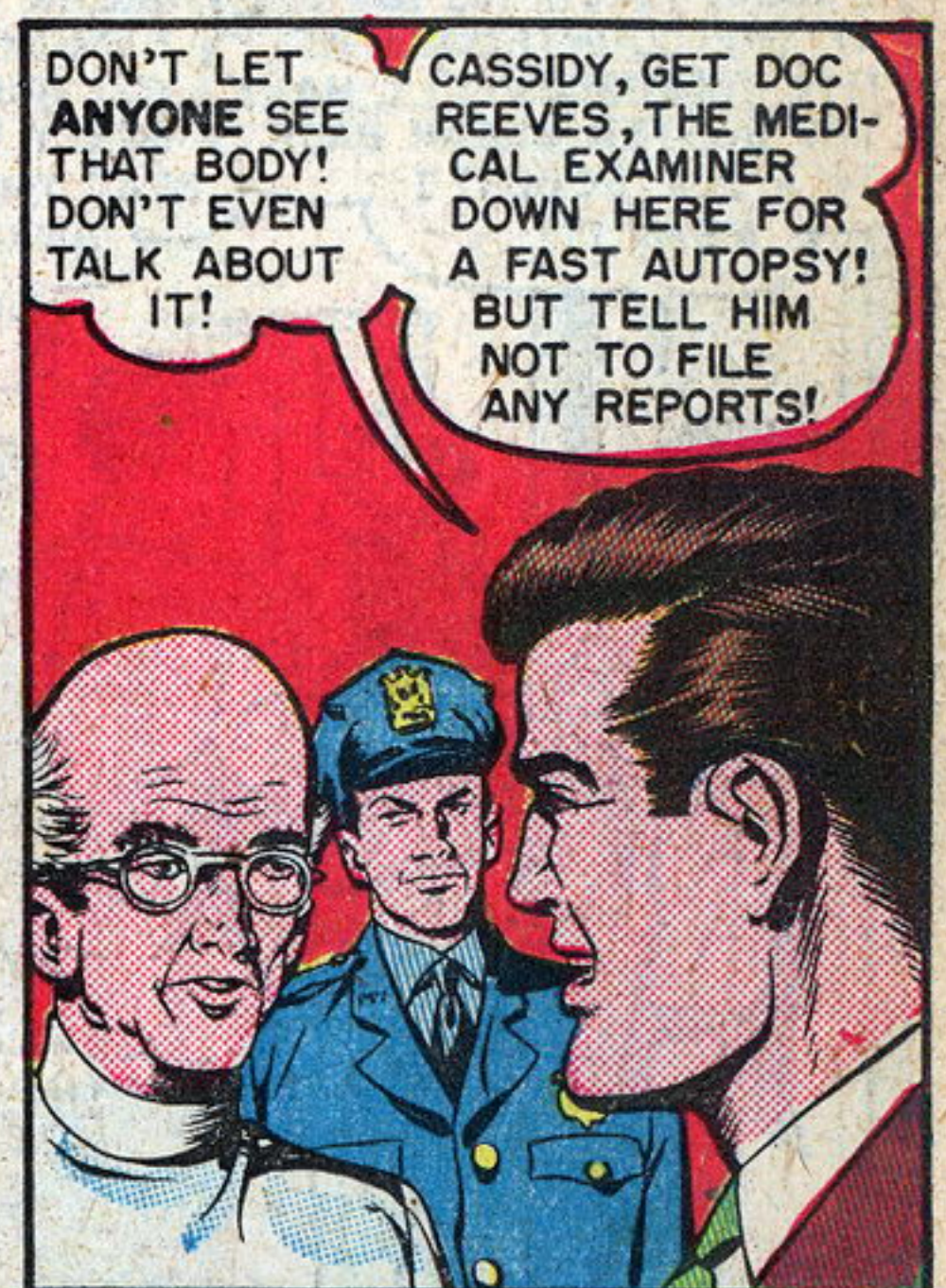


POLICE COMICS

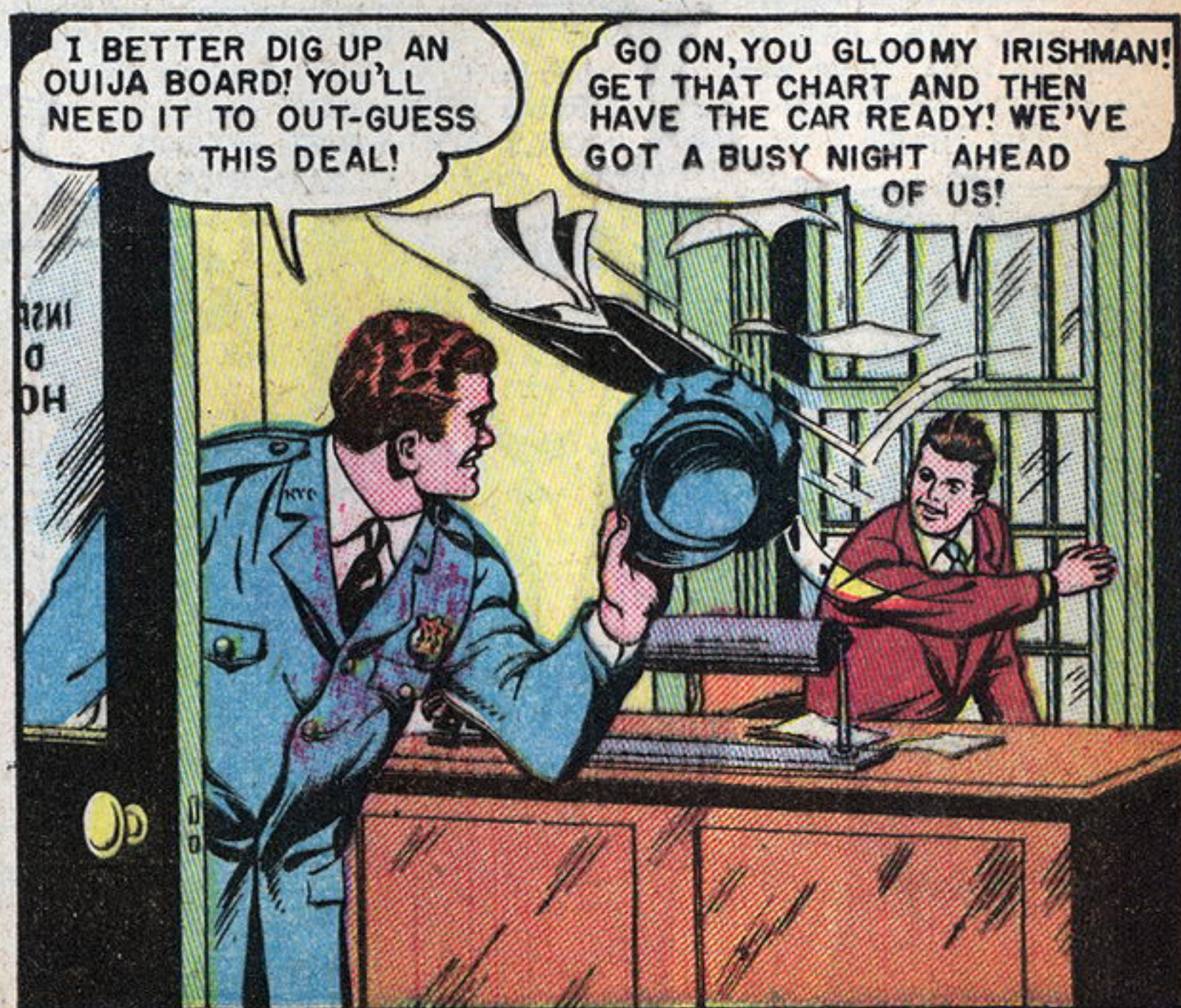
IT WAS ALL ROUTINE... JUST ANOTHER OF THOSE UNPLEASANT JOBS THAT CONFRONT THE POLICE!

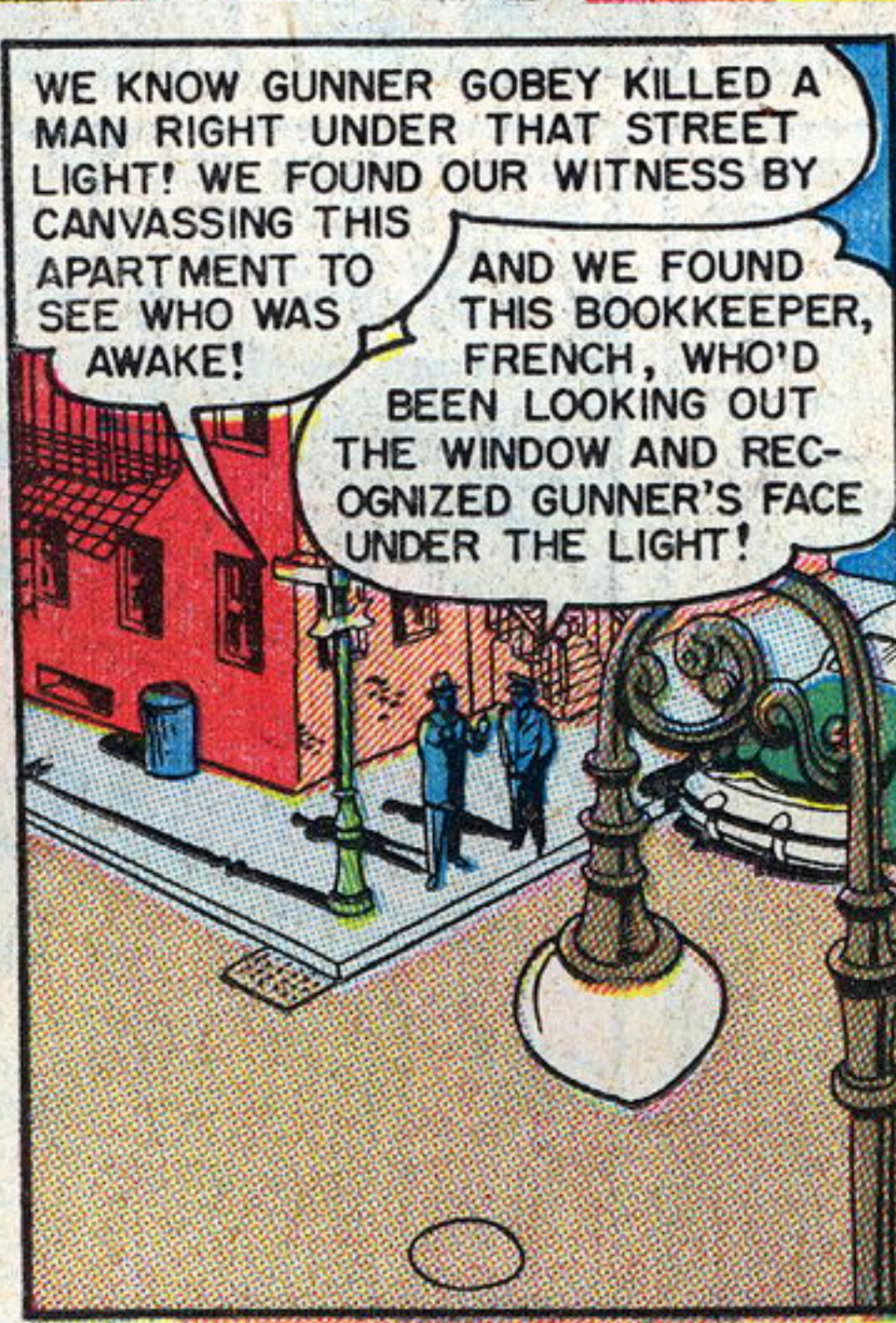
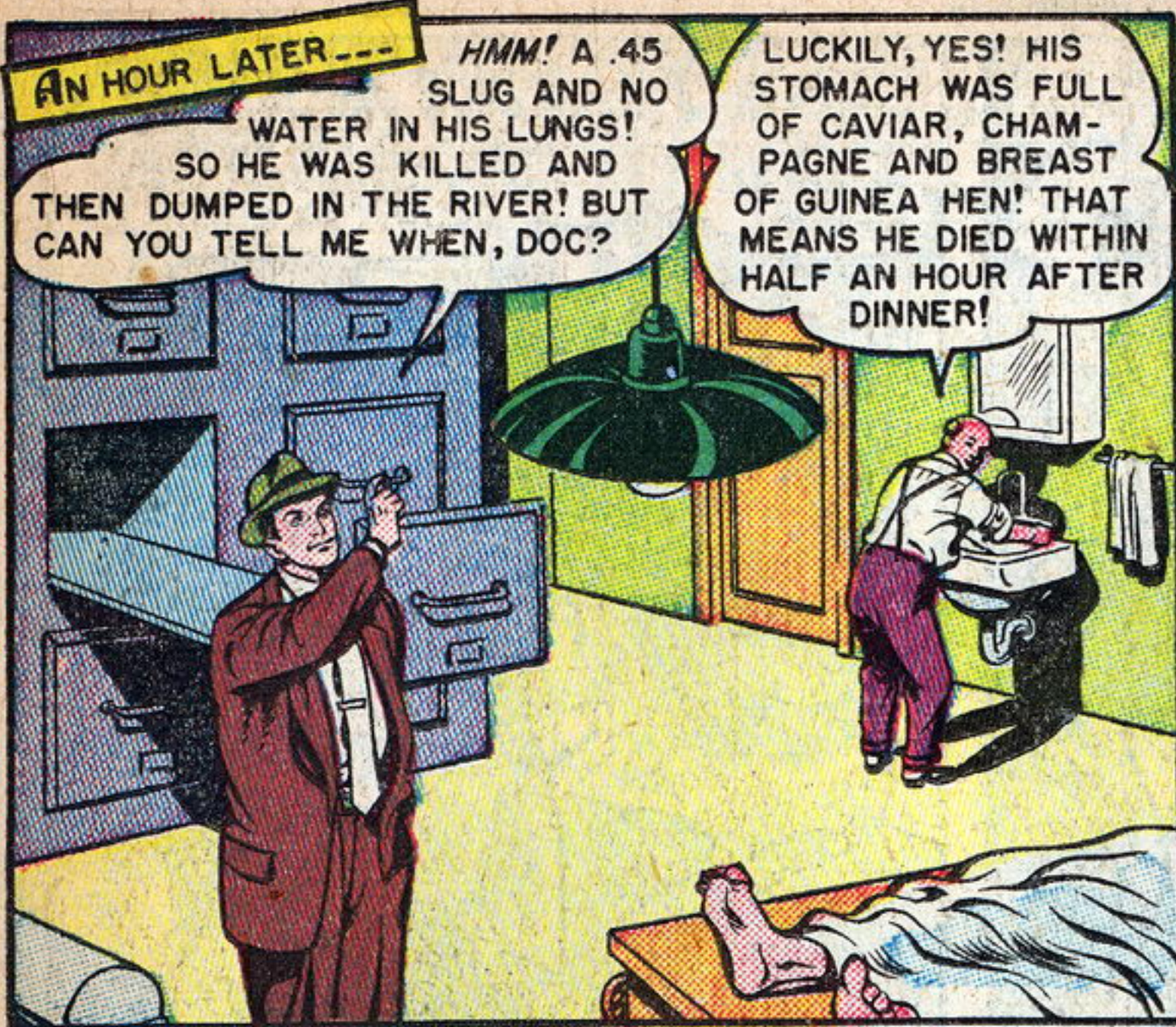


IT WAS PERHAPS AN HOUR LATER THAT INSPECTOR DENVER FIRST HEARD OF THE BODY... AND IT CEASED TO BE ROUTINE!

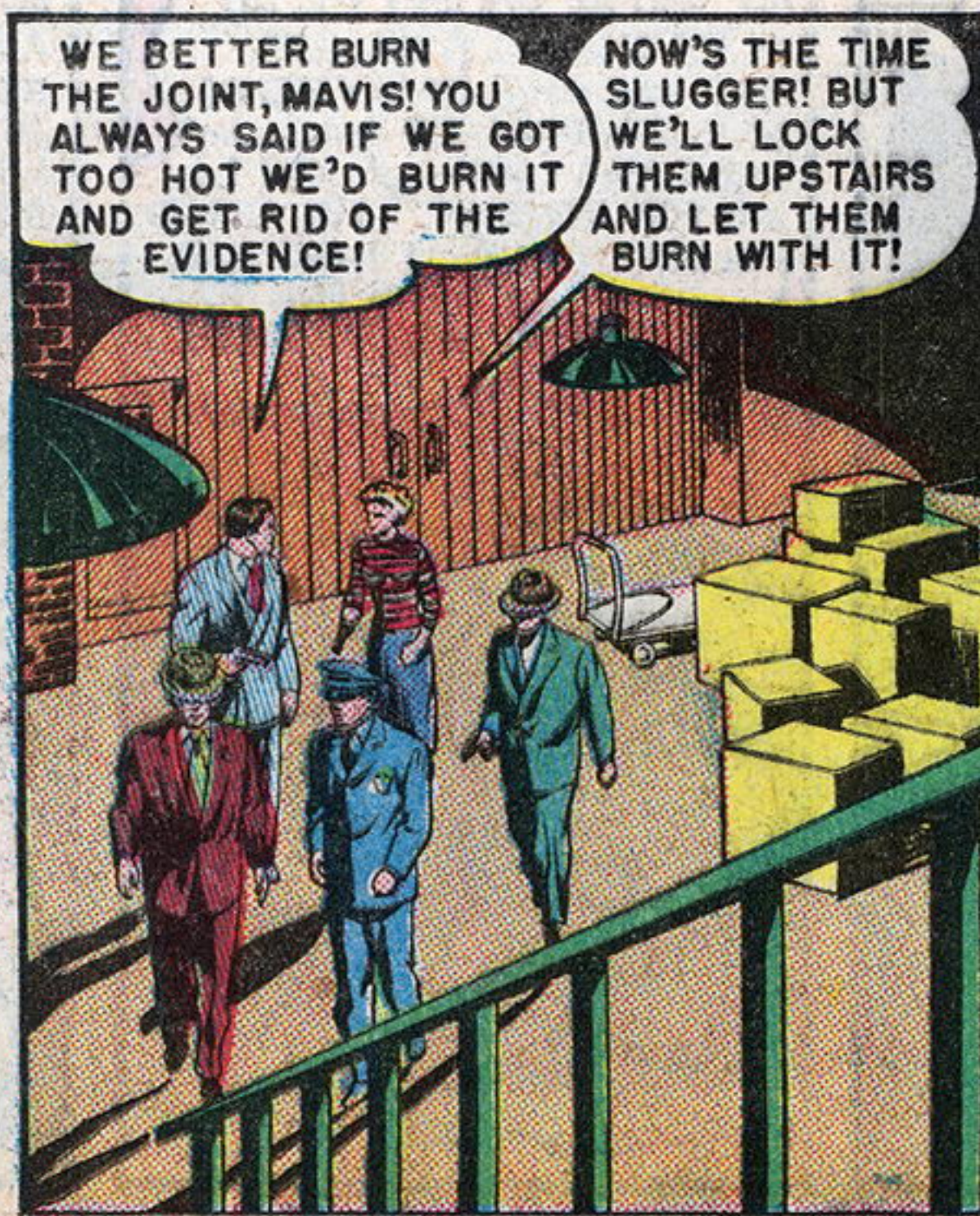
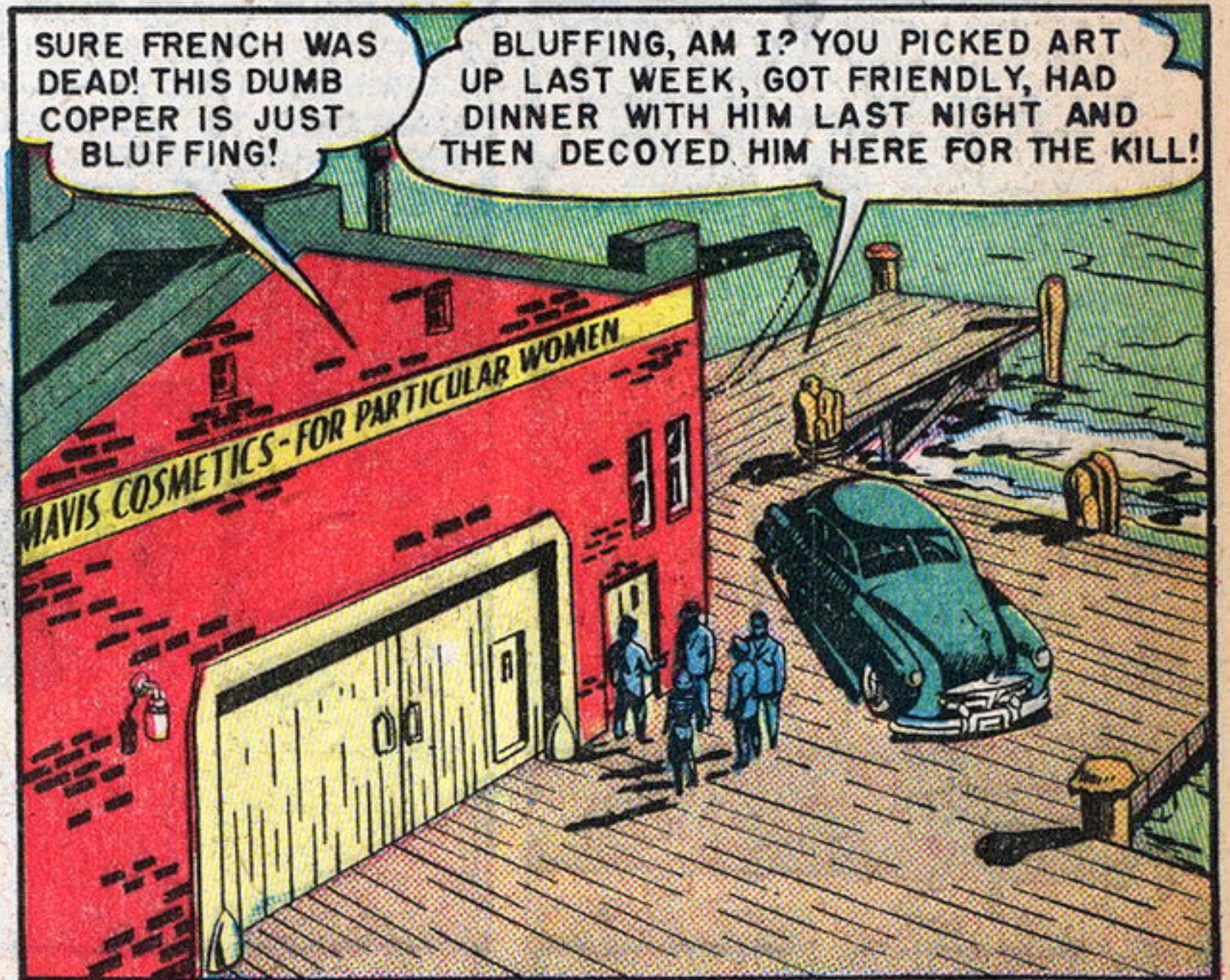
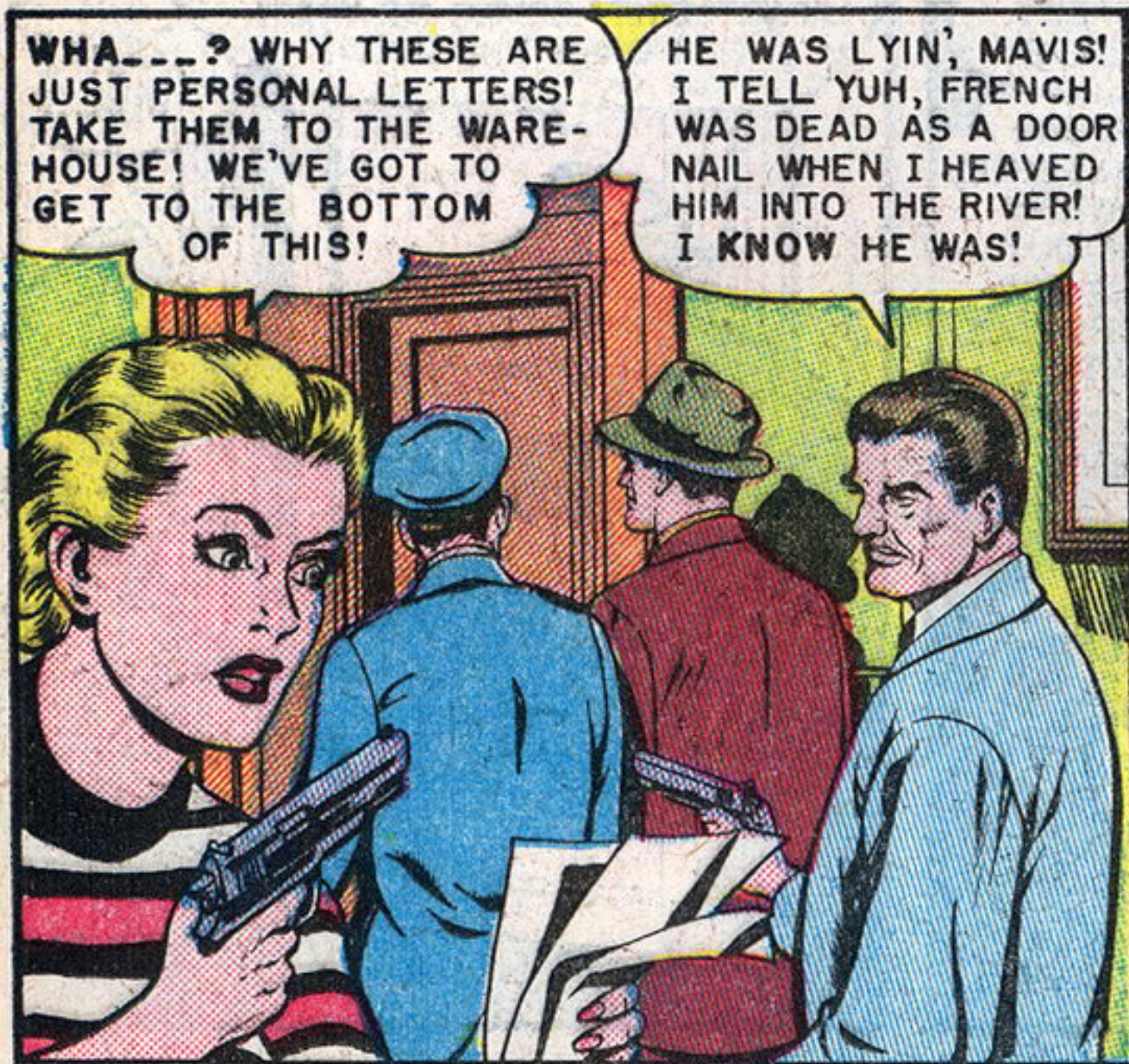
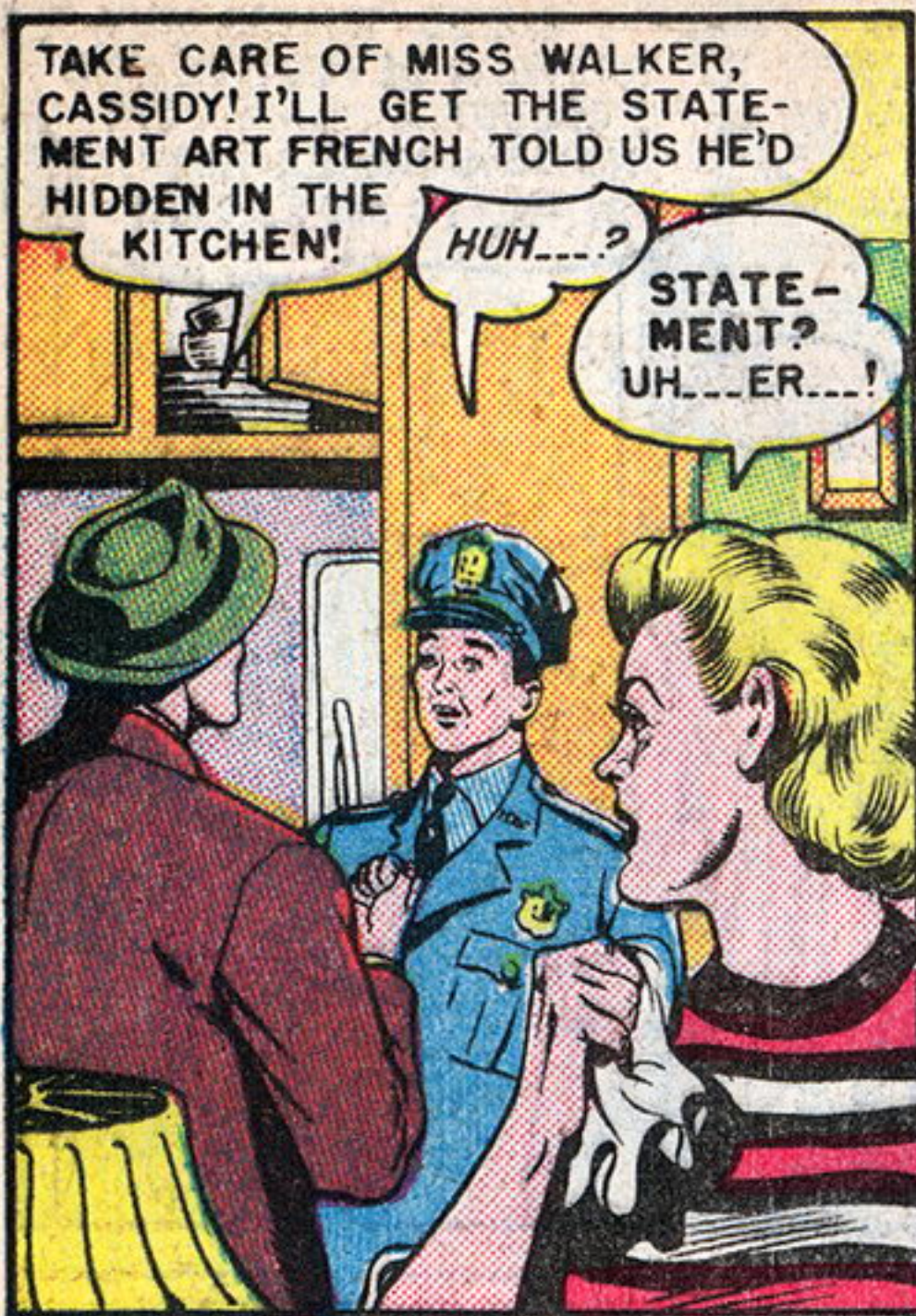


POLICE COMICS





POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

YOU WORKED ON HIM, GOT HIM TO TAKE YOU TO DINER, THEN YOU DECEYED HIM HERE FOR SLUGGER TO KILL! HE WAS DANGEROUS TO YOU!

YOU'RE SMART! IF HE FINGERED GUNNER GOBEY, GUNNER MIGHT CRACK AND START TALKING ABOUT OUR SMUGGLING SET-UP HERE!

A SMILE AND A FEW CHEEK-PATS AND THAT DUMB FRENCH WAS GLAD TO BLAB ABOUT HOW HE SAW A MURDER AND WAS THE KEY WITNESS!

SO WHAT HAPPENS NOW, MAVIS? YOU KNOW, OF COURSE, THAT WE'VE BEEN CHECKING, YOUR WAREHOUSE HERE FOR SOME TIME!

SO WE BURN THIS WAREHOUSE... WITH YOU TWO ON THE ROOF... AND WE OPEN BUSINESS AGAIN AT A NEW SPOT! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING THIS!

IT'S MURDER MAVIS THINK TWICE BEFORE YOU RISK THE BIG RAP!

THAT DOES IT, MAVIS! ALL WE GOTTA DO IS TOSS A MATCH AND THIS JOINT'LL BE CINDERS!

THEN TOSS IT! WE'LL GET RID OF ANY EVIDENCE HERE, ALONG WITH THOSE TWO NOSEY COPS!

LET'S GO! NOBODY COULD GET OFF THAT ROOF ALIVE NOW!

FINE! WE MOVE ACROSS THE RIVER AND GO BACK IN BUSINESS SMUGGLING JEWELS IN ALONG WITH RETURNED COLD CREAM!

WE'RE TRAPPED, MARTY! THEY GOT THIS DUMP SPRINKLED WITH GASOLINE! AND THERE GOES OUR CROWD IN A SPEEDBOAT!

IT'S ABOUT WHAT I FIGURED, CASSIDY! MAVIS IS THE BRAINS OF A SMUGGLING RING THAT'S ELUDED US FOR A YEAR!

COUGH-CHOKE FINE, BUT DID YOU MASTER-MIND ANY WAY OUTA THIS DEATH TRAP, MARTY?

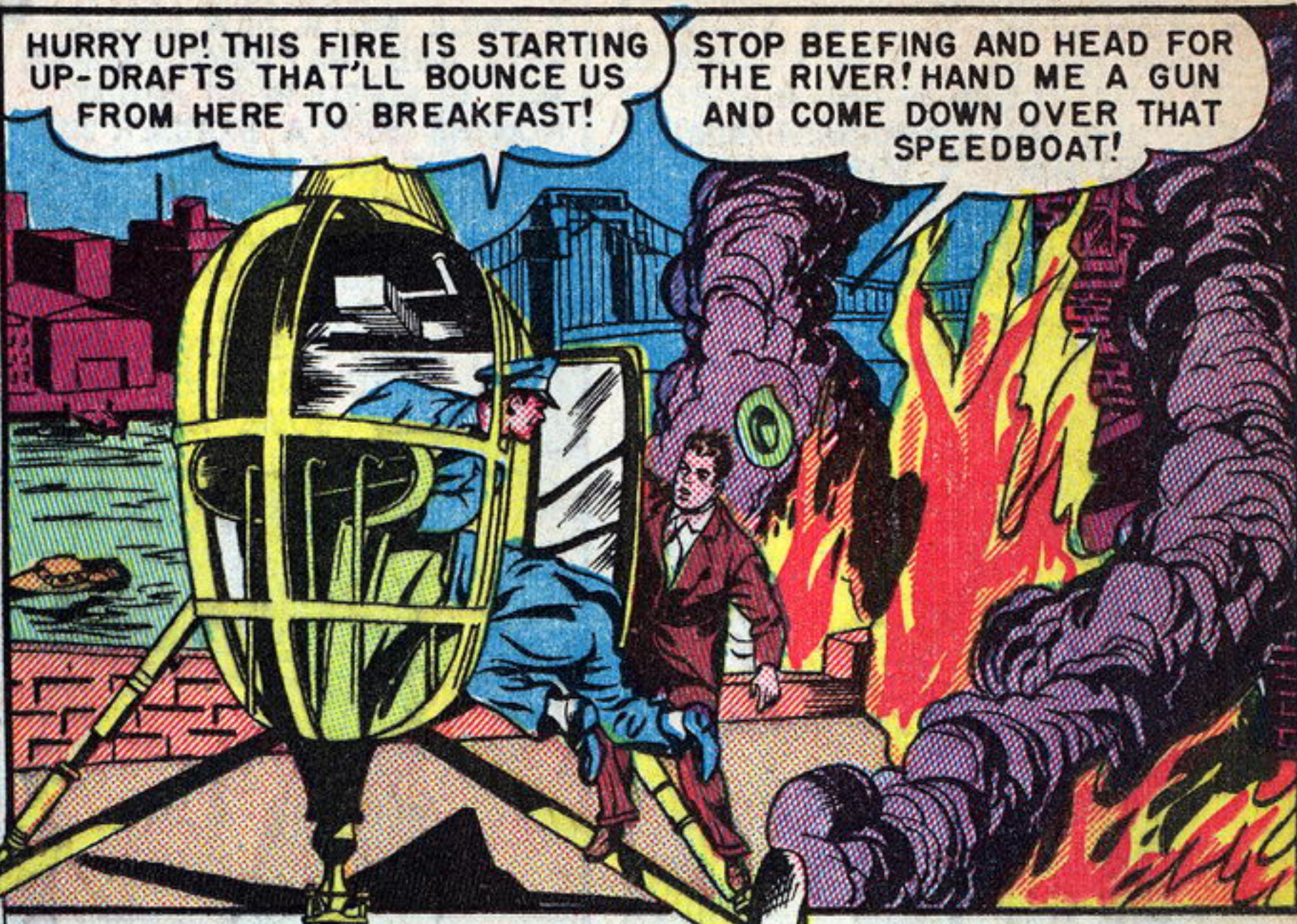
IT JUST HAPPENS THAT I DID CASSIDY! AND HERE IT COMES, NOW...

POLICE COMICS



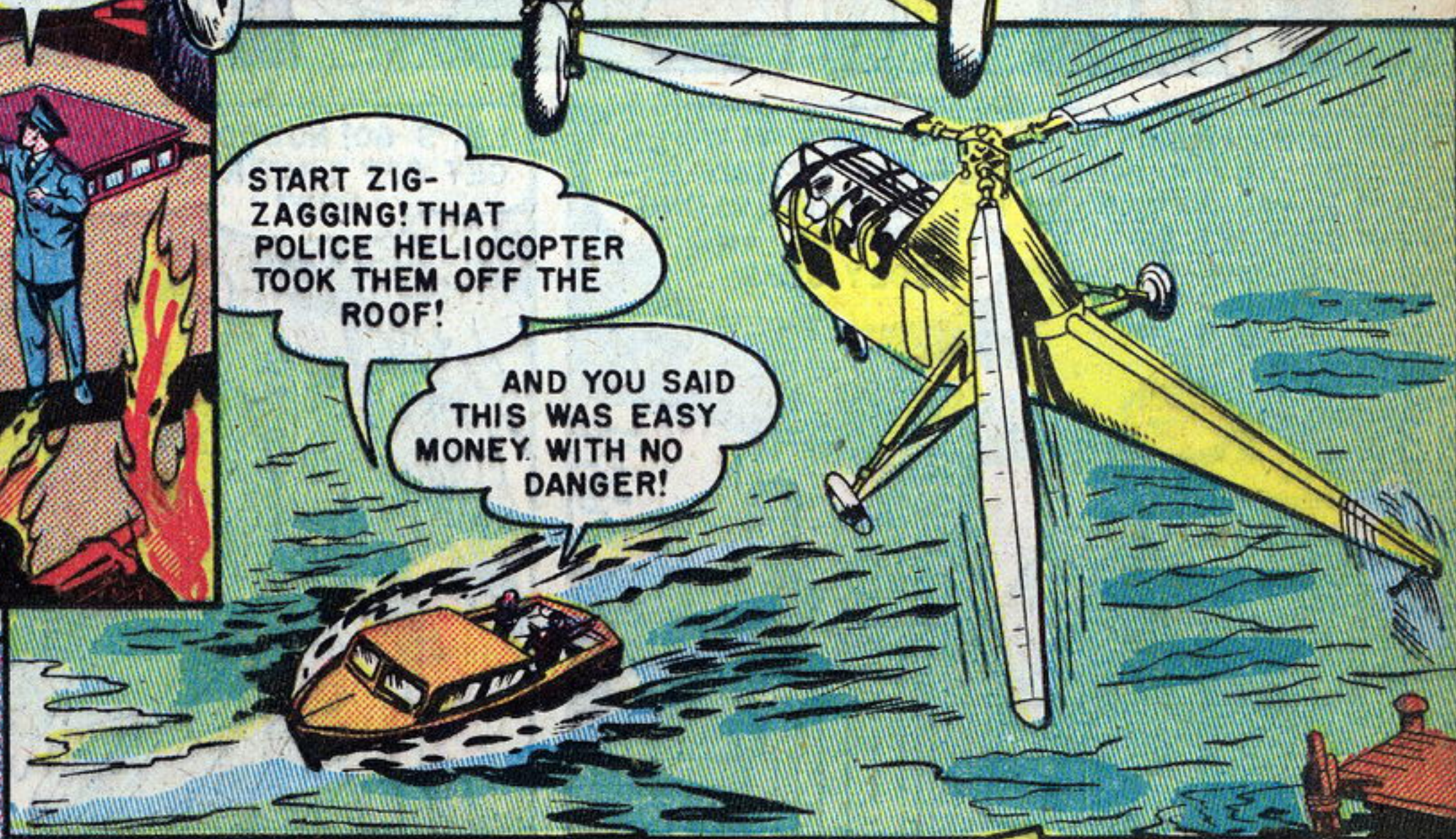
THE TIDE AND CURRENT CHARTS TOLD ME THE BODY WAS DUMPED AROUND HERE... AND THIS IS THE ONLY WAREHOUSE WITHIN TWO MILES!

AND THE COPS HAVE SUSPECTED THIS DUMP FOR MONTHS! MARTY, I GOTTA HAND TO YOU!



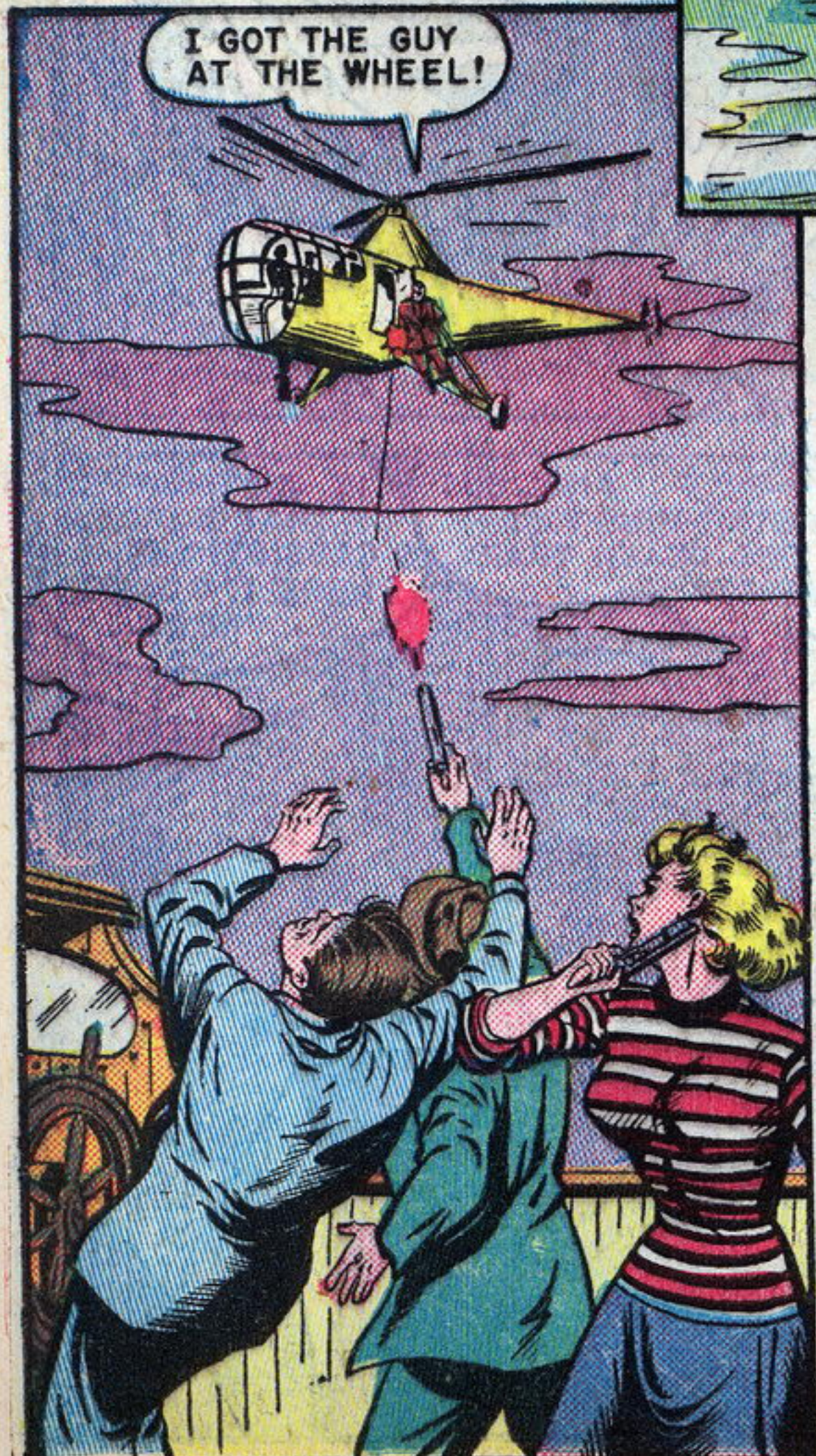
HURRY UP! THIS FIRE IS STARTING UP-DRAFTS THAT'LL BOUNCE US FROM HERE TO BREAKFAST!

STOP BEEFING AND HEAD FOR THE RIVER! HAND ME A GUN AND COME DOWN OVER THAT SPEEDBOAT!



START ZIG-ZAGGING! THAT POLICE HELICOPTER TOOK THEM OFF THE ROOF!

AND YOU SAID THIS WAS EASY MONEY WITH NO DANGER!



I GOT THE GUY AT THE WHEEL!



OKAY, SAM! YOU CAN SET US ASHORE ANY TIME NOW! THEY'VE SURRENDERED AND OUR CASE IS CLOSED!

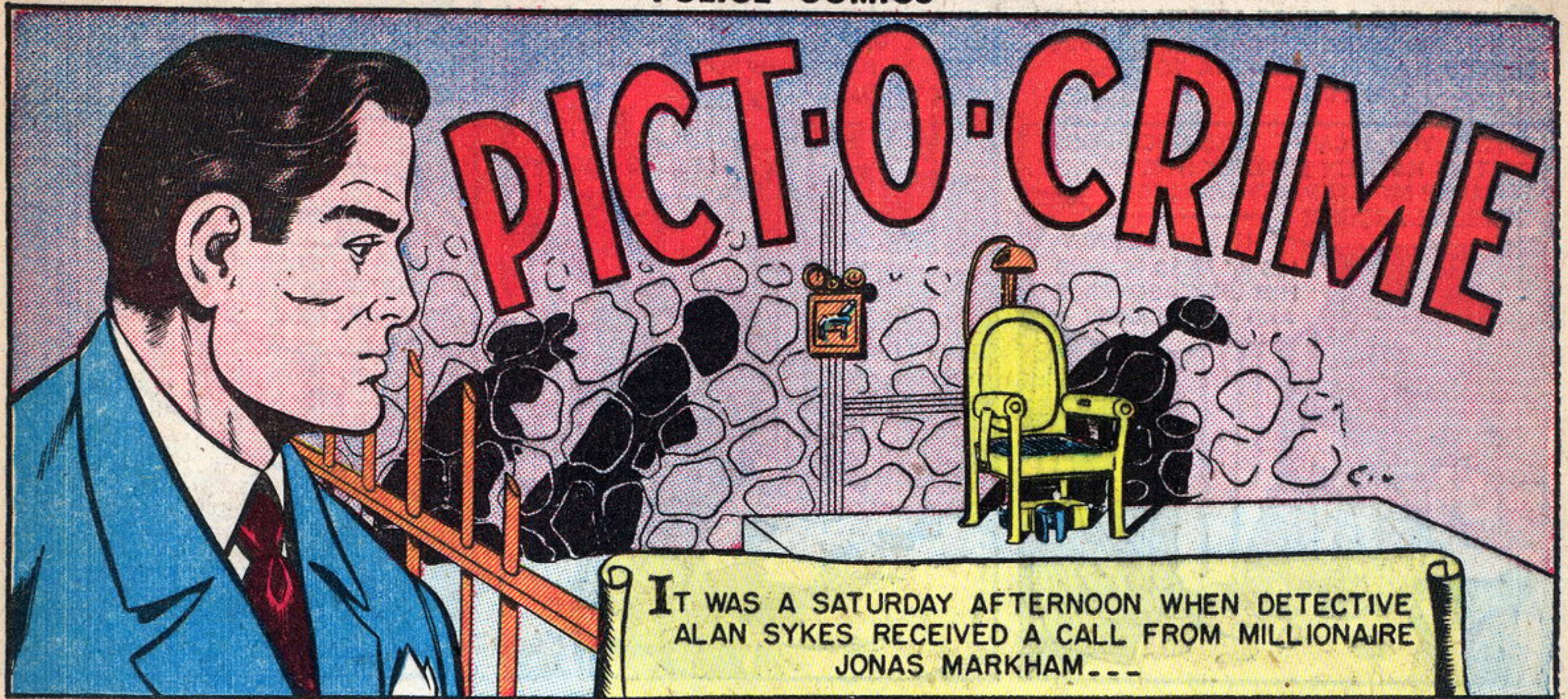


THE NEXT DAY...

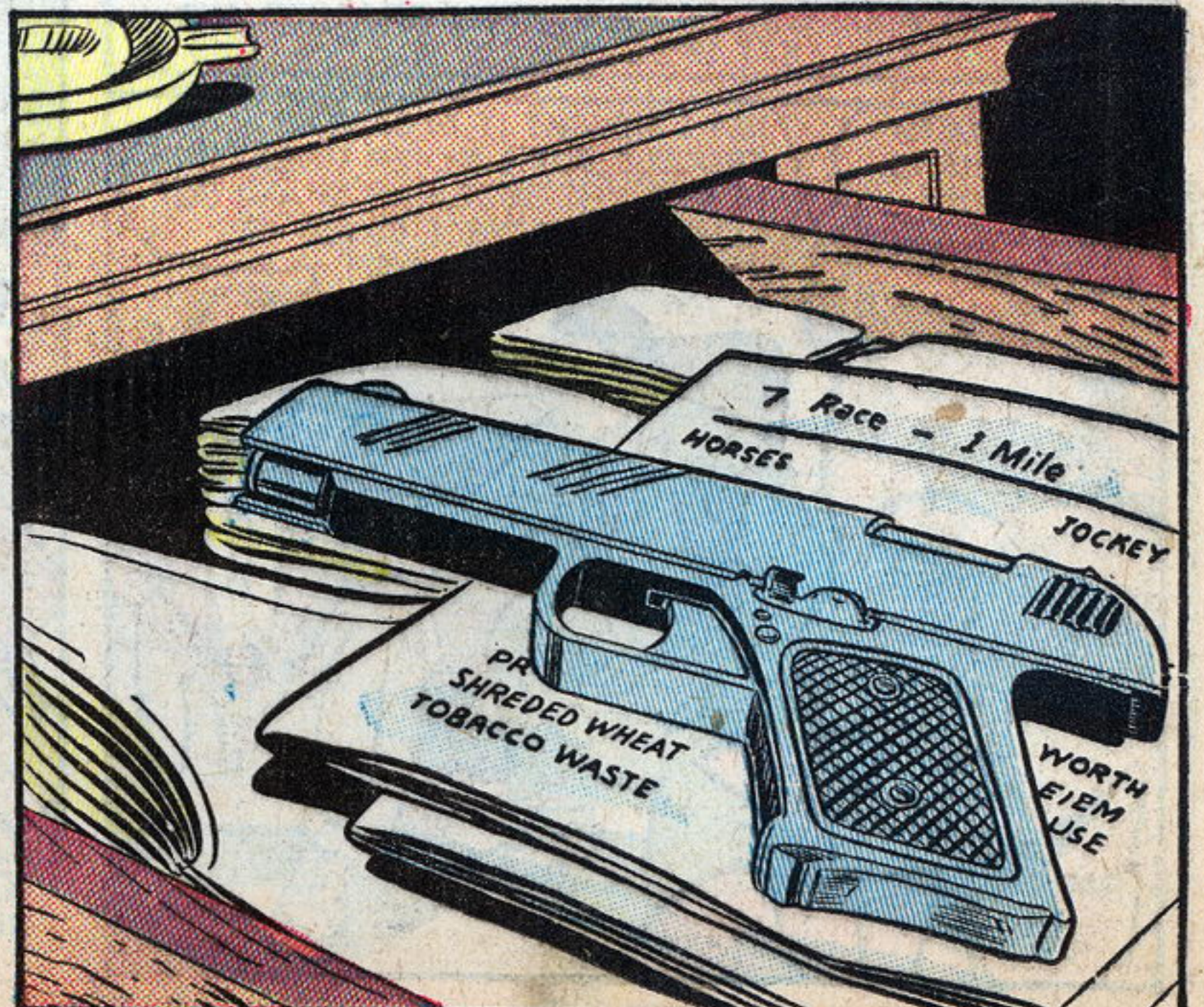
MARTY, I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU! INSTEAD OF A WITNESS, YOU HAND ME GUNNER'S BOSS AND THE GAL BEHIND THE WHOLE SCHEME!

AW, IT WAS NOTHING FOR A GUY LIKE INSPECTOR DENVER!

ALL MARTY NEEDS IS A PEEK INTO SOMEBODY'S STOMACH... AND HE CAN SOLVE ANY CASE THERE EVER WAS!



TOM'S HOBBY SEEMED TO BE RACE HORSES... AND A NEW .32 CALIBER AUTOMATIC THAT WAS FULLY LOADED BUT HAD NEVER BEEN FIRED!



POLICE COMICS

DINNER WAS A TENSE AFFAIR! MARKHAM ATE IN HIS ROOM! AFTERWARD TOM SUGGESTED A LITTLE CANASTA TO PASS THE TIME!



I TELL YOU, I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS HATRED! I'M ONLY STAYING NOW BECAUSE MY STEPFATHER NEEDS SOMEONE AROUND!

IT MAY BE ONLY HIS ILLNESS MAKING HIM UNREASONABLE AND SUSPICIOUS!

THAT PUTS YOU OVER THE TOP, DETECTIVE SYKES! I'M AFRAID YOU'RE TOO SHARP FOR US TONIGHT!



AND, I'M TOO SLEEPY! IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M GOING TO BED!

AFTER TOM AND LINDA HAD GONE TO THEIR ROOMS, DETECTIVE SYKES SETTLED DOWN TO HIS JOB OF WATCHING! SUDDENLY...



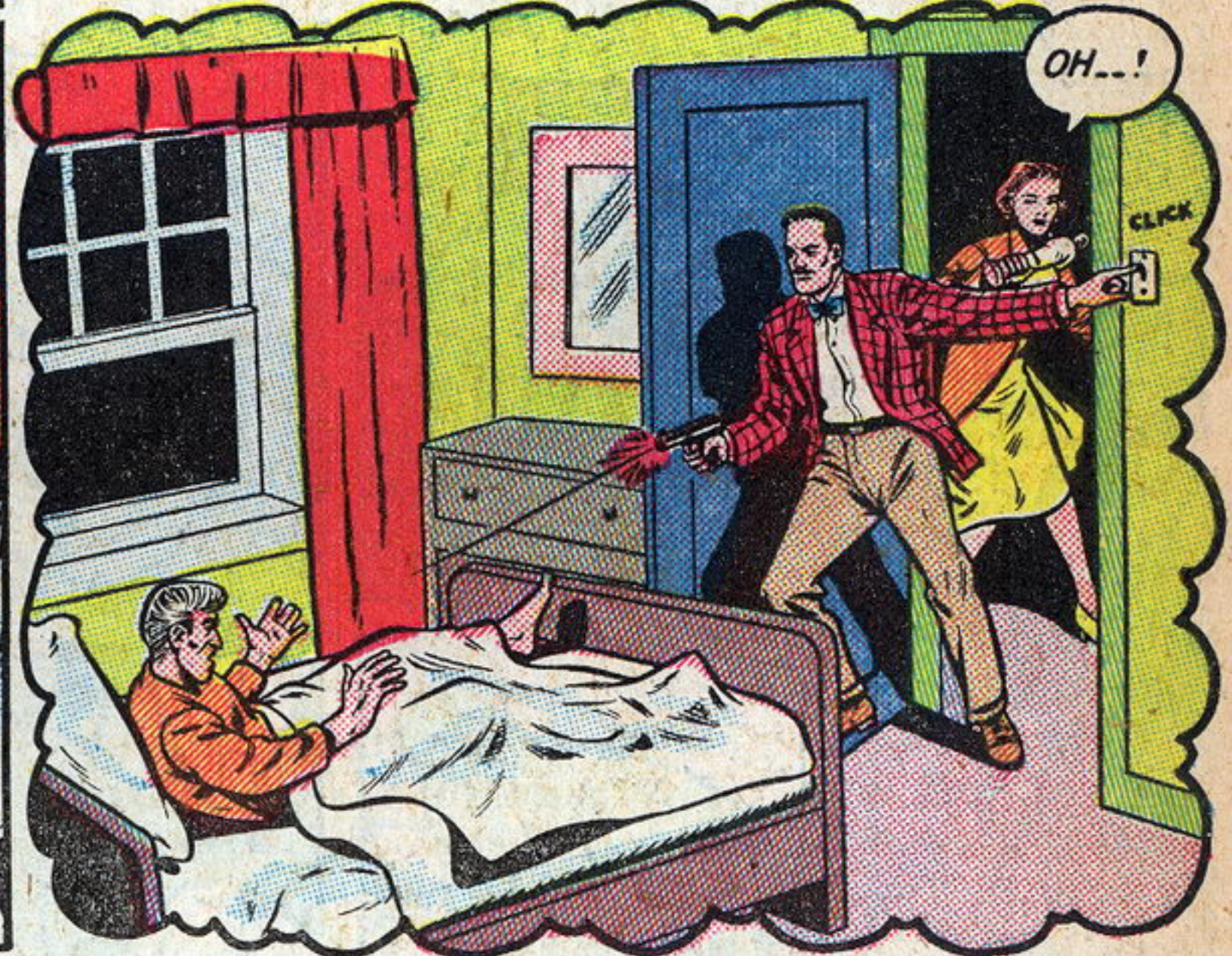
A GUNSHOT UPSTAIRS... AND LINDA'S SCREAM! SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED!

DETECTIVE SYKES BURST INTO A SCENE OF HORROR! MARKHAM'S FEAR HAD NOT BEEN SO UNREASONABLE AFTER ALL! HE WAS DEAD!



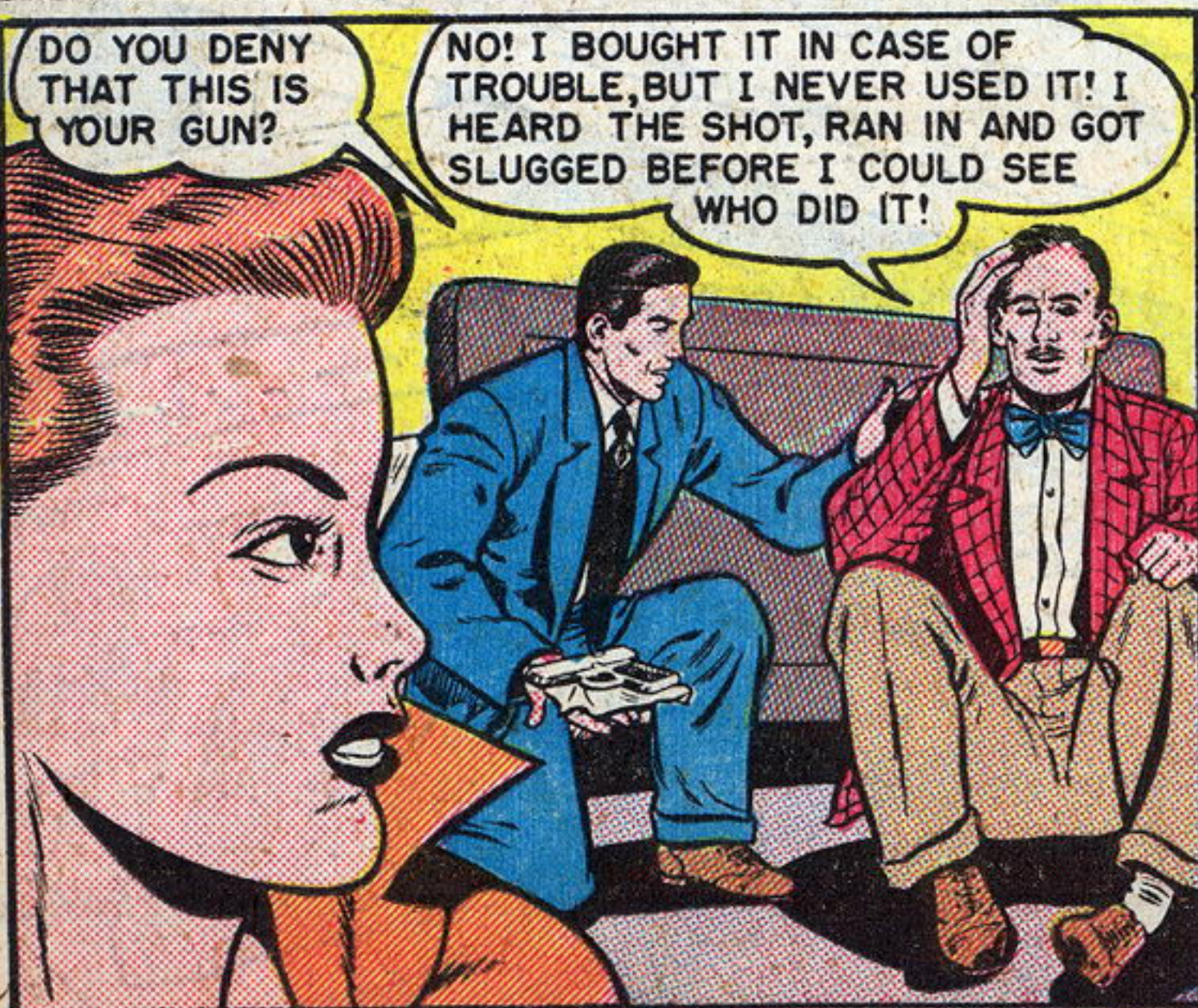
TOM SHOT HIM! OH, I HEARD SOMEONE CREEP DOWN THE HALL AND I GRABBED THIS STATUETTE AND FOLLOWED! B-BUT I WAS TOO LATE!

I RAN UP JUST AS TOM SNAPPED ON THE LIGHT AND FIRED! I HEARD POOR UNCLE JONAS GIVE ONE GHASTLY GROAN! I... I HIT TOM ON THE HEAD AS HARD AS I COULD!



OH...!

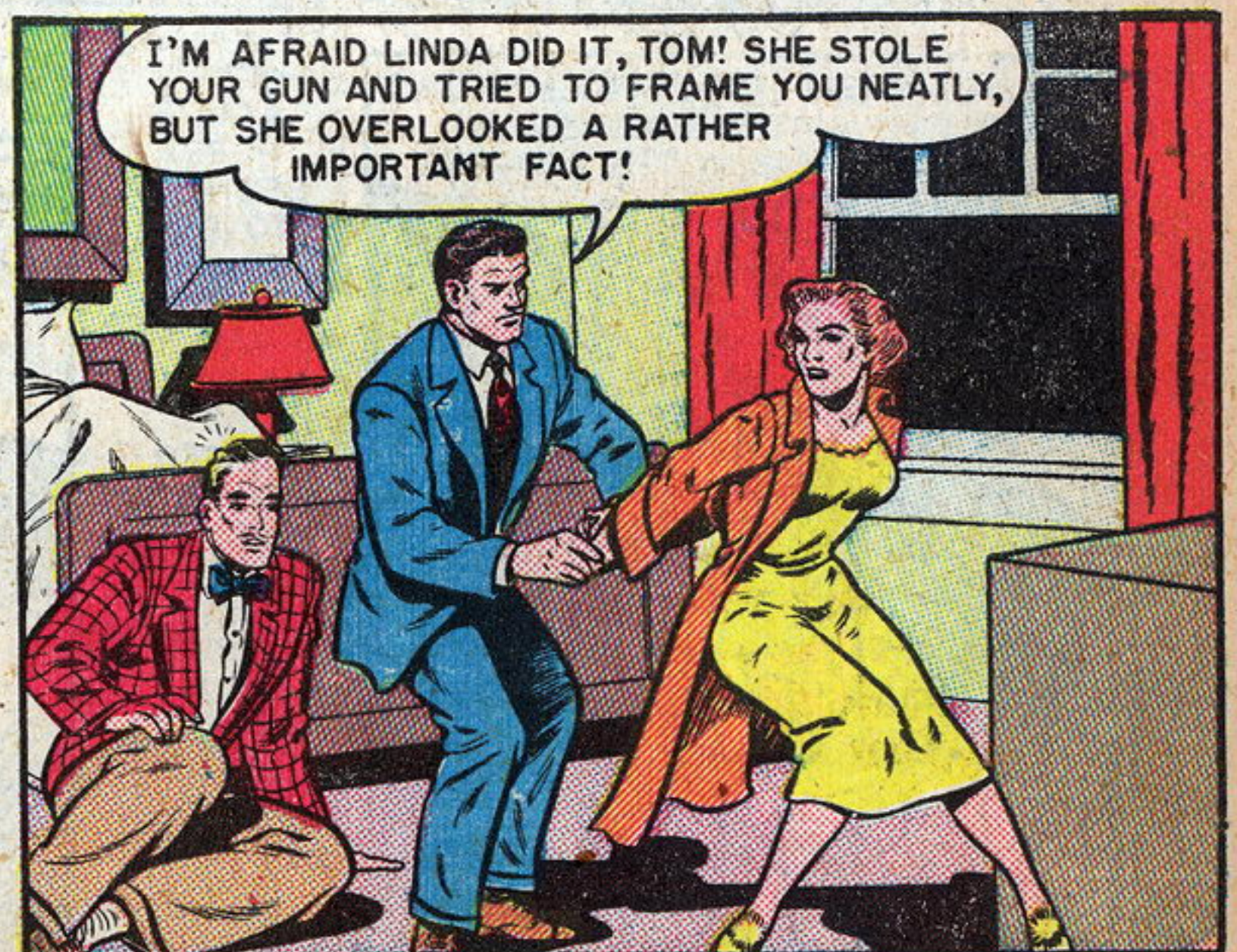
AS LINDA FINISHED HER STORY, TOM GROANED AND SAT UP...



DO YOU DENY THAT THIS IS YOUR GUN?

NO! I BOUGHT IT IN CASE OF TROUBLE, BUT I NEVER USED IT! I HEARD THE SHOT, RAN IN AND GOT SLUGGED BEFORE I COULD SEE WHO DID IT!

I'M AFRAID LINDA DID IT, TOM! SHE STOLE YOUR GUN AND TRIED TO FRAME YOU NEATLY, BUT SHE OVERLOOKED A RATHER IMPORTANT FACT!



CAN YOU SEE THE IMPORTANT FACT THAT CONVINCED DETECTIVE SYKES THAT TOM WAS INNOCENT? IF NOT, TURN TO THE NEXT PAGE!

HOSTAGE

OVER to the right somewhere, where the thicker shadows marked the boat-house, someone was moving. Dorgan heard a thin whisper of sound, the brittle snap of a dry twig, then a silence that was as revealing in a way as the previous sounds. It was an abrupt end to the chirp of crickets, an end to the myriad night-noises that told FBI Agent Dorgan that one of the men he was waiting for had slipped out of the house.

Ned rolled a little, setting his elbow into the soft grass, levelling the police positive toward the shadow. He lay there waiting, holding his breath, cursing himself for the stupidity that had gotten him into the crazy situation.

He had been trailing the Al Wicker mob for three weeks—Wicker and his two deadly pals, the brothers Barkus. Al and his gunmen had held up a bank, shot down a guard and carried a clerk across a state line as hostage. That made it FBI business and put Ned Dorgan on the trail, and the trail had ended here in this deserted fishing resort in the shadows of night. The question now was whether it was the end of the trail for Al Wicker and his mob—or for Special Agent Ned Dorgan.

Dorgan had every intention of notifying the local police and calling up a squad for the capture. But he had not been able to resist the temptation to slip out for a look at the quarry, to get the layout of the fishing resort they had seized and to make sure all was set for the final raid. And he had stumbled right into the arms of Max and Sleepy Barkus. They had all started shooting wildly and all had gotten clear. Max and Sleepy fled to the house. Dorgan rolled into the shrubbery. And now he was in a mess. If he went for help, the three would get away. As it was, he blocked their only avenue of escape. But, on the other hand, they were barricaded in a strong building, with plenty of supplies. He was out in the open, alone, far from help and limited to one extra round of shells for his pistol.

The silence in the shadows dragged on. Dorgan felt around until he found a stone and tossed it. It fell a dozen feet away with a small rustle and instantly a .45 opened up as the unseen prowler fired at the sound.

Dorgan took careful aim at the gun flashes and fired once. Then he was rolling frantically, scrambling to safety as two guns at a window lashed death at the place where he had lain. But over by the boat-house, now empty of boats in this off season, a body fell heavily and threshed on the ground. A man coughed liquidly and the coughing died away.

Safely behind a tree, Dorgan called sharply, "That cuts down the odds, boys. Why not save yourselves by giving up?"

"Why not shoot yourself and save us the trouble?" came the sneering reply in the harsh voice of Al Wicker himself. Dorgan felt vaguely disappointed that his first victim had not been the head rat. Wicker laughed raucously, "We're counting your slugs, G-boy. Pretty soon, no more bullets. And then we take you, but good."

Then the deep, sullen rumble of Max Barkus added, "It won't be easy, G-boy. You shot my brother. You'll pay for that."

"Come on out and collect anytime," Dorgan invited coldly.

So it was Sleepy Barkus who lay there by the boathouse. That cut the odds but not enough. If he only had his kit. A couple of tear gas shells, a grenade, or even the tommygun would give him the edge he needed to charge the house. This way he could only snipe and curse and prowler until daylight came, and then he would have to withdraw deeper into the woods—and give them the chance they needed to break for freedom. Whatever was done had to be done in the few short hours of darkness remaining.

The resort stood on a point, with the lake lapping close on both sides. That meant he had no chance of getting around to come at them from behind unless he swam for it. And he knew that if he stopped letting them know of his presence, they'd guess what he was doing and make a run for it.

On hands and knees, Dorgan crept toward the boathouse. He found the body of Sleepy Barkus sprawled there, dead, and he took Sleepy's gun and a handful of .45 clips. Now he had ammunition, but no better edge than before.

He threw a couple of warning shots at the nearest window, then dived for the boathouse. He had cased it once before, found nothing that suggested hope, and given it up. Now a faint idea was forming in his mind.

The thing he remembered was still there—a broken fishing rod left by some guest in the past, its line-

SOLUTION TO PICT-O-CRIME

Tom was left-handed, as Detective Sykes had noted during the Canasta game! The automatic was right-handed and the ejected shell would have smashed Tom's knuckles if he had fired it! Left-handed persons have to buy a special automatic with the slide on the *right* side to prevent this! If Tom had ever tried to fire the gun, he would have discovered this! Linda confessed when Detective Sykes showed that both the gun and the position of the light switch made her story impossible!

laden reel quietly rusting in the dampness. Now suddenly it offered Ned Dorgan a thin hope of winning this unequal game.

He took the fishing rod with him back into the underbrush and used a piece of the line to tie Sleepy Barkus's automatic into the crotch of a small tree, its muzzle pointed toward the house. The rest of the line he left on the reel, tying the end to the automatic's trigger and threading it back around a stout branch. Then, paying out line from the humming reel, he ran back around the boathouse to the lake's edge.

Crouched there, his shoes and coat off, Dorgan tugged once at the line. He felt it yield a little and the automatic *blammed* deafeningly back in the woods. In the house, a window broke in a tinkling shower and Al Wicker cursed nervously. Dorgan grinned. He had aimed better than he intended.

Still carrying the rod and holding his gun out of water, Dorgan let himself down and began to swim, paying out line. From the house came a fusilade of shots as the trapped bandits blazed away at the underbrush from whence the lucky shot had come. Using the thunderous echoes for cover, Dorgan swam boldly until he had passed the house. Then he cut back and drew himself ashore almost under the big open veranda. He tugged again at his line and heard an answering shot from the set gun.

The two men inside started shooting again and Dorgan dropped the reel. Gun in hand he ran across the veranda and crouched by a window. Against the paler starlight of the sky, he could see the gray squares of the front windows, with two dark silhouettes moving across them.

Dorgan raised his gun grimly and then lowered it. If he missed, his whole game was forfeit. He could take no chances now. Raising up to full height he hunched his face into the curve of his left arm for protection and dove through the locked window.

He hit the floor in a shower of glass, hearing the startled curses of the bandits at the far end of the big lobby. A shot lanced at him and he fired at the flame. The voice of Max Barkus cried, "Ah-ah-ah-ah!" and a body fell heavily.

From behind an overstuffed couch, Dorgan called softly, "Two down, Al. You want to make it number three the hard way, or do you want to get smart and give up?"

Al's answer was a savage cursing and lead that thudded into the sofa and screamed around it. Dorgan fired once and knew he had missed. A thick silence fell on the room.

Dorgan crawled, an inch at a time, from behind the couch to a closer point, behind an overstuffed chair. Across the big room there was a faint sound that was gone before he could locate it. Al Wicker was crawling, too, stalking his prey, waiting for a betraying sound to give away the G-man's location.

Muffling the sound in his handkerchief, Dorgan broke the Police Positive and ran his thumb tip over the ends of the shells in the cylinder. Five of them had the telltale perforation that told him they had been fired. One shell remained unbroken. One shot that had to end this fight or mark the end of Dorgan.

A grin touched Dorgan's lean face, then. Carefully turning the cylinder back one notch, he held the gun out and pulled the trigger. There was a loud, metallic click as the hammer fell on an empty casing. Dorgan made a strangled, angry noise in his throat, but his eyes were dancing in the darkness.

A dozen feet away, Al Wicker said, with savage satisfaction, "I knew it was coming, G-boy. Now three guesses what's coming to you."

Dorgan saw the dark shadow draw away from other dark shadows and move toward him. Against the gray square of a window he made out the thick bulk of Al's body hunched forward, the slimmer silhouette of Al's gun poked forward for the kill.

Ned Dorgan pointed his Police Positive at that figure and pulled the trigger again. This time there was no empty, mocking click. This time the barrel spat flame and thunder and the butt jumped against his palm.

Al Wicker screamed in a high-pitched, anguished voice and went stumbling across the lobby floor as if his feet were encased in blocks of lead. The gun fell first, clattering on the polished floor, and then there was a jarring thud as the bandit fell. He whined softly and his fingers made a scratching noise on the shiny floor.

Ned Dorgan got up, stretching cramped muscles, and tucked his empty gun away. "Sucker," he said softly to the shadow on the floor and went across to find the candles he knew would be kept somewhere behind the desk for emergencies when the lights went off.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (39 U.S.C. 233)

OF POLICE COMICS, published Bi-monthly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1950

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Alfred Grenet, 347 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership, or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Comic Magazines, 578 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

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4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1950.
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public. Commission expires April 1, 1954.

BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY

YOUR GUN-SIGHTS ARE CENTERED ON A LIVING FIGURE! YOU KNOW HE IS A MAD-DOG KILLER, WITHOUT REASON OR MERCY! HE HAS KILLED BEFORE AND BEATEN THE RAP! THIS TIME YOU HAVE HIM AT BAY! YOUR FINGER TREMBLES ON THE TRIGGER! WHERE WILL YOU PUT YOUR SHOT? THROUGH HIS ROTTEN HEART, THOUGH YOU TOO WILL BE A KILLER THEN? OR WILL YOU SHOOT AT AN ARM OR LEG AND LET HIM LIVE ...

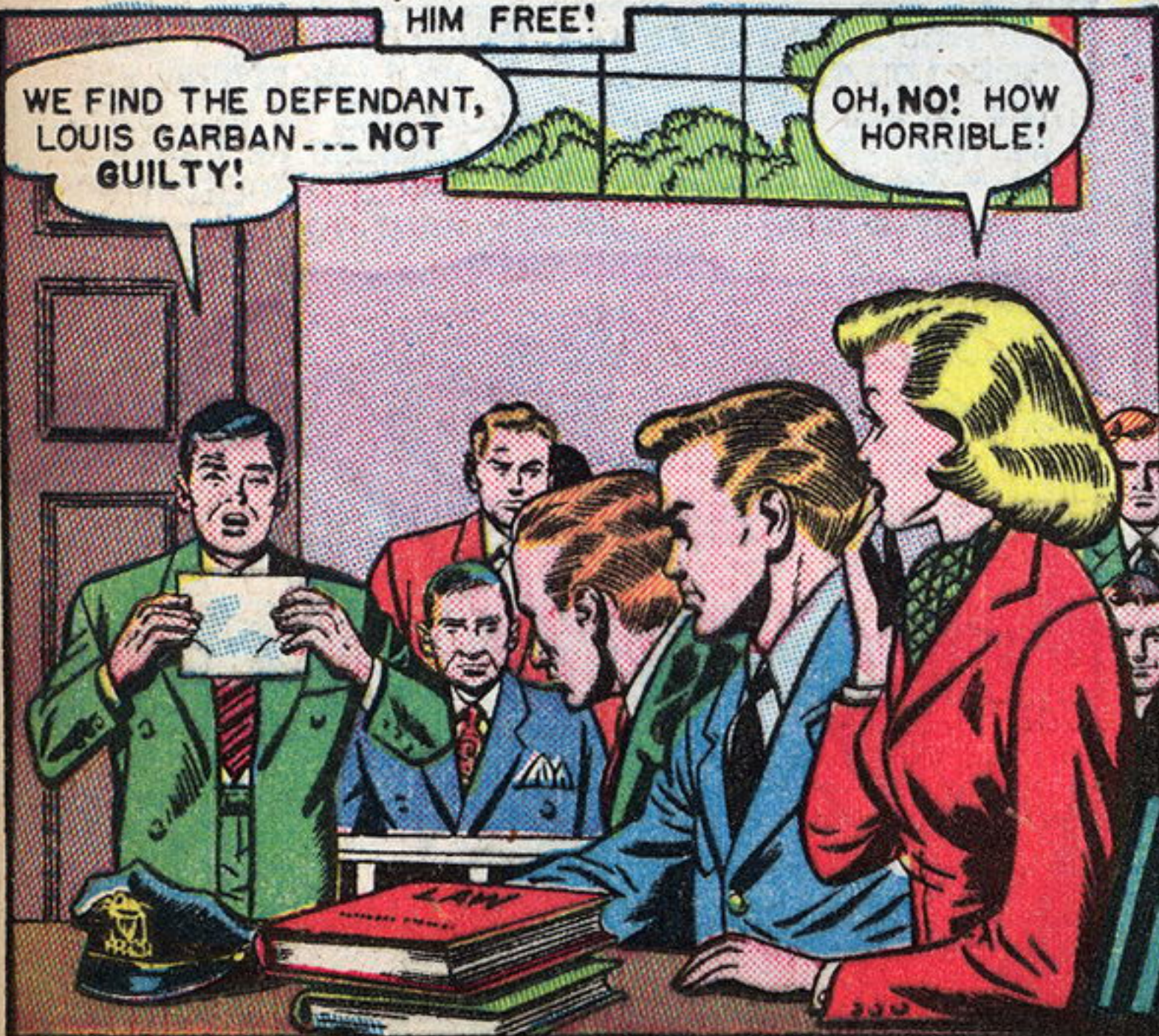
"TO KILL AND KILL AGAIN!"



TWICE PATROLMAN DAVE GARFIELD RISKED HIS LIFE TO BRING IN THE KILLER, ONLY TO SEE A SHREWD LAWYER GET HIM FREE!

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT, LOUIS GARBAN... NOT GUILTY!

OH, NO! HOW HORRIBLE!



YOU DID IT, KRAMER! YOU GOT ME OFF THE HOOK AGAIN!

DIDN'T I SAY I WOULD, LOU? I'VE NEVER LOST A CASE YET! ONLY NEXT TIME, DON'T OPERATE IN FRONT OF AN AUDIENCE! YOU MAKE IT TOUGH WHEN YOU DO THIS!



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



BELIEVE ME, YOU CAN STAY NEAR ME! I'M SCARED! I'D NEVER HAVE SHOT OFF MY MOUTH IF I'D KNOWN HE WAS GONNA GO FREE!

WE'LL GET HIM SOONER OR LATER, SAMMY! YOU DID YOUR DUTY AND WE'LL DO EVERYTHING WE CAN TO PROTECT YOU BOTH!



STAY HERE, SALLY! DON'T OPEN THE DOOR FOR ANYONE YOU DON'T KNOW! I'LL COME BACK AS SOON AS I'VE REPORTED IN!

THANK YOU, DAVE! I'M NOT SO FRIGHTENED, KNOWING YOU'RE WATCHING OVER ME! PLEASE HURRY BACK!

A LITTLE LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!



...AND I'D LIKE TO BE ASSIGNED TO WATCH THEM, SIR! THEY DESERVE PROTECTION, AND IT MIGHT BE A CHANCE TO TRAP LOU GARBAN!

DAVE, I THINK YOU'RE TAKING THE THREATS OF A CHEAP HOOD TOO SERIOUSLY! LOU WON'T TRY ANYTHING FOR A LONG TIME!



YOU'RE REALLY OUT TO GET HIM, AREN'T YOU? THERE'S SOMETHING SAVAGE AND PERSONAL IN YOUR HATRED OF LOU GARBAN!

YES, SIR! I... I'VE KNOWN LOU ALL HIS LIFE, CAPTAIN! I TELL YOU, HE'S TWISTED INSIDE! HE'S AN ANIMAL, WHOSE NATURE IS TO KILL!



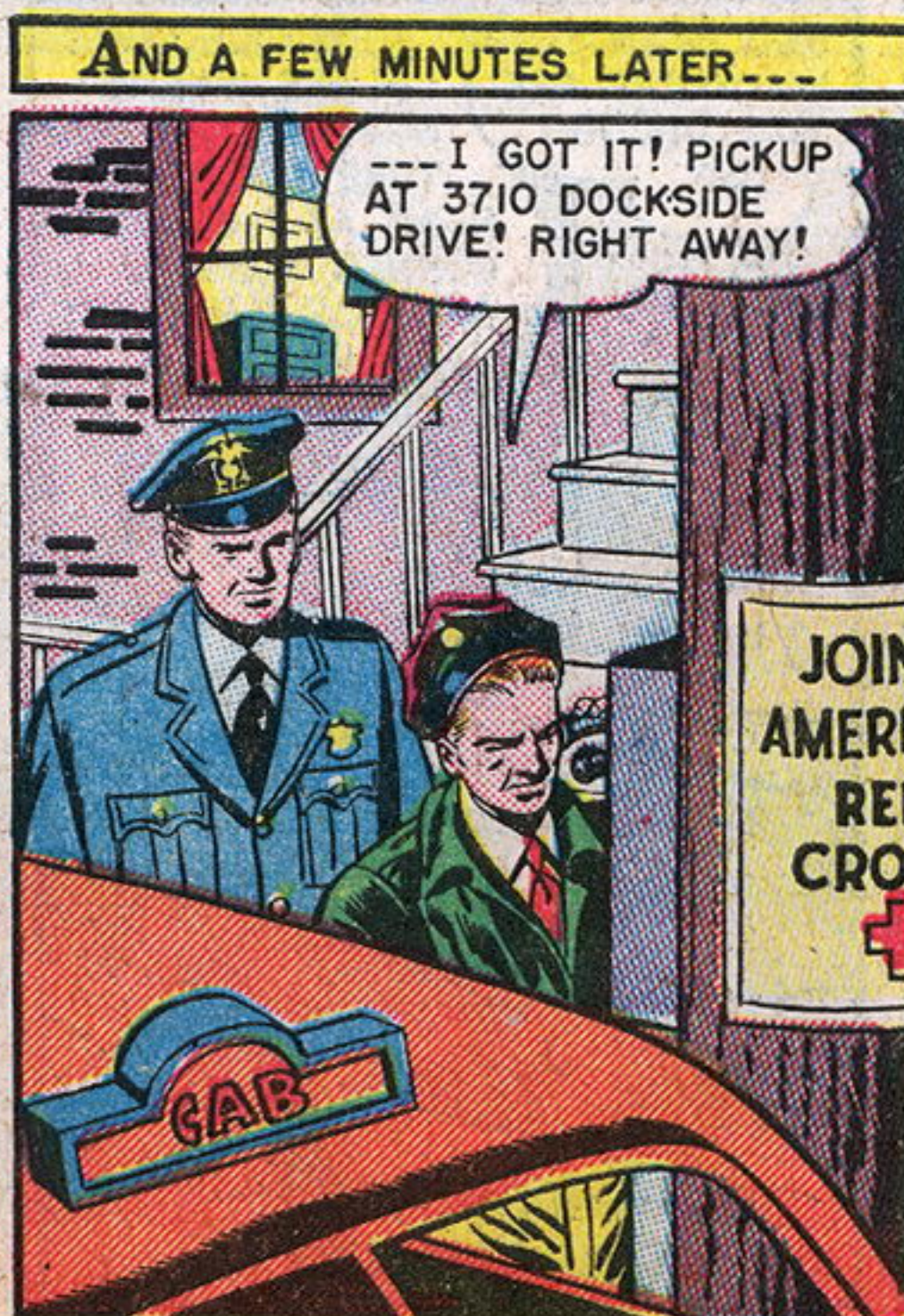
FORGET IT, DAVE! I'LL EXPECT YOU ON YOUR REGULAR BEAT IN THE MORNING! IF THOSE WITNESSES ARE THREATENED, HAVE THEM CALL US!

ALL... ALL RIGHT, SIR!

AT THAT MOMENT...



SALLY, THIS IS DAVE! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! COME DOWNSTAIRS AND MEET ME IN FIFTEEN MINUTES! I'LL BE IN SAMMY'S CAB!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

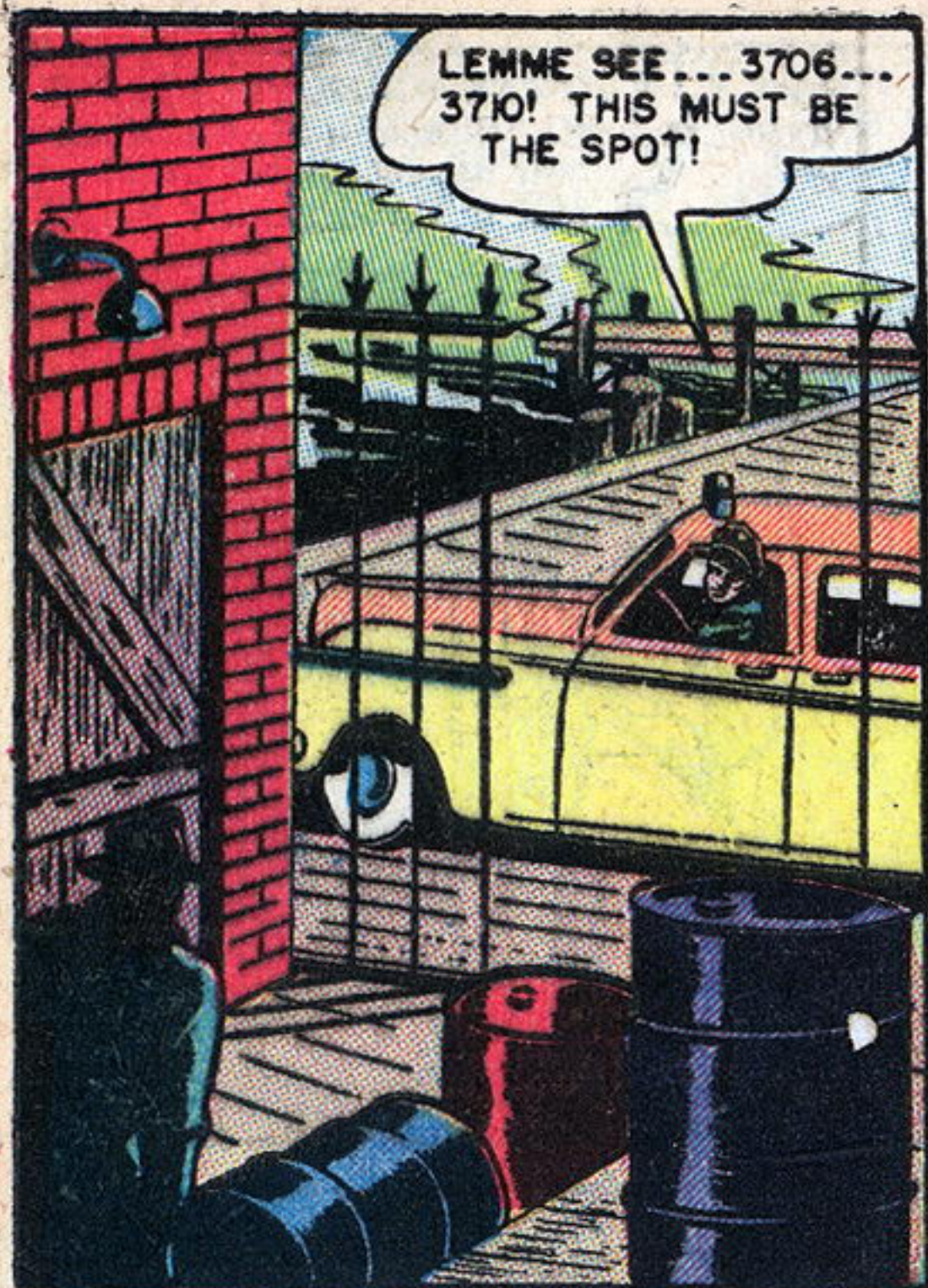
...I GOT IT! PICKUP AT 3710 DOCKSIDE DRIVE! RIGHT AWAY!



HELLO, SAMMY! CAN YOU DRIVE ME TO SALLY'S APARTMENT? I'M GOING TO MOVE HER TO A DOWNTOWN HOTEL!

CAN YOU WAIT A FEW MINUTES? I JUST GOT A CALL! SOMEBODY OVER ON THE WATERFRONT WANTS A HACK RIGHT AWAY! STICK AROUND!

PHONE



LEMME SEE... 3706...
3710! THIS MUST BE
THE SPOT!



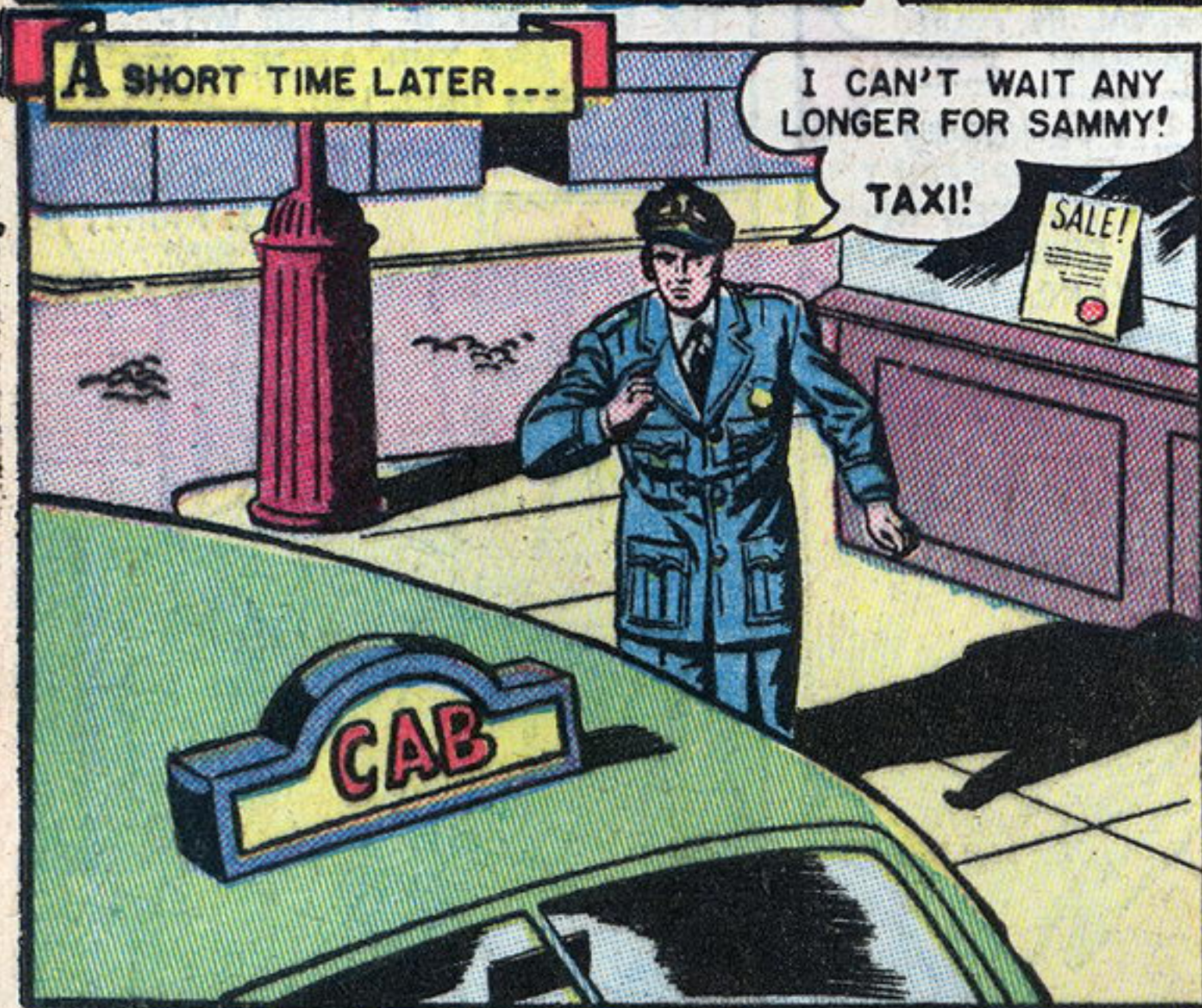
THIS IS THE SPOT,
SAMMY! I TOLD
YOU I'D SEE YOU
AGAIN SOON!

GRAWWWWK!
Y-Y-YOU!
NOW W-WAIT,
M-MISTER!



IT'S UP TO YOU, SAMMY! EITHER
GET IT RIGHT HERE OR LIVE-A
LITTLE WHILE AND DRIVE UP
IN FRONT OF THAT SALLY
HORGAN'S APARTMENT!

O...OK-KAY!
I'LL D-DRIVE!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

I CAN'T WAIT ANY
LONGER FOR SAMMY!

TAXI!

MEANWHILE...

ONE YIP OUT OF
YOU, SAMMY, AND
YOUR WORRIES
WILL BE OVER!

I W-WON'T! BUT
I S-SURE WISH I
WAS B-BRAVE ENOUGH
TO DO S-SOME-
THING! THAT POOR
K-KID!



YOU'RE RIGHT ON
TIME! I DO HOPE
...EEEEK!

KEEP ON GETTING
IN, HONEY! WE HAD
A DATE... REMEM-
BER? I ALWAYS
KEEP MY DATES!



YOU BEAST!
WH-WHERE ARE
YOU TAKING
US?

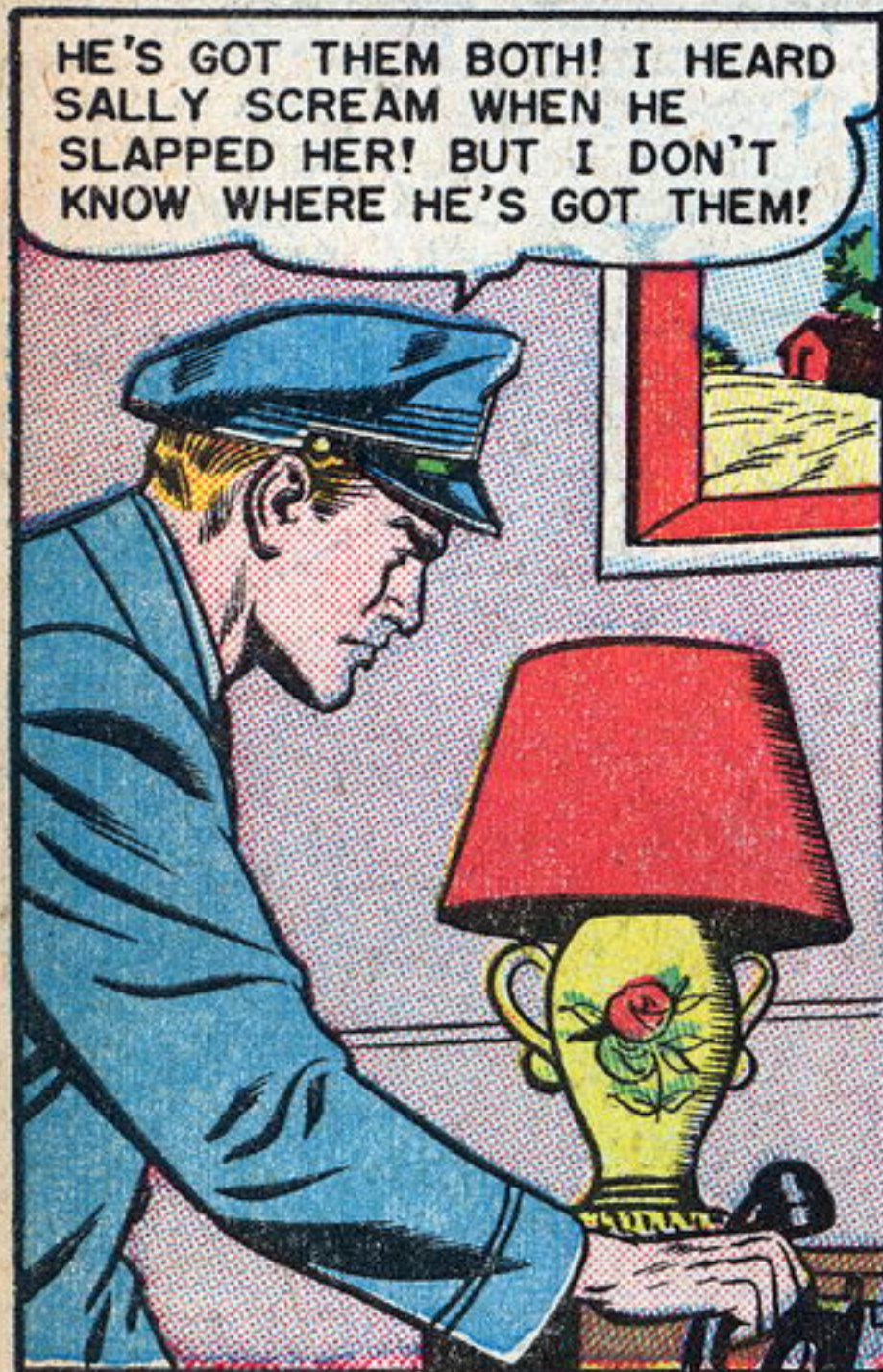
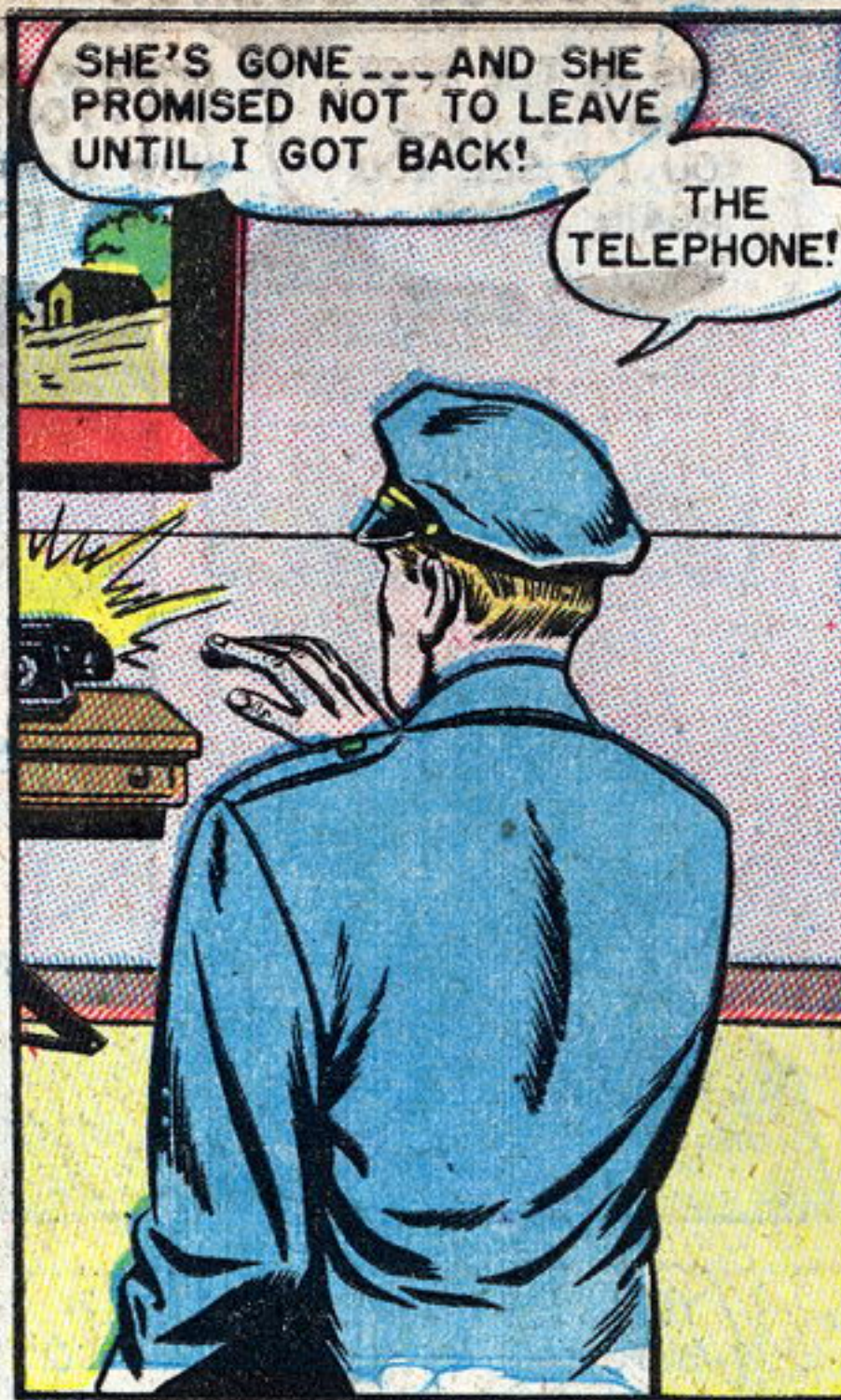
TO A NICE, QUIET
PLACE WHERE
NOBODY'LL DIS-
TURB US! TURN
RIGHT AT THE NEXT
CORNER, SAMMY,
AND DON'T GET ANY
IDEAS!



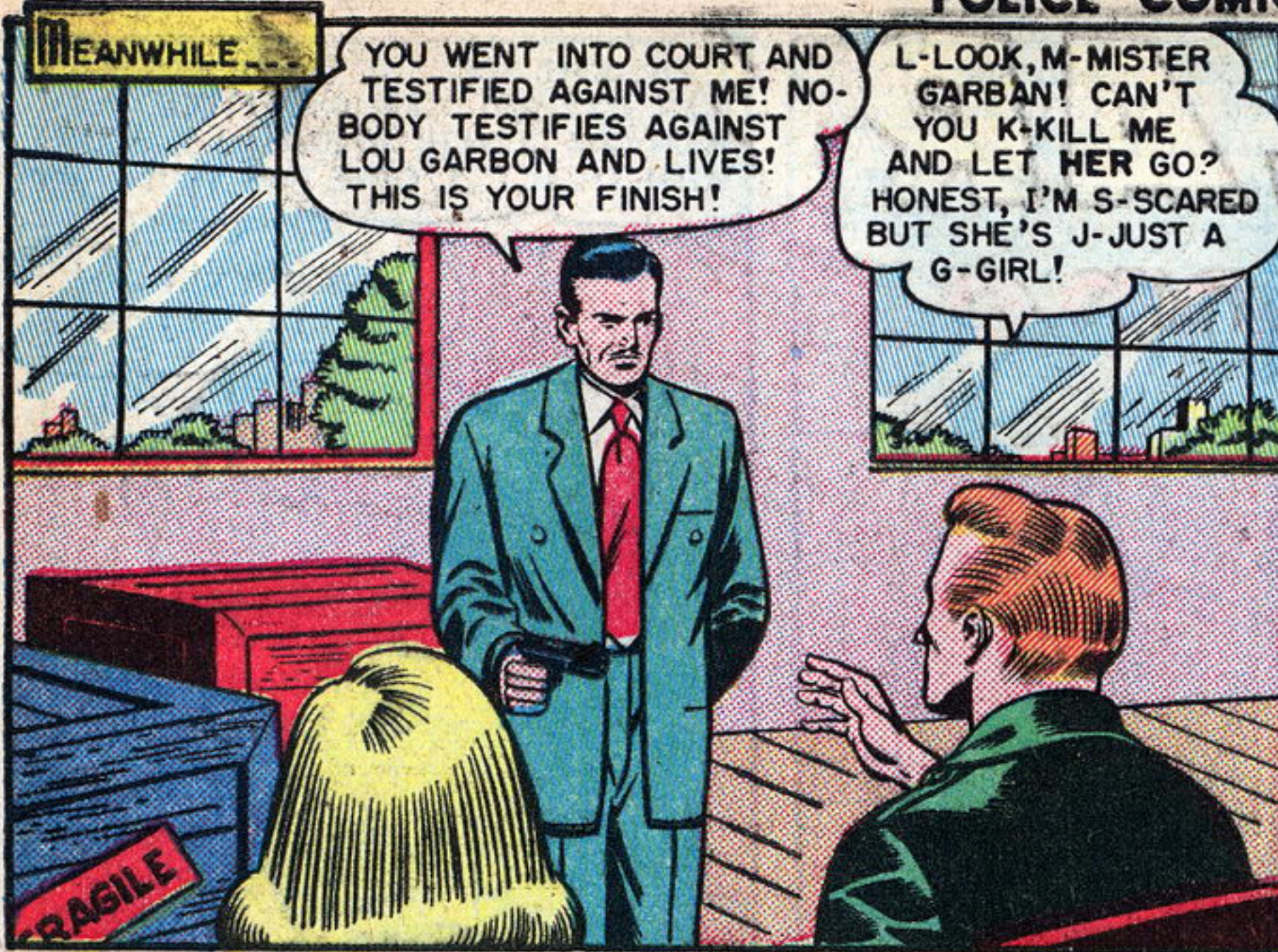
WAIT HERE, DRIVER!
I'LL PICK UP A
LADY AND BE RIGHT
OUT!

POLICE COMICS

UPSTAIRS, PATROLMAN DAVE GARFIELD RANG, KNOCKED AND FINALLY ATTACKED THE CLOSED DOOR!



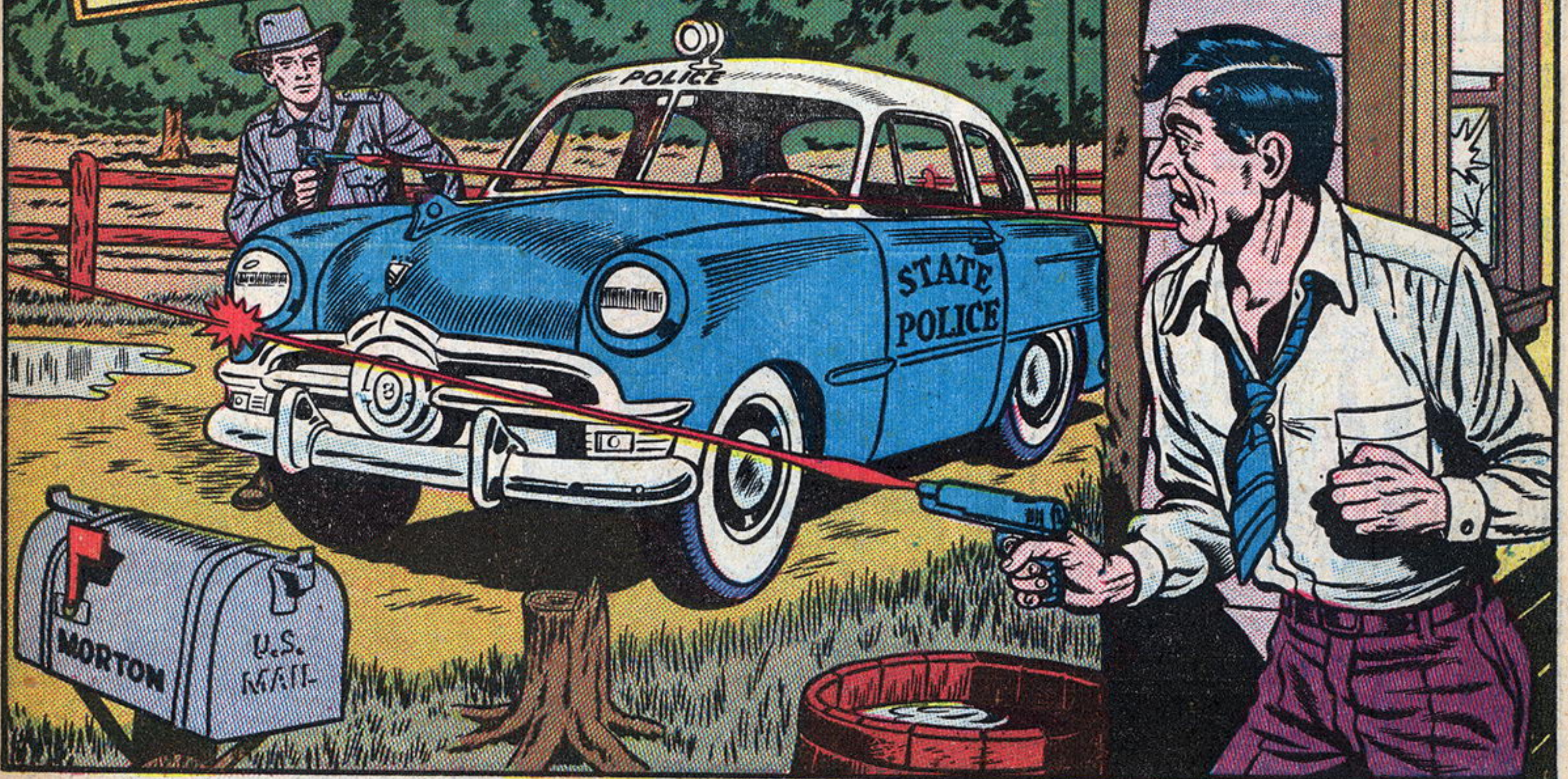
POLICE COMICS



DAN LEARY

State Trooper

HAPPY MORTON HAD A VAST CONTEMPT FOR ANYBODY OR ANYTHING OUTSIDE THE BIG CITY---AND ESPECIALLY FOR "HICK-COPS" LIKE STATE TROOPER DAN LEARY! IN FACT, HE NEVER DID REALLY FIGURE OUT JUST WHAT WRECKED HIS "AIR-TIGHT" SCHEME FOR A--- "KILLERS' COUNTRY CLUB!"



LIKE A CITY PATROLMAN, THE STATE TROOPER LIKES TO KNOW EVERYONE IN HIS PATROL AREA!

'MORNING, CAPTAIN! DID YOU GET THAT DOPE I ASKED FOR ON HAPPY MORTON, WHO'S OPENING A ROAD HOUSE ON ROUTE 13?

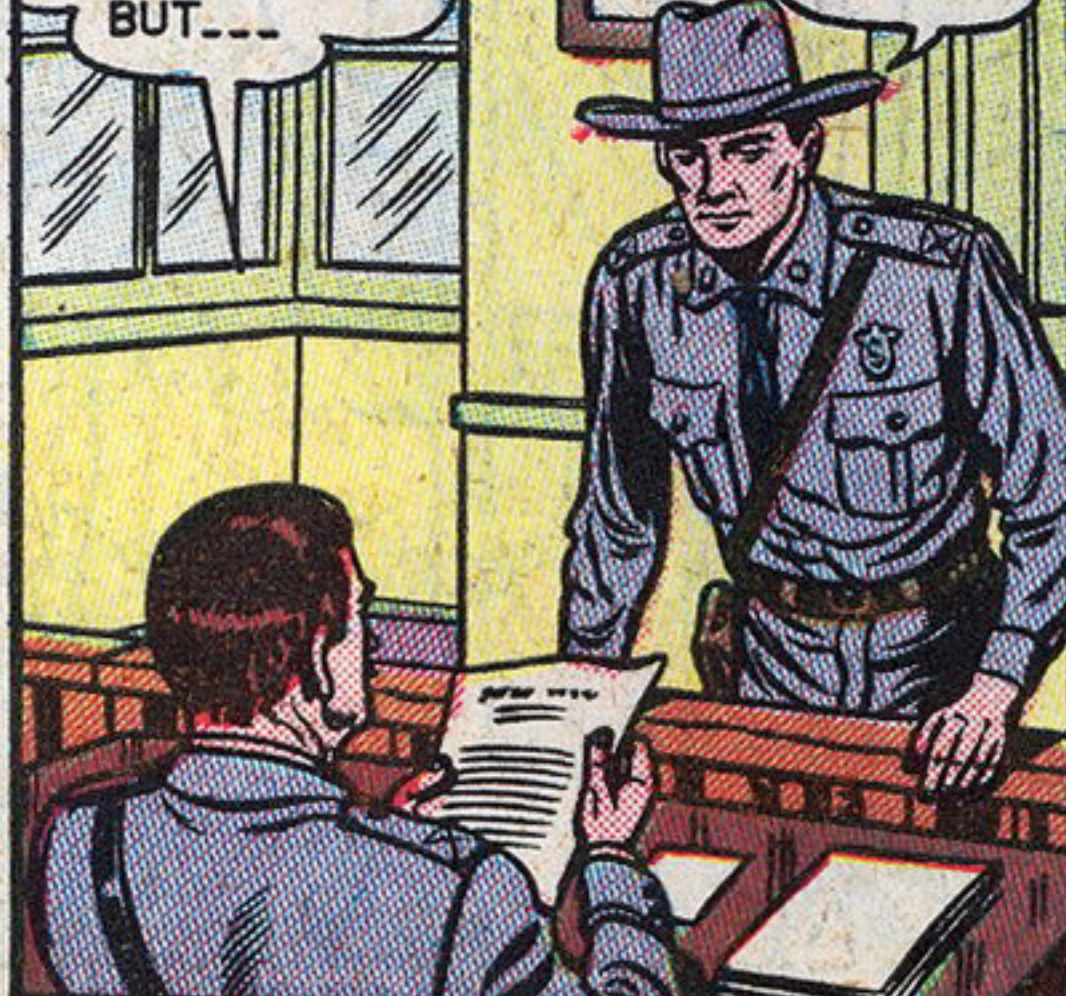
I DID, DAN, AND I DON'T LIKE IT! YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP A SHARP EYE ON THAT PLACE!

MORTON RAN A DIVE IN THE CITY, A HANG-OUT FOR HOODLUMS! HE'S BEEN IN SEVERAL JAMS WITH THE LAW! HE NEVER SERVED TIME, BUT---

THERE'S ALWAYS A FIRST TIME! I THINK I'LL DROP IN AND GET ACQUAINTED TODAY! THANKS, CAPTAIN!

LEARY TO K27BX! STARTING DUTY TOUR AT 9:58 AM! CHECK ME IN, MAC!

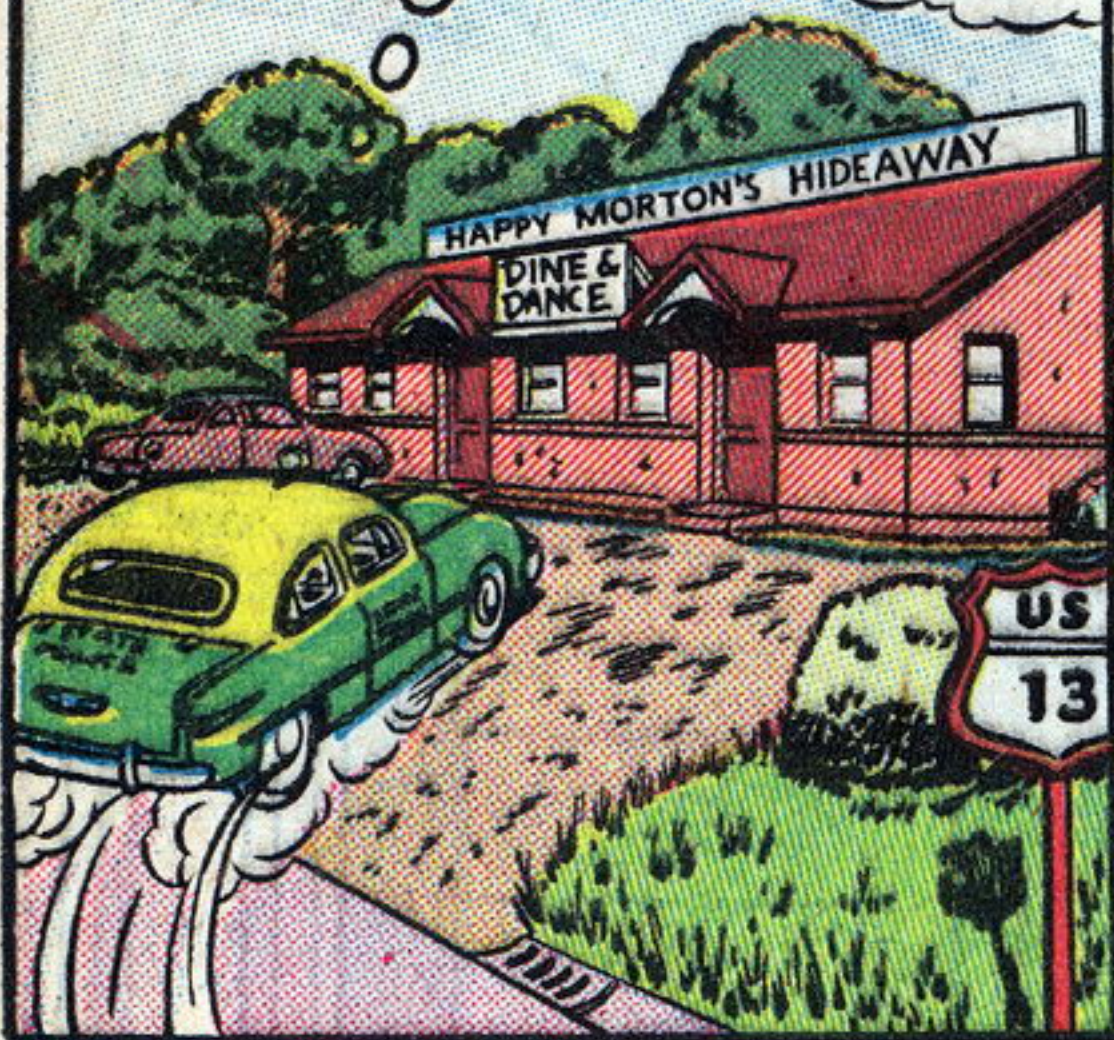
CHECK, DAN! YOU'RE SIGNED IN TWO MINUTES EARLY! 'LUCK!



POLICE COMICS

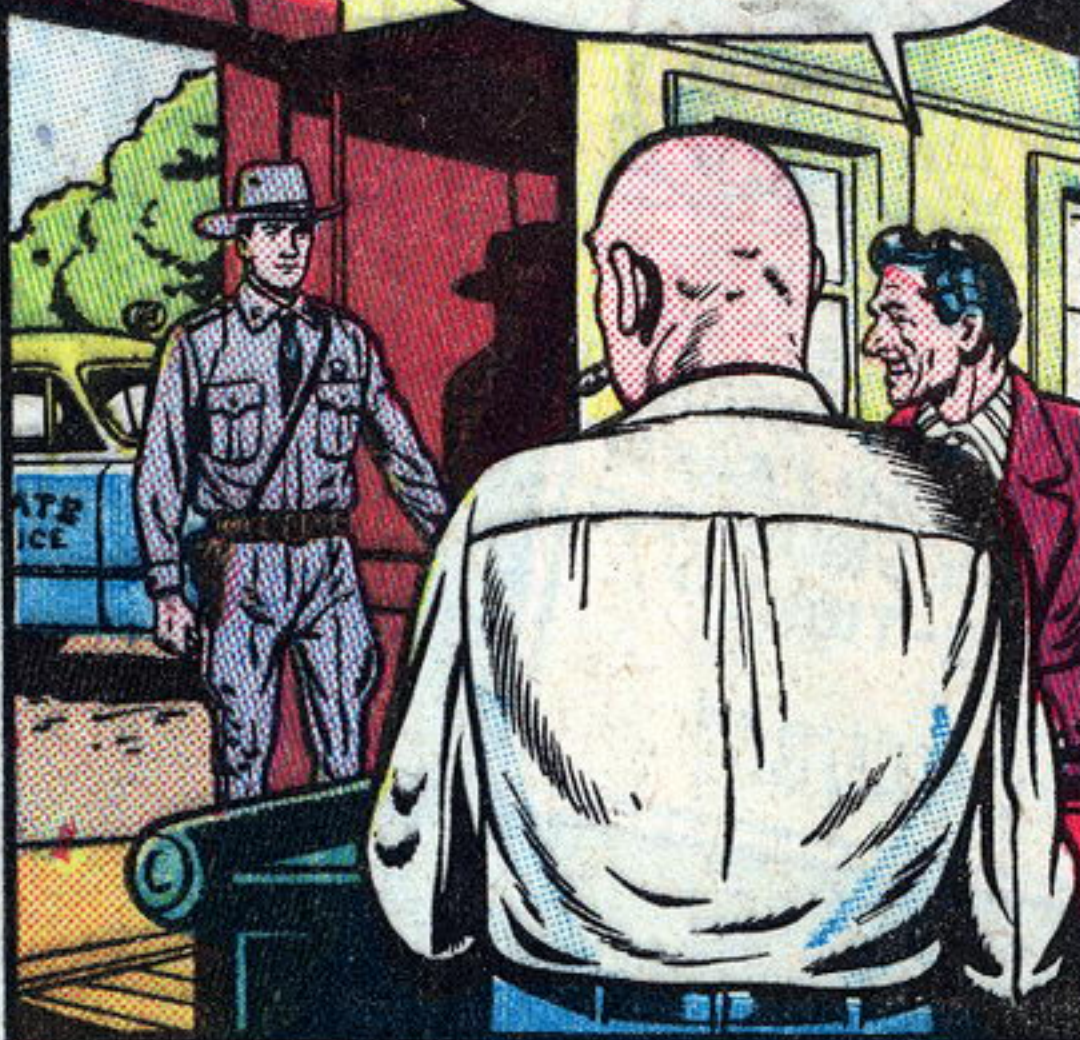
HALF AN HOUR LATER ON HIGHWAY 13...

TODAY IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE GRAND OPENING! THIS IS A GOOD TIME TO GET ACQUAINTED AND LET HAPPY MORTON KNOW HOW HE STANDS!



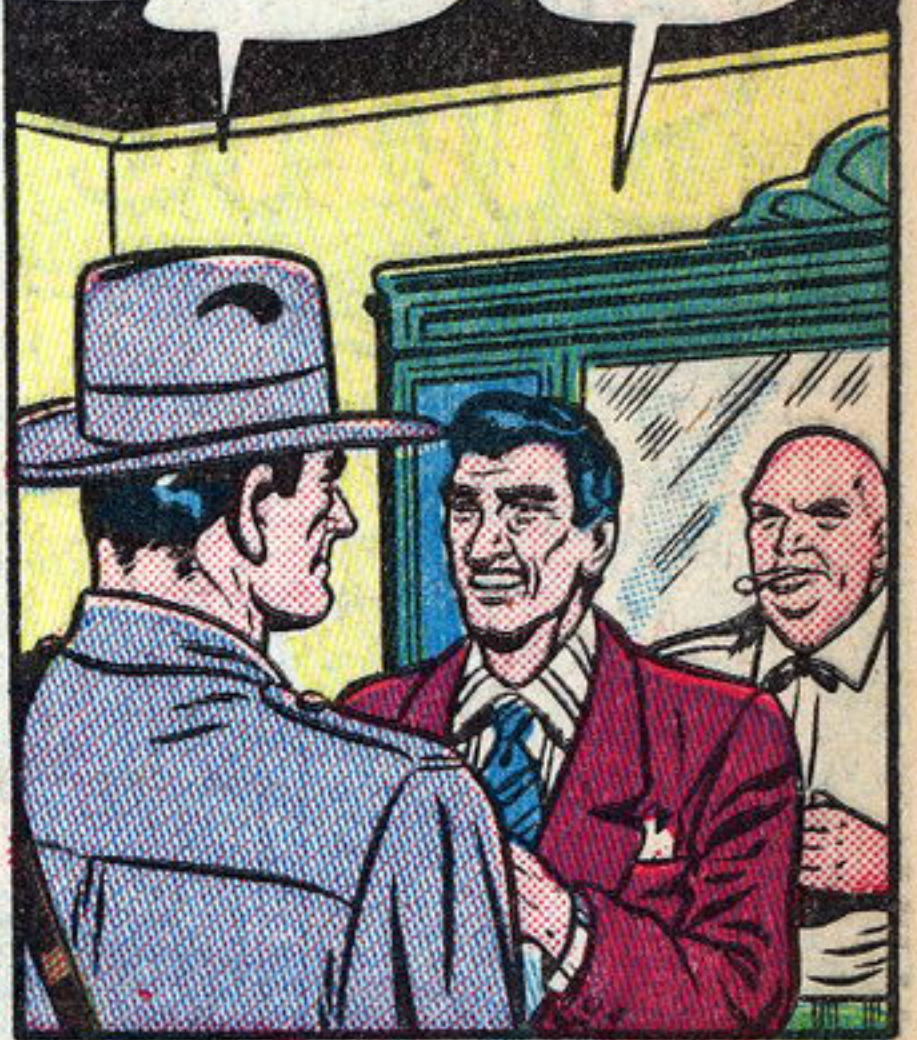
TROOPER DAN LEARY! I'D LIKE TO MEET HAPPY MORTON!

AND HERE IS HAPPY MORTON IN THE FLESH, MY BOY... DYING TO MEET YOU! BENNY, GIVE THE TROOPER A DRINK OF THE BEST! MAKE HIM HAPPY!



THANKS, BUT I'M ON DUTY! SINCE YOU'RE IN MY PATROL AREA I WANTED TO GET ACQUAINTED!

FINE, FINE! COME BACK TO MY OFFICE, TROOPER! I'M HAPPY WHEN YOU'RE HAPPY, MY BOY!



YES, SIR, HAPPY MORTON KNOWS THE OLD FORMULA FOR HAPPINESS, SON! HAVE A CIGAR, BOY! THEY'RE MY HAPPINESS BRAND!



MORTON, SINCE YOU'RE NEW HERE, I'LL GIVE YOU A BREAK! I'LL FORGET THIS CRUDE BRIBERY ATTEMPT IF YOU'LL RUN A CLEAN PLACE!

WELL, YOU CAN'T BLAME A HAPPY MAN FOR TRYING, HO-HO! I LIKE SUNSHINE, MY BOY... LIKE TO SPREAD JOY AROUND TO OTHERS!



WHY, BOY, ALL I WANT IS TO SPREAD JOY AND HAPPINESS IN THIS GLOOMY WORLD! ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH... THAT'S HAPPY MORTON!

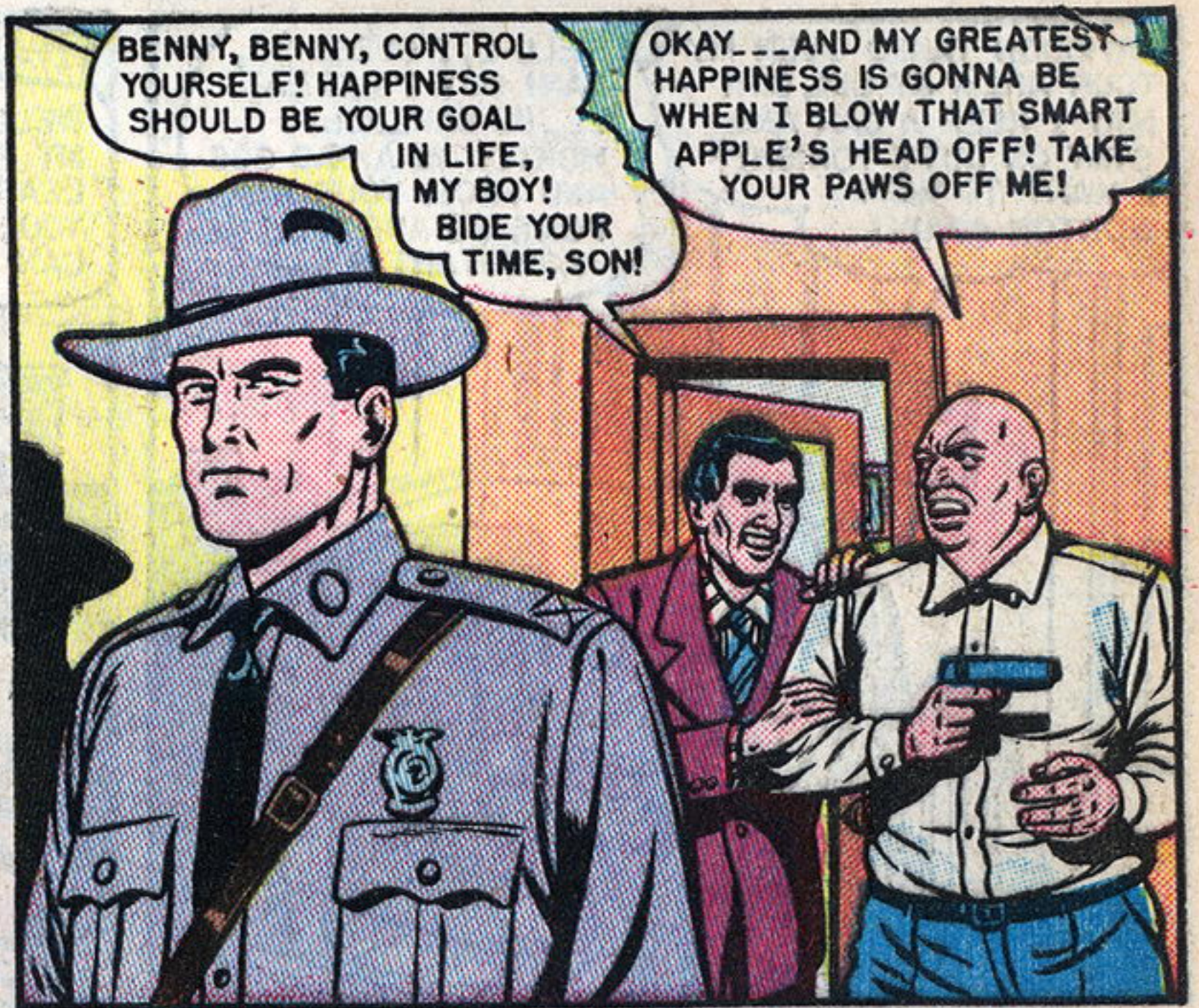
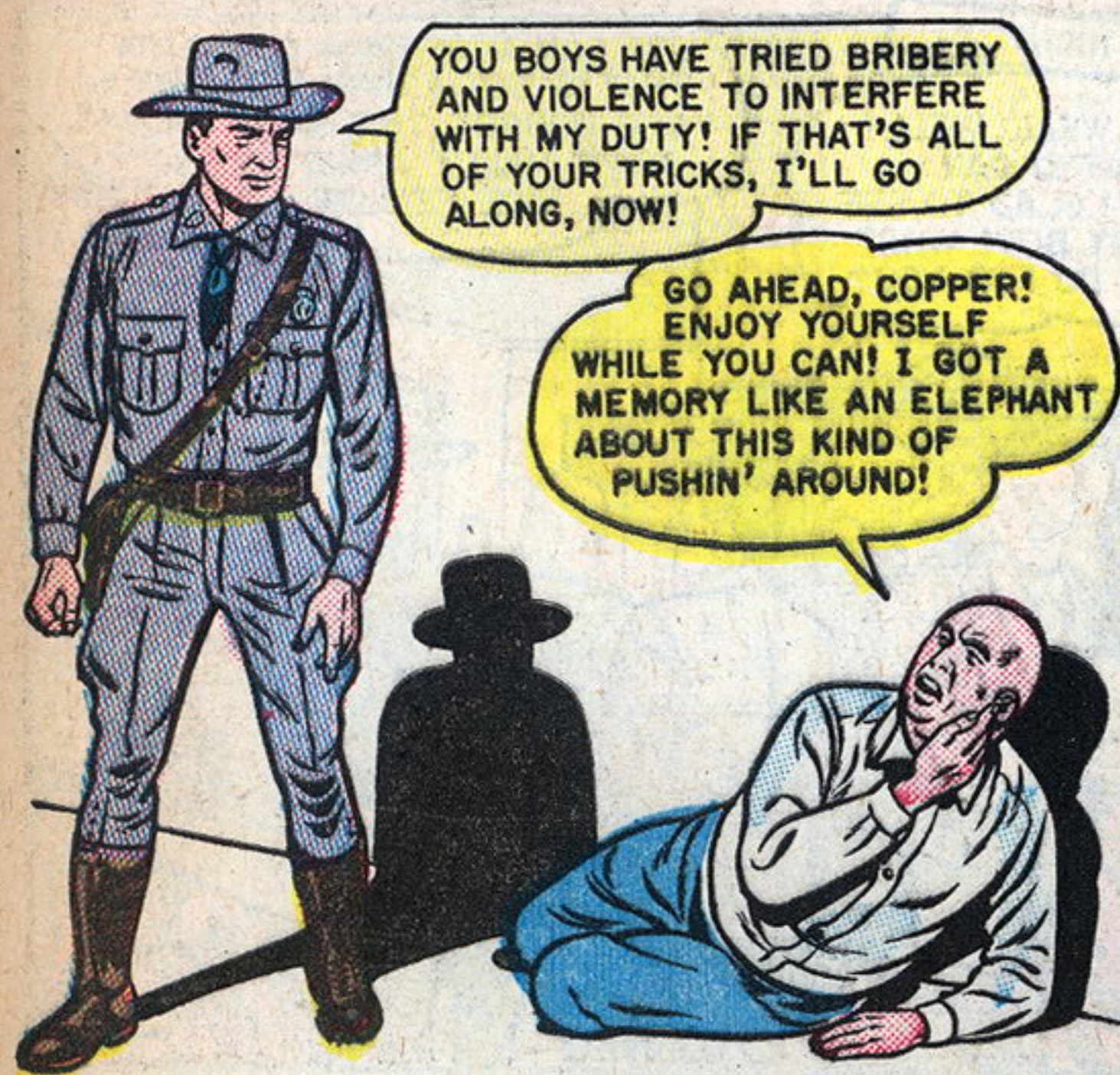
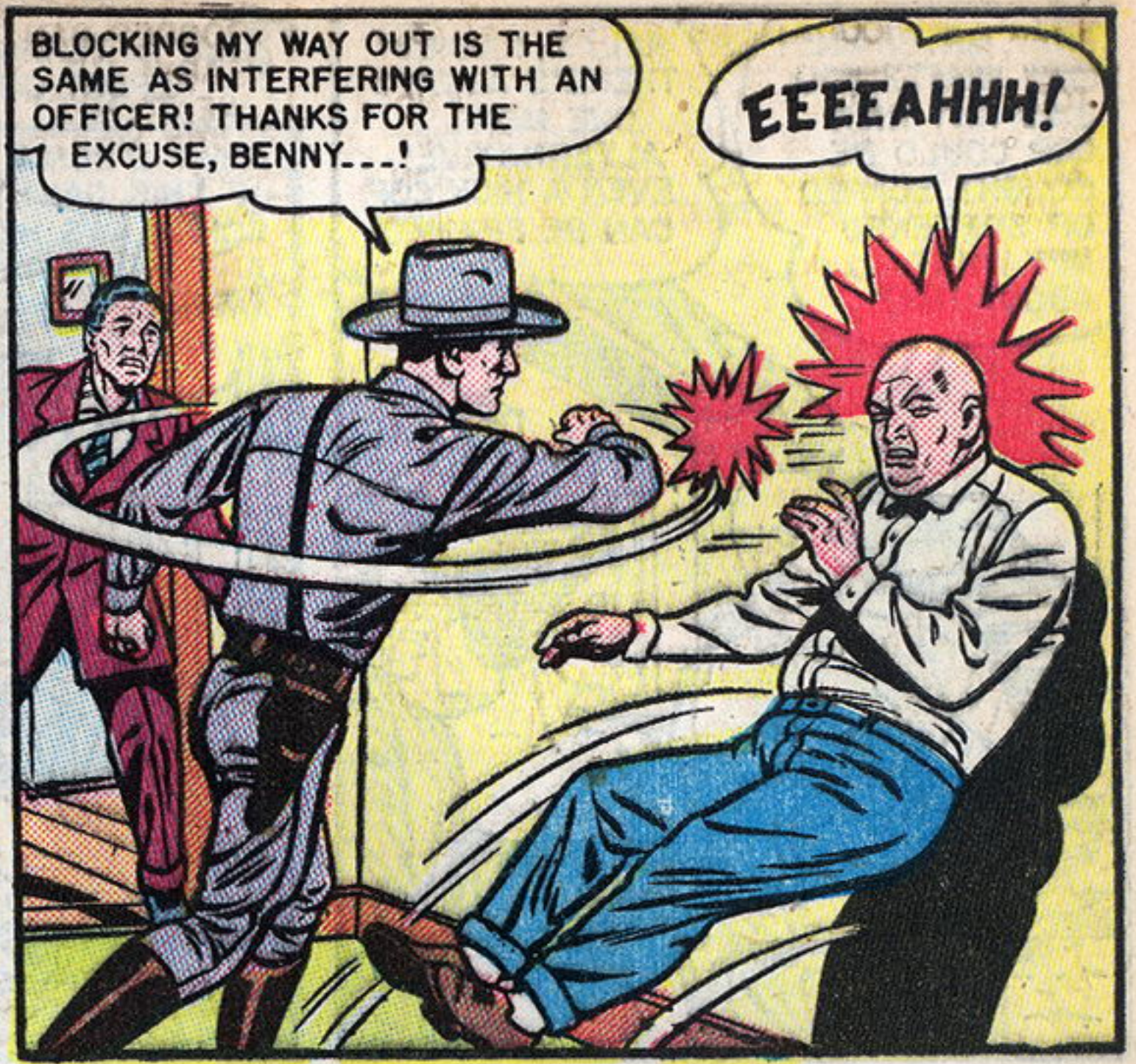
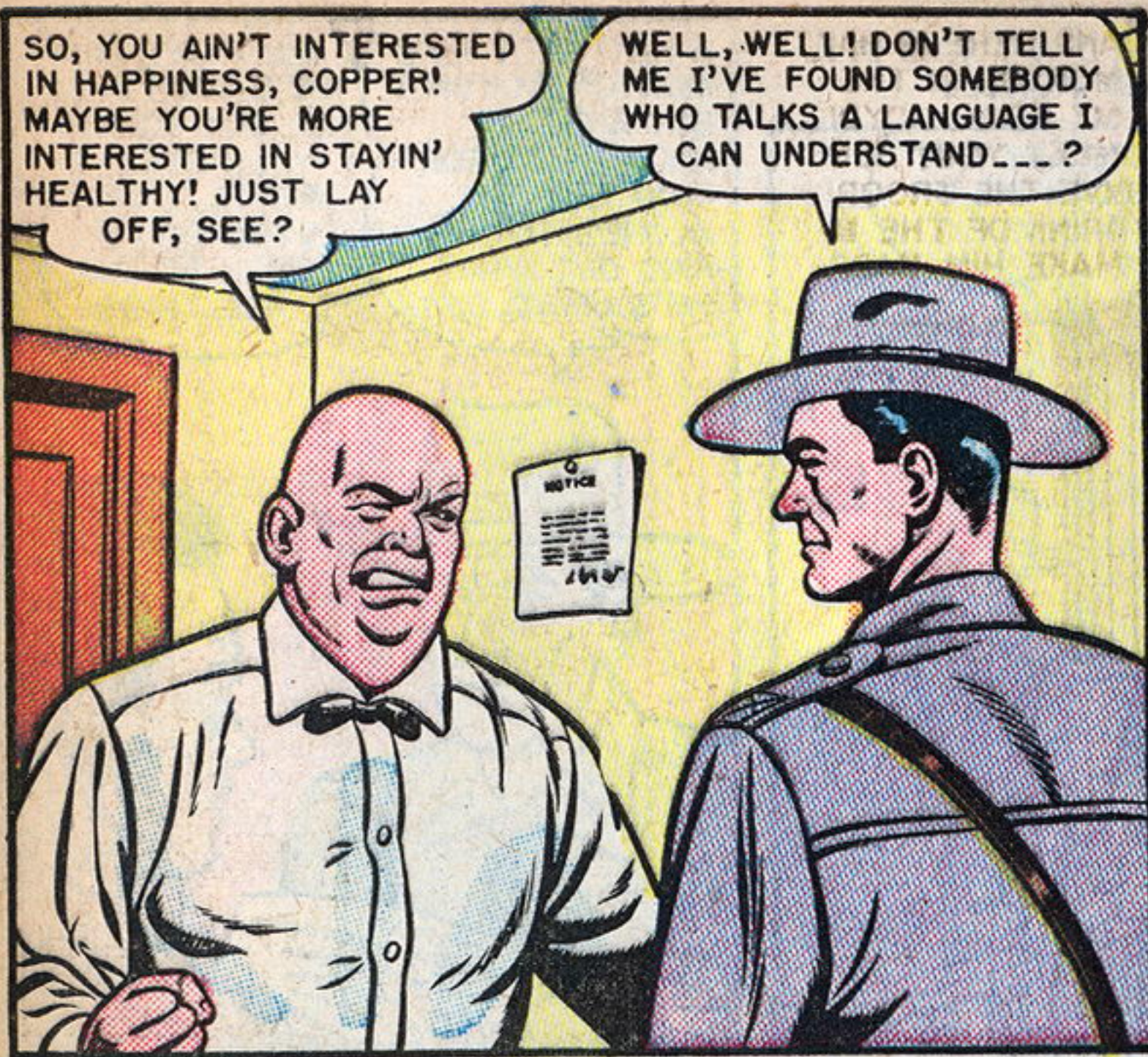
YOU KNOW THE COUNTY LAWS, MORTON! STICK TO THEM AND I WON'T HAVE AN EXCUSE TO SPOIL YOUR HAPPINESS!



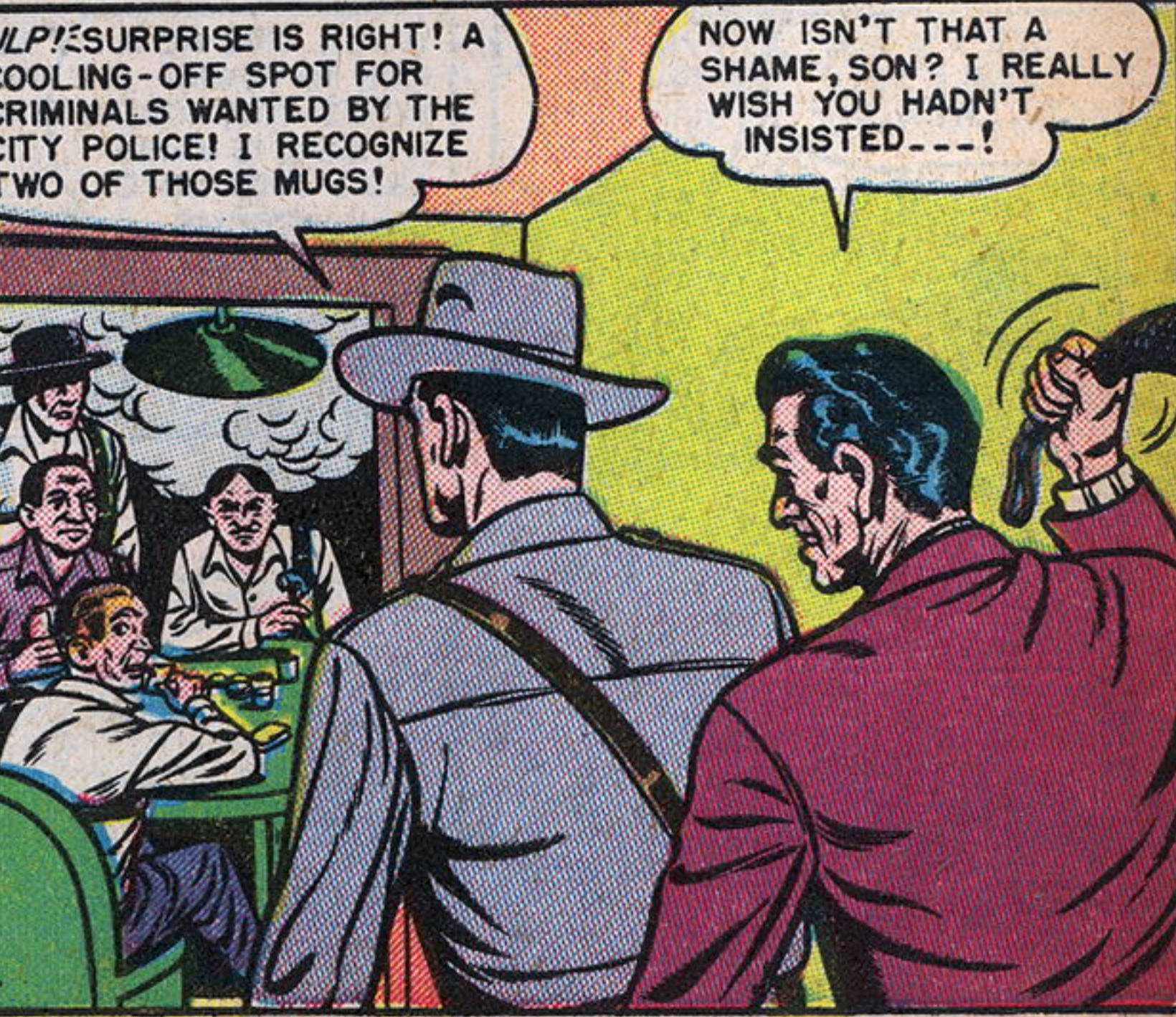
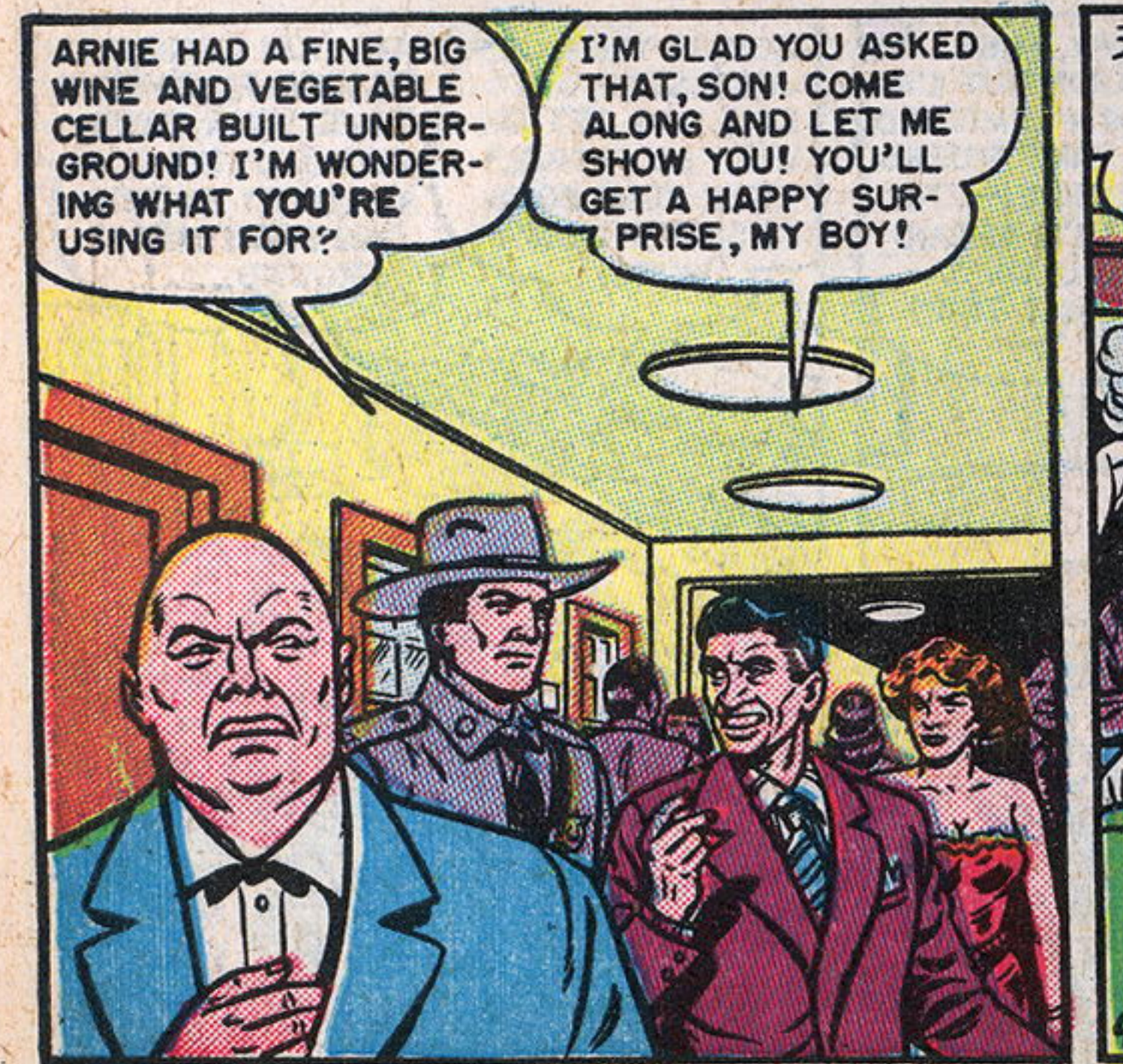
I'LL BE DROPPING IN FROM TIME TO TIME, MORTON! SEE THAT I DON'T FIND ANYTHING OFF-COLOR TO IRRITATE ME ANY MORE!



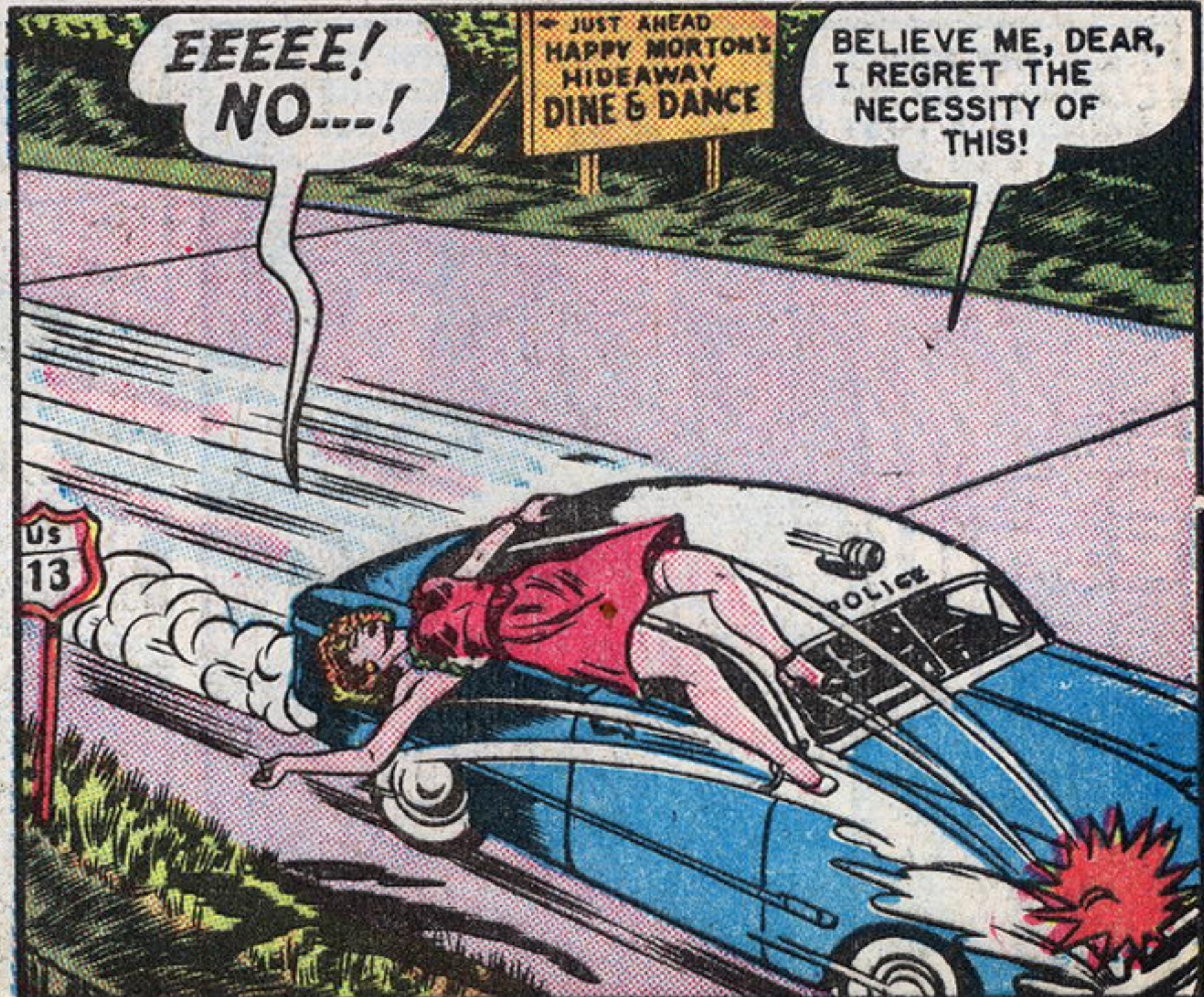
POLICE COMICS

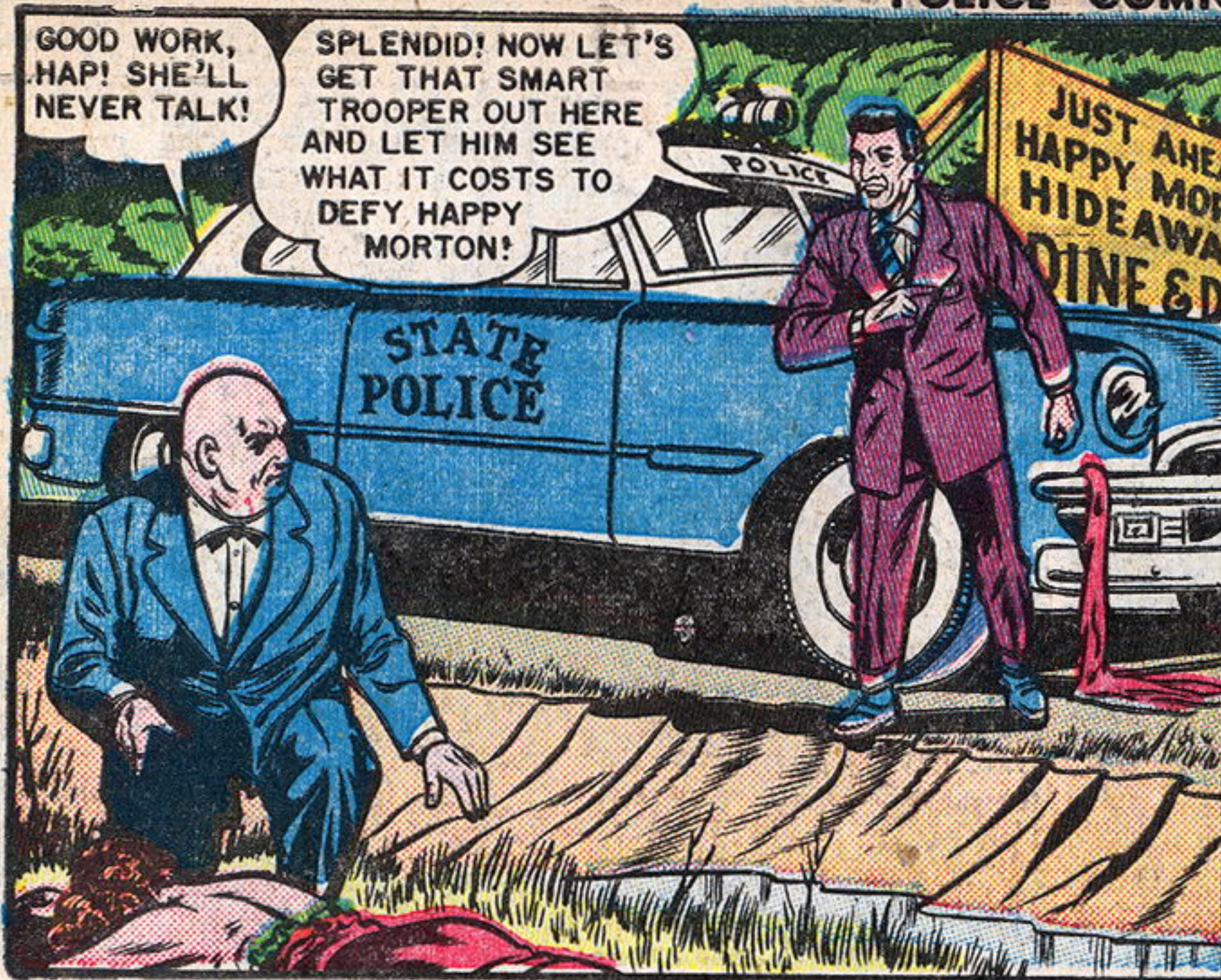


POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS





GOOD WORK, HAP! SHE'LL NEVER TALK!

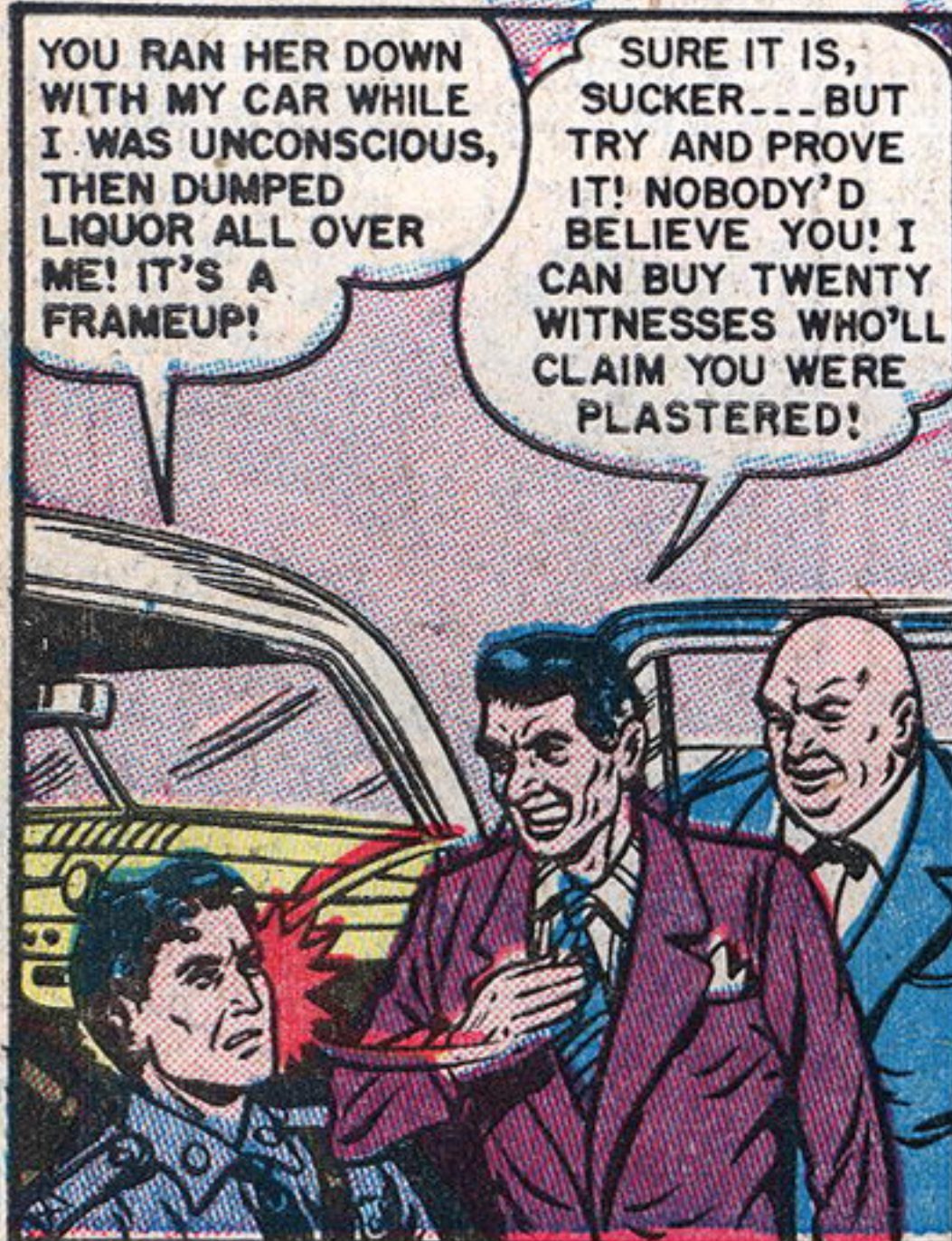
SPLENDID! NOW LET'S GET THAT SMART TROOPER OUT HERE AND LET HIM SEE WHAT IT COSTS TO DEFY HAPPY MORTON!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS DAN'S REELING SENSES RETURN...



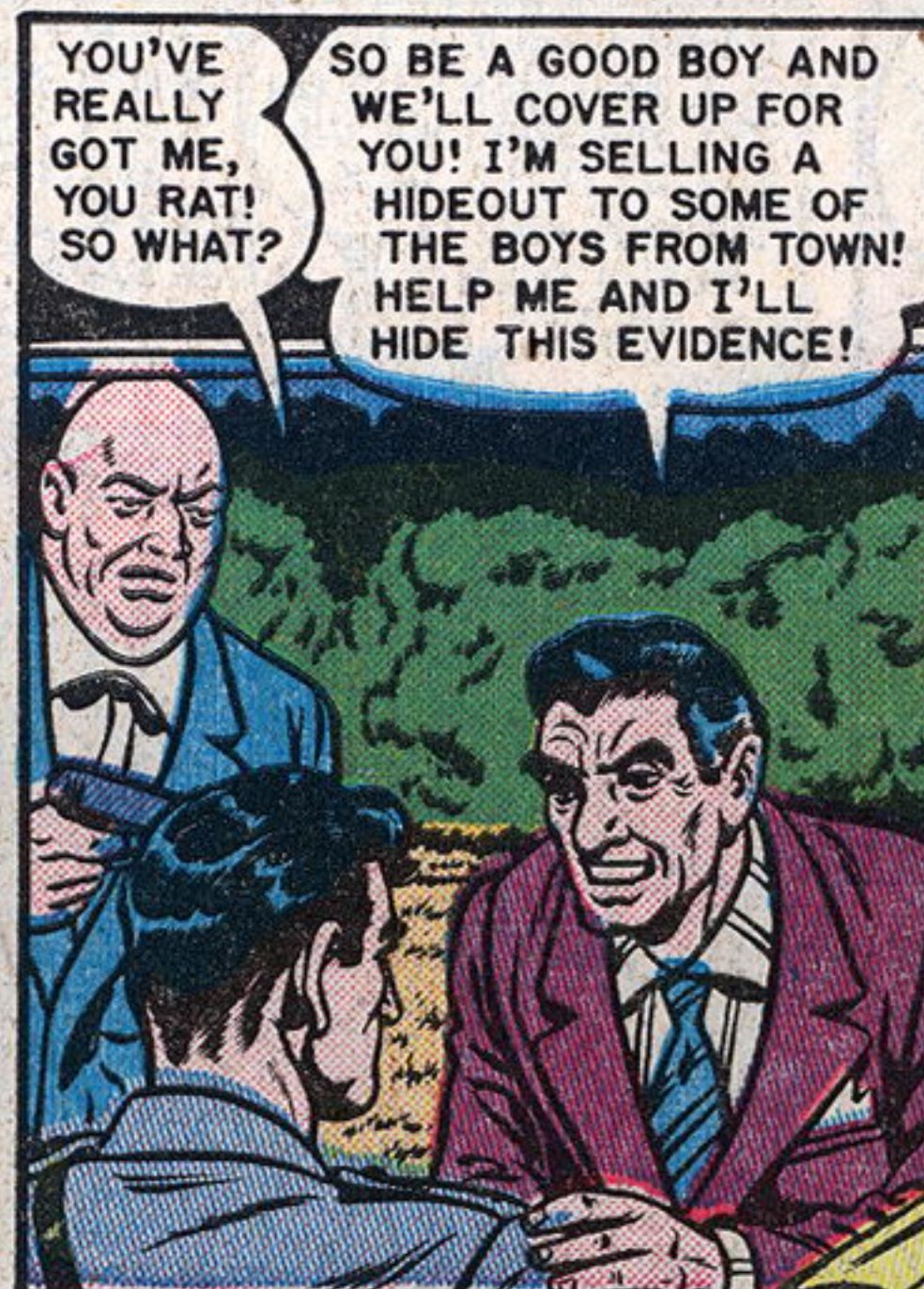
WAKE UP, COPPER! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT? YOU GOT REELING DRUNK AND KILLED MY HOSTESS! YOU'LL GET THE CHAIR FOR THIS!

WHA...? YOU'RE LYING! I HAVEN'T HAD A DRINK!



YOU RAN HER DOWN WITH MY CAR WHILE I WAS UNCONSCIOUS, THEN DUMPED LIQUOR ALL OVER ME! IT'S A FRAMEUP!

SURE IT IS, SUCKER... BUT TRY AND PROVE IT! NOBODY'D BELIEVE YOU! I CAN BUY TWENTY WITNESSES WHO'LL CLAIM YOU WERE PLASTERED!



YOU'VE REALLY GOT ME, YOU RAT! SO WHAT?

SO BE A GOOD BOY AND WE'LL COVER UP FOR YOU! I'M SELLING A HIDEOUT TO SOME OF THE BOYS FROM TOWN! HELP ME AND I'LL HIDE THIS EVIDENCE!



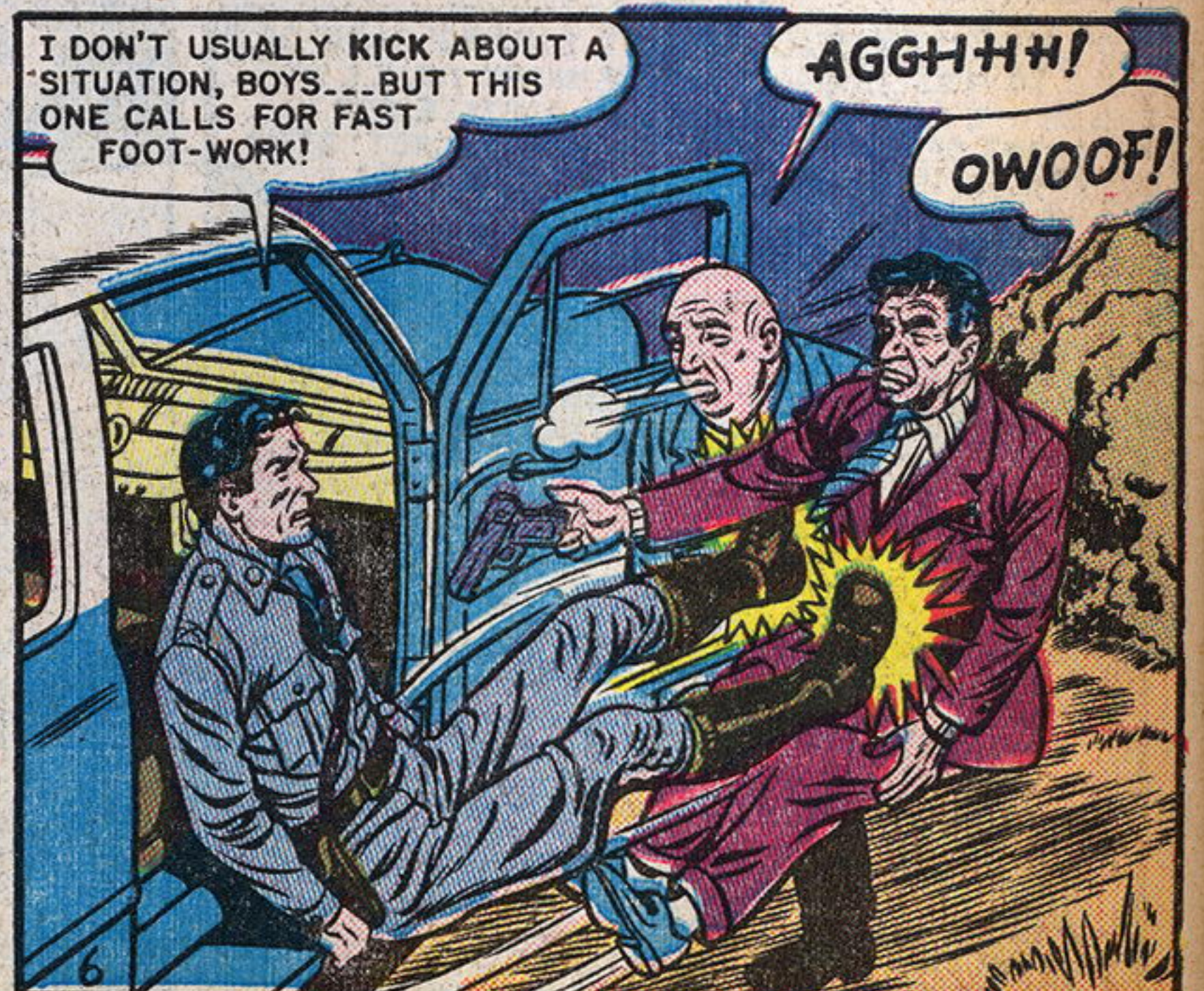
SO THAT'S IT? ARE YOU GETTING THIS CONFESSION, K27BX?

EVERY WORD, DAN! THE CAPTAIN AND THE COUNTY ATTORNEY ARE LISTENING, TOO, AND I'M MAKING A WIRE RECORDING FOR THE JURY!



THAT WAS SMART, DAN, LEAVING YOUR MICROPHONE CONNECTED, JUST IN CASE THEY TRIED SOMETHING LIKE THAT!

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! GET THE DIRTY COPPER...!



I DON'T USUALLY KICK ABOUT A SITUATION, BOYS... BUT THIS ONE CALLS FOR FAST FOOT-WORK!

AGGHHH!

OWOOF!

POLICE COMICS



YOU ASKED FOR THIS...
SO I HOPE IT MAKES
YOU HAPPY, HAPPY!



YOU'LL KEEP UNTIL THE BOYS
GET HERE! MEANWHILE, I
MAY AS WELL CLEAN UP
THE BASEMENT WHILE I'M
AT IT!

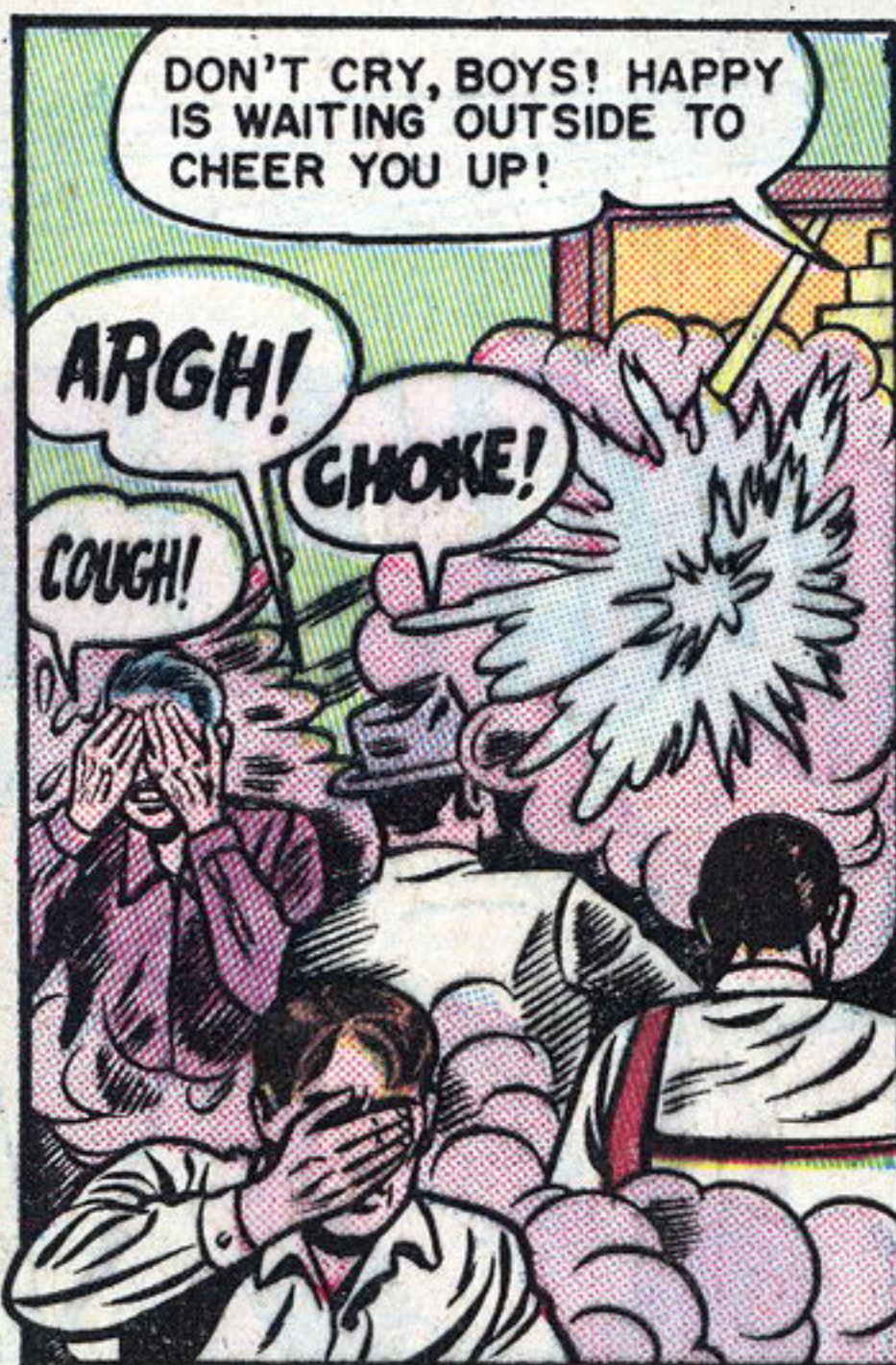


A FEW MINUTES LATER...
THIS IS THE STATE POLICE!
DROP YOUR GUNS AND COME
OUT WITH YOUR
HANDS UP!

COME AND
GET US,
FLATFOOT!



NO, THANKS! I'LL JUST
SEND A COUPLE OF
MESSENGERS IN!

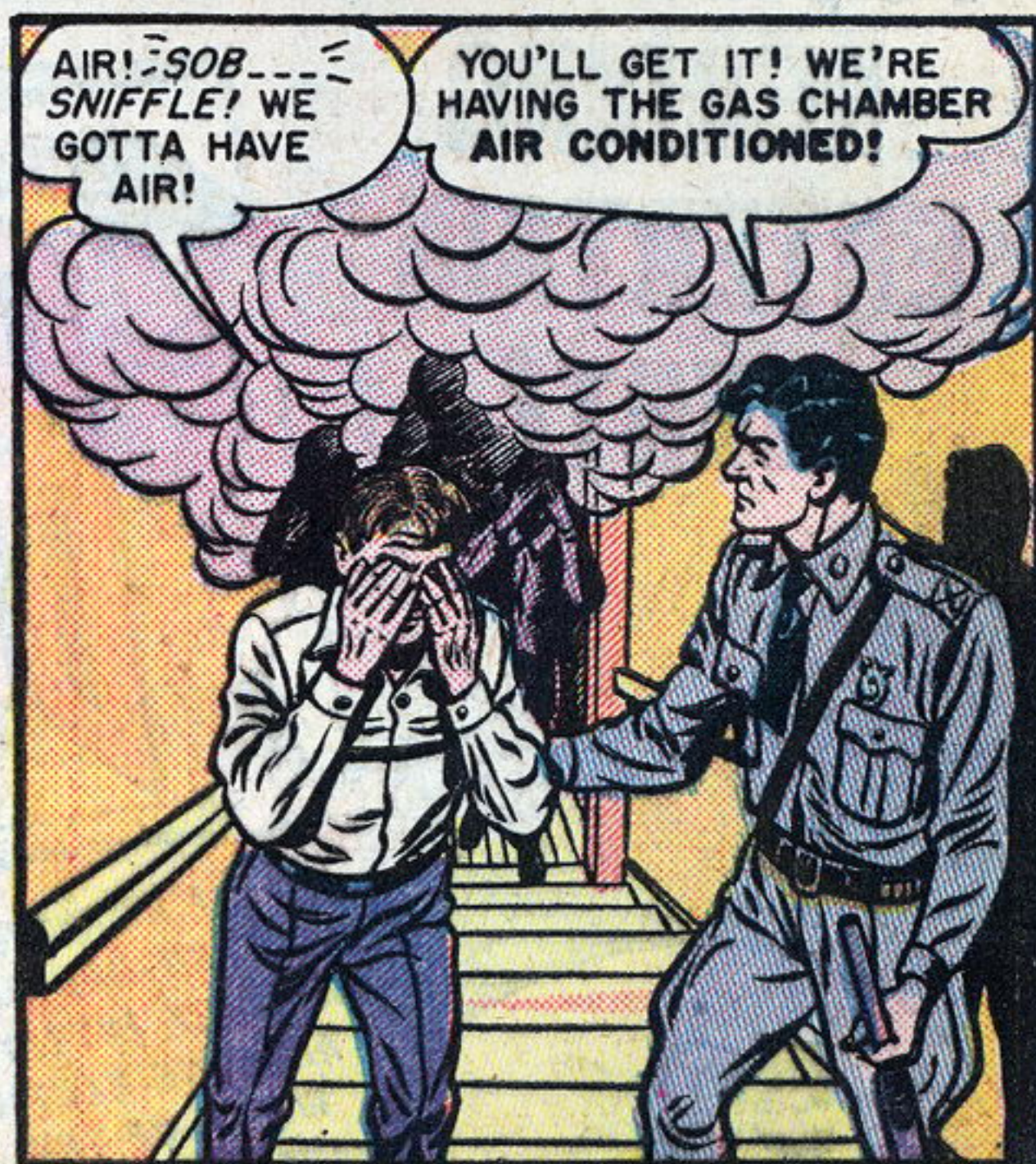


DON'T CRY, BOYS! HAPPY
IS WAITING OUTSIDE TO
CHEER YOU UP!

ARGH!

CHOKE!

COUGH!



AIR! SOB...
SNIFFLE! WE
GOTTA HAVE
AIR!

YOU'LL GET IT! WE'RE
HAVING THE GAS CHAMBER
AIR CONDITIONED!



A GRAND JOB, DAN! WITH
THAT WIRE-RECORDING,
WE'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE
NAILING HAPPY MORTON
AND HIS STOOGES!

FINE! FOR ADDITIONAL
EVIDENCE, HE FORGOT TO
WIPE HIS FINGERPRINTS
OFF MY STEERING WHEEL,
I BELIEVE!



GAHHH! YOU DUMB YICK!
MASTERMIND MORTON,
HAH? SO ALL COUNTRY
COPPERS ARE DOPES,
ARE THEY?

OF COURSE WE ARE,
BEN! BUT DON'T
WE HICK COPPERS
HAVE AMAZING
LUCK?

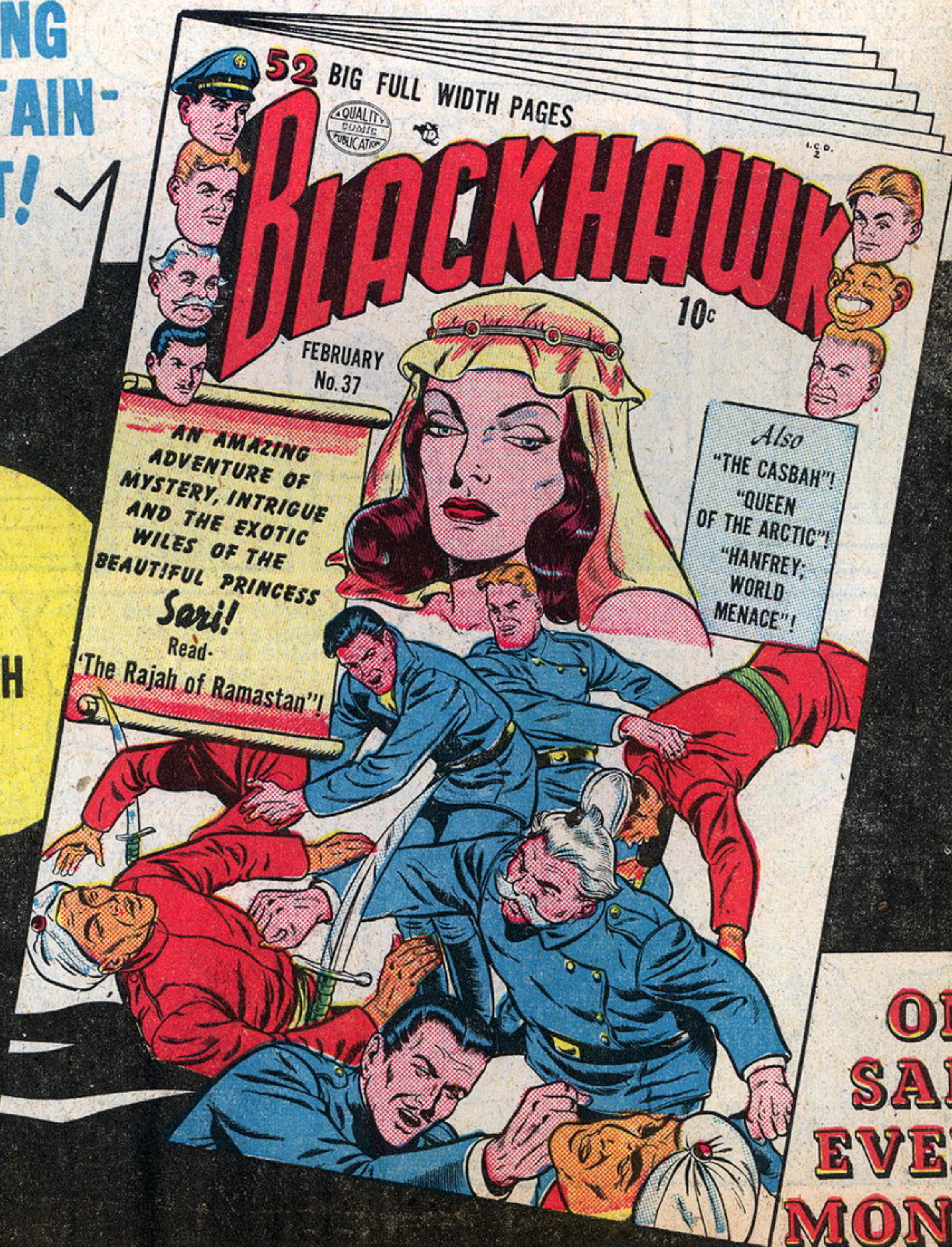
Blackhawk On The Air!

LISTEN TO THE ADVENTURES OF THE
BLACKHAWKS

EVERY WEEK ON THE RADIO!

Consult your local paper for time and station!

**YOUR BEST BET FOR LISTENING PLEASURE AND
READING
ENTERTAIN-
MENT!**



**ON
SALE
EVERY
MONTH!**



BE A SUCCESS AS A RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIAN

**TWO
FREE BOOKS
SHOW HOW
MAIL COUPON**

**America's Fast Growing Industry
Offers You All Three**

HURRY VETERANS

G. I. Bill gives you valuable training benefits. But time is running out. Act now to get N. R. I. training under G. I. Bill. Mail Coupon! Hurry!

I TRAINED THESE MEN

CHIEF ENGINEER, POLICE RADIO
"Soon after finishing the N.R.I. course, worked for servicing shop. Now I am Chief Engineer of two-way FM Police Radio Installations."—S. W. DINWIDDIE, Jacksonville, Illinois.

SHOP SPECIALIZES IN TELEVISION

"Am authorized serviceman for 5 large manufacturers and do servicing for 7 dealers. N.R.I. has enabled me to build an enviable reputation in Television."—PAUL MILLER, Maumee, O.

\$10 WEEK IN SPARE TIME

"Before finishing course, I earned as much as \$10 a week in Radio servicing, at home in spare time. Recommend N.R.I. to everyone interested in Radio."—S. J. PETRUFF, Miami, Fla.

WORKS FOR TELEVISION DEALERS

"Am tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealers. Fall back to N.R.I. text books often for installing Television set."—ROBERT DOHMEN, New Prague, Minnesota.

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

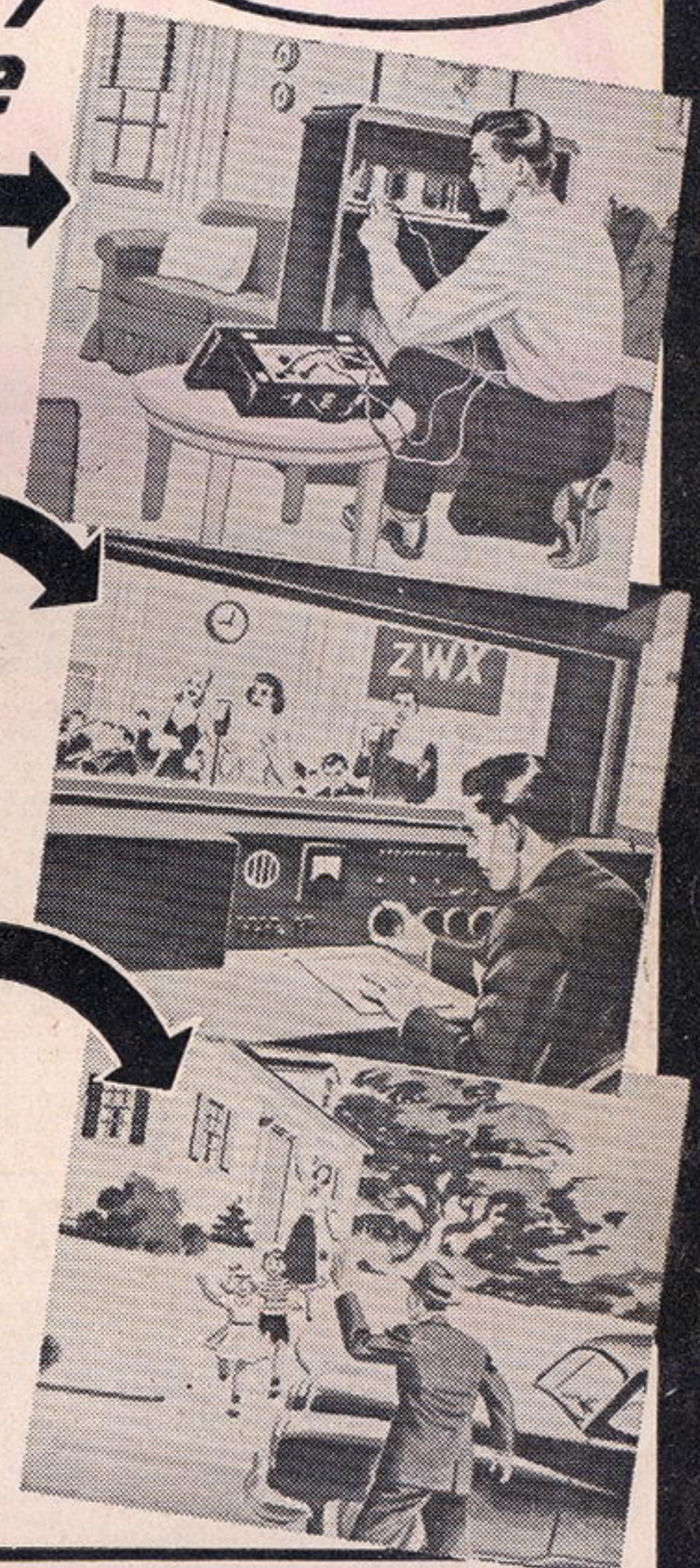
Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS to show you how to do this. Tester you build with parts I send helps you service sets. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop or getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 81,000,000 home and auto Radios. 2700 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radios, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding fields making more and better opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1949 almost 3,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 20,000,000 Television sets will be in use. 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician.



I Will Train You at Home You Practice Servicing or Communications with MANY RADIO KITS

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—build valuable multimeter for conducting tests; also practice servicing Radios or operating transmitters—experiment with circuits common to Radio and Television. You keep all equipment. Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing

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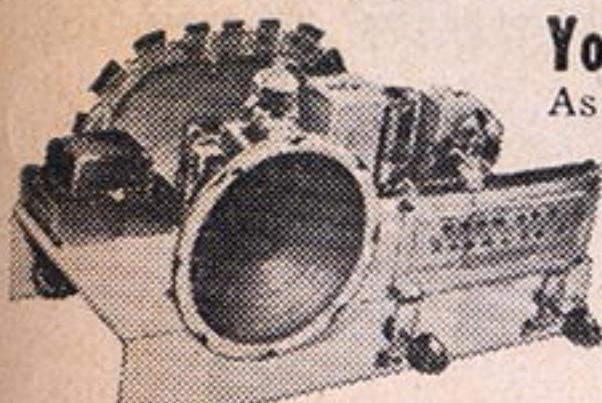
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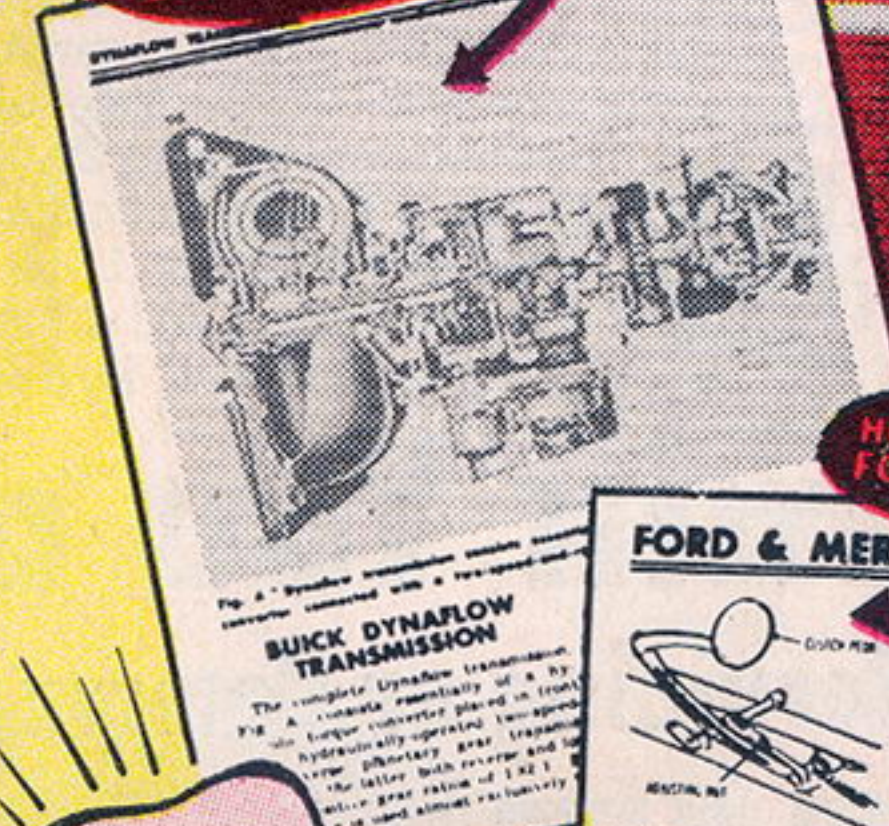
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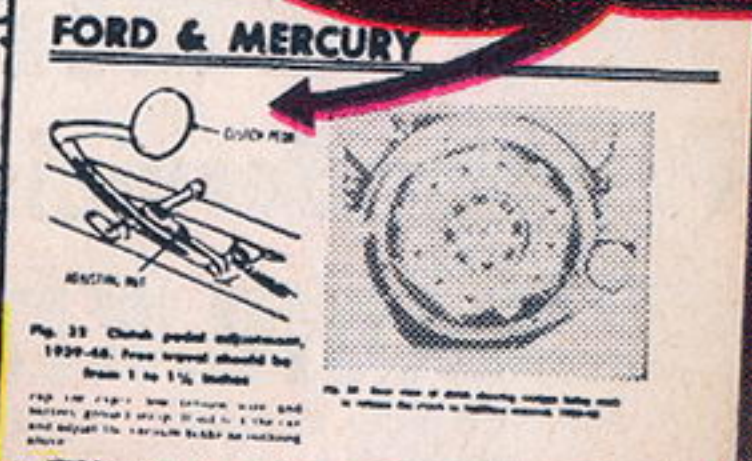
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Year	Model	Spark Plug Gap, Inch	Breaker Gap, Inch	Cam Angle, Degrees
1935	All	.032	.020	35
1936	All	.032	.020	35
1937	All	.032	.020	35
1938	All	.032	.020	35
1939	All	.032	.020	35
1940	All	.032	.020	35
1941	All	.032	.020	35
1942	All	.032	.020	35
1943	All	.032	.020	35
1944	All	.032	.020	35
1945	All	.032	.020	35

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